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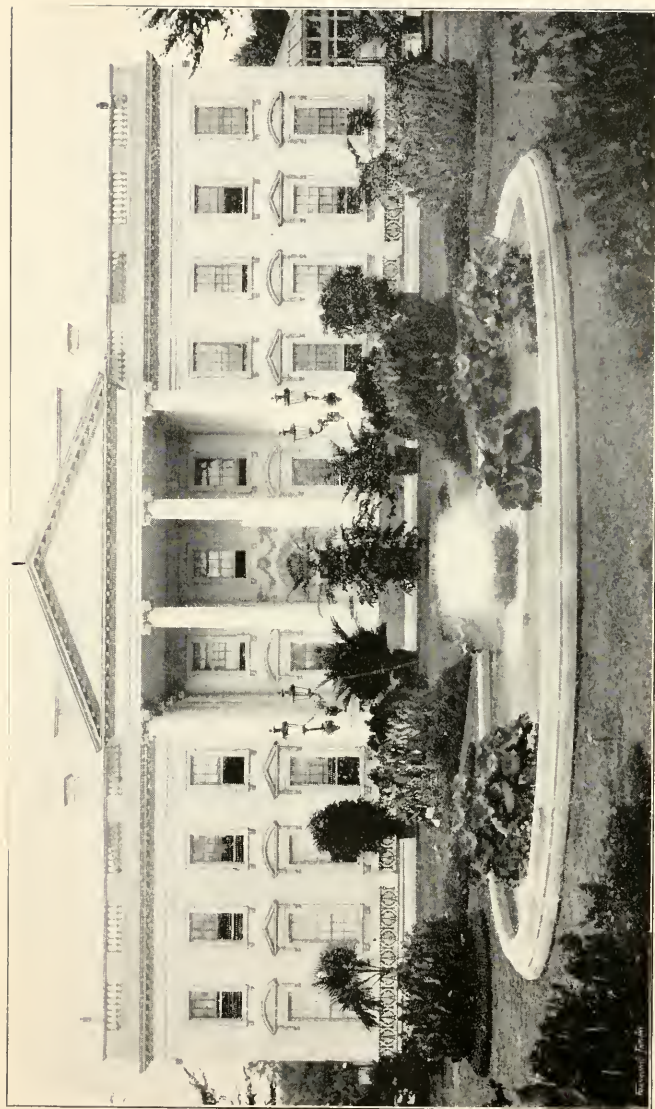
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1 KC
(N.Y. = 11th Cav)

Smith



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STORY
OF A
CAVALRY REGIMENT



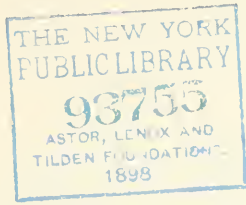
“SCOTT’S 900”
ELEVENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER TO
THE GULF OF MEXICO
1861—1865



BY
THOMAS WEST SMITH
Private of Troop F

PUBLISHED BY THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION OF THE REGIMENT.



PREFACE.

AT the reunion of survivors of the Eleventh New York (Scott's 900) Cavalry at Utica, August 6, 1895, pursuant to a resolution offered by Major Ellsworth and adopted by the members of the Veteran Association, President Walter Tully appointed a committee on history, consisting of the following comrades, viz.: Major Ellsworth, chairman; Captain Dagwell, secretary; Adjutant Swain, Sergeant - Major McDonald, Sergeants Morris and McClure, Privates Haight and McClair.

This committee was authorized to appoint an historian to prepare a record of the regiment, and Thos. W. Smith, of Company F, the secretary of the Veteran Association, was selected.

The regiment was organized in December, 1861, at Staten Island, N. Y., and served until September 30, 1865. It participated in campaigns and engagements in nearly all the Southern States, and the graves of its members who lost their lives during its service are scattered from the Potomac River to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the banks of the Mississippi from New Orleans to Memphis, and scores of them found their last resting places beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

In accepting the position of historian of such a regiment, I realized the difficulties of the undertaking, and the impossibility of producing a complete history of the command. No official record of the regiment was filed at the close of the war, and reports of many affairs were never made, or if made have since been lost. Many events occurred in which squads, companies, or squadrons only of the regiment took part, and though the results might have been important, the fact that there were no casualties in a command was sufficient reason for not making an official report, and many affairs of the regiment's service are now but dim memories of the past.

If any one kept a continuous diary of his service it has not been discovered, and no person could tell of events that were transpiring in other places where detachments were serving.

I have made no effort to incorporate in this record the events of contemporaneous history, but only to tell as well as I can and so far as I can remember the story of the regiment, which, it is hoped, will be of interest at least to the survivors of the command.

I tender my thanks to the comrades who have aided me by furnishing copies of their records, and who have assisted me by contributing sketches of events in their service; and with the belief that no man can tell another man's story as well as himself, and as the desire seems general to hear from as many of the "old lads" as possible, I have woven these contributions into the fabric of my story.

I desire to express my obligations to Capt. George A. Dagwell for the untiring energy and patient perseverance he devoted to the gathering of the many portraits of the living and dead comrades that appear in the pages of the book. Many hours that should have been given to rest were devoted by Comrade Dagwell to the voluminous correspondence necessarily connected with the collecting of the pictures from comrades and families of comrades in all parts of the country.

My thanks are also especially due to Sergt.-Maj. James S. McDonald for his efficient aid in compiling the manuscript for the printers, correcting proofs, and superintending the publication of the book.

With this introduction, I submit to our Veteran Association and such other readers as it may interest, "The Story of a Cavalry Regiment."

THOMAS W. SMITH.

New York, September, 1897.

CORRECTIONS.

- Pages 82 and 84—"Henry Summers" read "Henry Sommers."
- Page 102—Line 5 should read Alonzo Pickert instead of Picket.
- Page 115—Line 15 from bottom of the page, read "We were placed in jail until 10 o'clock the next day."
- Page 119—Read "S. P. Heinzelman" instead of "Heinselman."
- Page 141—Read "Alpheus W." instead of "Alex. W. Campbell," assistant surgeon.
- Page 142—"Charles Leber, Co. B," instead of "Co. K."
- Page 198—Read "Hartwell" instead of "Hurtwell T. Martin."
- Page 211—Line 23, read "Port Hudson" instead of "Port Henderson."
- Page 228—Line 16 from bottom of page should read "the government," instead of "that government."
- Page 251—W. A. Lansing, Co. I, should be credited with the sabre stroke "that descended on the rebel's head with a force that put him to sleep," instead of Corpl. Ebals, of Co. F.
- Page 254—Line 8 should read "there was a greater number of Union soldiers' lives lost."
- Page 271—Line 19, read "a rich sheaf of remembrances."
- Page 318—Under portrait of Carman A. Robinson read "March 14, 1865" instead of 1864.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Regimental Dead.....	1
--------------------------	---

CHAPTER I.

Cavalry Service—Organization of the Regiment—Camp on Staten Island—Recollections of Staten Island, by Capt. Nicholetts—Camp Relief, Washington—Veteran Officers—Regimental Band—The Sutler....	7
--	---

CHAPTER II.

Camp Relief, by Sergt. Hartwell, Capt. Nicholetts and Sergt. Montgomery—Operations in Virginia and Maryland.....	15
--	----

CHAPTER III.

President Lincoln's Body-guard—Recollections of President Lincoln—The Death of Lincoln.....	25
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Second Battle of Bull Run, by Sergt. Hartwell—Bringing in the Wounded from Bull Run, by Capt. Dagwell—Kearney at Seven Pines.....	30
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Operations in Maryland and Virginia—The Fight at Poolesville, by Maj. Smith—Col. Swain's "Rules and Regulations"—The Mounted Patrol by Capt. Dagwell....	44
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

In Northern Maryland, by Sergt. Hartwell—A Trip to Falmouth, by Sergt. Millett—Campaigning in Southern Maryland, by Sergt. Hartwell—Leonardtown, by Sergt. Hartwell.....	60
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

Before Gettysburg in 1863—The Cavalry Service—The Cavalry Charge.....	73
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fairfax Fight, by Capt. Dagwell, Sergt. Hartwell, Sergt. Morris, and Lieut. Holmes—Three Days with Stuart's Cavalry, by Capt. Dagwell—Bringing in the Wounded from Fairfax, by Sergt. Hartwell.....	76
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

The Picket Guard—Events from July to December, 1863—Diary of Events, by Sergt. Millett—Prisoners of War—"Garibaldi," by Carman A. Robinson—A Terrible Night on the Picket Line.....	101
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Application for Field Service—Departure of Col. Swain—The New Colonel—Ordered to the Department of the Gulf—From the Potomac to the Mississippi on the E. Z., by Maj. Ellsworth—The Horse Marines, or, Cavalry on Shipboard, by Sergt. Montgomery—Cavalry at Sea on the President Filmore, by Sergt. Hartwell.....	119
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

In Louisiana—Service on the Plantations—In Louisiana Swamps, by Capt. Dagwell.....	136
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Operations in Louisiana—The Death of Capt. Hallock—The Hunt for King, by Capt. Dagwell.....	146
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Doyal's Plantation, by Capt. Nicholetts, Capt. Dagwell, and Sergt. Montgomery.....	157
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Movement of the Regiment to Baton Rouge—Scouts and Picket Skirmishes—Expedition to Amite River—Picket-Guard Struck by Lightning—Raid to Clinton and Greensburg—Soldiers Boating and Rafting on the Mississippi.....	172
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Liberty and Brookhaven Raids—The Broken Paroles—Honor vs. Dishonor—Raiding in Mississippi and Louisiana.....	179
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

The Pascagoula Raid—Expedition to Clinton—Military Executions.....	188
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Loss of the Steamship North America—Recollections, by John W. Stuart.....	196
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Exploits, Anecdotes and Incidents—The Union Guidon—Co. B at Kennerville, La., by Sergt. Hartwell—Bayou Sara, by Sergt. Hartwell—Recollection of Brookhaven Raid, by Sergts. Morris and Hartwell—Recollections of Pascagoula Raid, by Capt. Nicholetts, and Lieut. Calvert—Mobile Bay, by Col. Wilkeson.....201

CHAPTER XIX.

Leaving Louisiana—Voyage up the Mississippi, by Capt. Nicholetts—Encampment on Chickasaw Bluffs—The Arkansas Raid—Report of Arkansas Raid, by Col. Osband.....226

CHAPTER XX.

Recollections of Arkansas Raid, by Capt. Nicholetts—A Prisoner of War among the Confederates, by Sergt. Ross.....231

CHAPTER XXI.

Memphis, Tenn.—Recollections, by M. C. Hyland—Extract from a Memphis Paper—The Ripley, Miss., Raid.....240

CHAPTER XXII.

The Memphis Patrol—Recollections, by Albert J. Palmer and Carman A. Robinson.....245

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Murder of John Knapp, Co. F—Recollections, by James H. Haight—News of the Surrender of Richmond—The Assassination of President Lincoln—The Loss of the Steamboat Sultana.....250

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Germantown Patrol—Recollections of William Cunningham and Lieut. Mills—Attack on Camp at Germantown—Formation of the Battalion.....255

CHAPTER XXV.

Services of the Battalion—The End of Service, the Boys go Marching Home, Hurrah!.....261

CHAPTER XXVI.

Reminiscences—Anecdotes—Camp-fire Yarns and Stories Relating to the Regiment, Told by Many of its Members—Reminiscences, by Jas. H. Haight, Lieut. Calvert, Bugler Tisdale, Sergt. Barker and Capt. Dagwell.....264

CHAPTER XXVII.

Reminiscences Continued—At Arlington on Picket, by Sergt. Hartwell—Home on Furlough, by Sergt. Hartwell—Offut's Crossroads, by Capt. Dagwell—A Ride with Heintzelman, by Sergt. Hartwell—A Virginia Girl and Northern Maryland, by Lieut. Holmes—With the Army of the Potomac, by Geo. S. Parsons—Recollections, by Jas. G. Hamlin.....283

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Reminiscences, continued—The Picket Guard—Night on Picket—A Trip into the Enemy's Country, by James G. Hamlin—The Last Raid—The Scout and Dance, and "Who Took the Horse," by Sergt. Hartwell.....301

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Veterans' Picture Gallery, and Album of Camp-fire Stories, gathered and grouped by Comrade George A. Dagwell, and presented to the old "Sabreurs" of the Eleventh Cavalry as echoes of the times that tried their courage and patriotism, 309
Appendix.....342
The Roster of (Scott's 900) Eleventh New York Cavalry.....

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.		Page.
The White House, Washington, D. C.	FRONTISPICE	Arsenal, Baton Rouge.	173
Regimental Colors.	9	Street in Greensburg, La.	175
Soldiers' Home. op.	15	Cavalry Horses at Baton Rouge.	179
Camp Relief, Washington, D. C.	15	Cavalry Detachment and Signal Station.	177
House where President Lincoln died.	20	Mississippi River Steamer, Baton Rouge.	178
Street, Leesburg, Va.	44	Court House, Liberty, Miss. op.	184
Cabin John Bridge.	46	Log Carts, Columbia, Miss.	189
Point of Rocks, Md.	50	Pearl River, near Columbia, Miss.	193
Great Falls of the Potomac. op.	50	Captured Confederate Gunboat "General Price"	195
Point of Rocks Md. op.	50	Cotton Plantation on Port Hudson Road, from Baton Rouge. op.	201
Fredericksburg, Va.	65	Wisconsin Battery and Prison at Baton Rouge. op.	201
Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.	72	"The Big House," Bell Grove Plantation, Iberville Parish, La.	202
Fairfax. op.	75	U. S. Gunboat on Mississippi River.	204
Potomac River, near the Mouth of Monocacy.	103	U. S. Ram, "Carondelet," Baton Rouge, La.	207
Maryland Heights.	106	Live Oaks, Rice Farm, 22 Miles from Baton Rouge. op.	208
Hagerstown, Md., War time scene.	109	Amite River, South of Benton's Ferry. op.	208
Libby Prison.	114	Street in Liberty, Miss.	210
Canal Street, New Orleans, La.	122	Brookhaven, Miss.	212
Fort Taylor, Key West, Florida.	134	U. S. Transports.	222
U. S. Sloop of War "Hartford," Farragut's Flag Ship.	135	Light House, Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans, La. op.	224
Mansion, Manning's Plantation, La. op.	130	Main Street, Bastrop, La.	230
Bayou Lafourche, at Donaldsonville, La.	139	"The Briars," Home of the Howells, Natchez, Miss.	239
Barracks at Donaldsonville, La.	140	The "Sultana" at the Wharf, Helena, Arkansas.	253
Creole Settlement, La.	143	Residence of the Hon. G. M. Davis, Military Headquarters, Natchez, Miss. op.	261
Westover Sugar House, South of Orange Grove, La.	148	"Concord," Residence of Spanish Governor Gayoso, Natchez, Miss. op.	261
View on Manning's Plantation, La.	150	Kelly's Ford, Rappahamock River, Va.	269
View from Burnside Plantation Sugar House, 1896. op.	150	Tisdale's "Old Joe".	275
View on Hermitage Plantation, La. op.	154	Arlington House, Va.	284
Sugar House, Hermitage Plantation. op.	154	West Patrick Street, Frederick, Md.	297
Scene on Doyal's Plantation, La. op.	157	Saw-mill at Manning's Plantation. op.	301
Gunboat, "No. 53," off Donaldsonville, La.	159	Back of Saw-mill at Manning's. op.	301
Doyal's Mansion, La.	160	Thos. M. Cutting, Lieut. "M" Co.	337
The Remains of Doyal's Mansion, 1896.	161		
Cut-off Road to Doyal's.	163		
View on Front Street, Baton Rouge, La., from Deck of Gunboat. op.	166		
Infantry Camp at Baton Rouge. op.	166		
Sutler's Check.	171		
Cavalry Camps at Baton Rouge.	172		

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

	Page.		Page.
Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. op.	25	Byrne, Patrick, Co. A.	67
Ackerman, David R., Co. C.	56	Campbell, Alpheus W., Ass't Surgeon.	141
Austin, Perry L., Co. M.	256	Carr, Noah F., Co. C.	312
Barker, George H., Co. F.	277	Cerncross, Lewis E., Co. C.	250
Barrett, Benjamin A., Co. L.	330	Cutting, Thomas M., Co. M.	337
Barrett, Thos. Townsend, Co. D.	149	Dagwell, Geo. A., Co. C.	77
Beebe, Junius, Co. B.	87	Dagwell, George A., Brevet Major.	309
Bennett, George E., Co. E.	316	Davis, Charles H., Co. L.	128
Briggs, Samuel D., Co. M.	335	Davis, Charles H., Co. L.	331
Buckingham, William J., Co. H.	325	Davis, Franklin C., Sergt.-Major.	158
Burgess, Jefferson, Co. E.	152	Dennison, George D., Regt. Com.	310
		Dewey, George J., Co. I.	326

	Page.		Page.
Eastman, Hiram D., Co. I.....	326	Nash, John A., Co. C.....	314
Eastman, James M., Co. F.....	319	Nicholletts, Gilbert A., Co. D.....	18
Ellsworth, Horace D., Co. G.....	121	Parsons, George S., Co. I.....	295
Ellsworth, Horace D., Major.....	op. 309	Payne, Franklin H., Co. I.....	296
Elting, Henry D., Co. L.....	130	Pennoyer, Orange A., Co. D.....	315
Evans, Leroy, Co. C.....	243	Perkins, Albert, Co. B.....	244
Faulds, James, Co. C.....	312	Pike, Warren B., Co. I.....	191
Ferguson, John, Co. F.....	320	Quinn, John, Co. E.....	317
Flint, Heman, Co. G.....	125	Remington, S. Pierre, Major.....	op. 101
Gammel, Charles, Co. B.....	311	Remington, S. Pierre, Major.....	157
Gero, Alexander, Jr., Co. K.....	145	Reynolds, Thomas, Co. D.....	315
Gilloren, Richard, Co. B.....	261	Richardson, George W., Major.....	101
Goodenough, Abram, Co. M.....	336	Richardson, Geo. W., Major.....	op. 171
Haight, James H., Co. F.....	265	Riley, James, Co. F.....	321
Hallock, Franklin B., Co. K.....	73	Robinson, Carman A., Co. E.....	318
Hamlin, James G., Co. C.....	302	Root, King S., Co. E.....	112
Hamlin, James G., Co. C.....	313	Rork, George, Co. C.....	80
Harter, Henry C., Co. G.....	323	Rork, George, Sergt.-Maj.....	194
Hartwell, Melvin, Co. B.....	85	Rose, Joseph B., Co. L.....	129
Haslam, Henry B., Co. H.....	216	Ross, Richard, Co. B.....	237
Herzog, George, Co. B.....	311	Sawyer, Charles Carroll, Co. F.....	111
Holland, Henry, Co. F.....	273	Sawyer, Charles Carroll, Co. F.....	321
Holmes, Albert B., Co. B.....	89	Schureman, James, Co. C.....	197
Howell, Isaac, Co. E.....	107	Selleck, Bradley H., Co. M.....	339
Hyatt, Joseph C., Co. E.....	242	Skidmore, Frank L., Co. E.....	318
Hyland, Matthew C., Co. G.....	241	Slauson, William H., Co. I.....	105
Jeffery, John H., Co. I.....	327	Slauson, William H., Brevet Major.....	328
Johnson, James, Co. F.....	108	Smith, George W., Major.....	48
Johnson, John N., Co. F.....	272	Smith, Joseph A., Co. C.....	79
Jones, James E., Co. K.....	144	Smith, Joseph A., Co. C.....	232
Jones, James E., Co. K.....	329	Smith, John Wesley, Co. F.....	110
Kain, James, Co. C.....	41	Smith, Thomas W., Co. F.....	Title page
Kenyon, Joseph C., Major.....	op. 101	Smith, Thomas W., Co. F.....	266
Kirtland, Albert B., Regt. Com.....	120	Smith, Thomas W., Reg. Historian.....	322
La Rock, James, Co. I.....	327	Smith, Webster N., Co. L.....	334
Leber, Charles, Co. B.....	142	Stanton, Geo. L., Co. D.....	215
Leonard, James Irving, Co. F.....	104	Stevens, Enos H., Vet. Surgeon.....	310
Levi, Charles, Co. E.....	316	Stone, David F. M., Co. E.....	319
Lewis, Frank A., Co. M.....	257	Stuart, John W., Co. L.....	198
Lewis, Frank A., Co. M.....	338	Swain, Col. J. B. and Adj. C. D.....	op. 7
Lindsay, William, Co. C.....	153	Swain, Chellis D., Adj.	73
Linton, George W., Co. H.....	324	Taft, Winfield S., Co. F.....	146
Littlewort, Richard J., Lieut. Co. I.....	190	Thompson, William F., Co. M.....	340
Littlewort, Richard J., Lieut. Co. I.....	328	Tisdale, William H., Co. D.....	275
Mack, Henry H., Sad. Sergt.....	66	Tully, Walter, Co. E.....	107
Marsden, John, Co. C.....	81	Wade, Tracy H., Co. C.....	42
May, Charles A., Co. C.....	233	Ward, John, Co. C.....	30
McCallum, Michael A., Co. F.....	288	Watson, James, Co. F.....	322
McCallum, Michael A., Lieut.-Col.....	320	White, John W., Jr., Co. G.....	324
McClair, Charles W., Co. G.....	323	Wilkeson, Samuel H., Co. C.....	102
McClermont, Robert, Co. A.....	28	Wilkeson, Samuel H., Lieut.-Col.....	op. 255
McClure, John, Co. L.....	332	Wisewell, Benjamin F., Co. F.....	158
McDonald, James S., Co. C.....	78	Wood, James R., Co. L.....	127
McDonald, James S., Sergt.-Major.....	314	Woodworth, Marcus L., Co. M.....	340
McDonald, Thomas, Co. F.....	272	Young, James A., Co. F.....	251
McKenzie, James, Co. C.....	231		
Mead, George F., Co. C.....	17		
Millett, Charles A., Co. E.....	63	Group of Three Majors.....	op. 101
Millett, Charles A., "R. C. Sergt.".....	317	John Bostwick, Sutler.....	171
Mitchell, Thomas, Co. M.....	255	Michael Kerwin, Maj. 13th Penn. Cav.....	108
Mohr, Adam, Co. H.....	325	Gen. A. L. Lee and Col. Landman and Officers.....	174
Montgomery, William E., Co. L.....	333	Brig.-Gen. A. J. Davis.....	188
Mooney, John T., Co. G.....	124	Brig.-Gen. Benton and Staff.....	166
Moore, Orville, Co. I.....	329	Elijah White, Col. 35th Va. Cavalry.....	289
Mount, James, Co. C.....	82	John S. Mosby, Confederate Guerrilla.....	289
Mount, James, Co. C.....	313		

DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to the memory of the three hundred and forty-four men of the regiment who lost their lives in the service of their country.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few,
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

* * * * *

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those hearts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the lives ye gave,
No impious footstep e'er shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE REGIMENTAL DEAD.

Adams, Harvey J., Co. I, died at Memphis, Tenn., March 2, 1865.
Afforter, Frederick, Co. G, died in prison at Clinton, La., on or about August 5, 1864.
Allen, George A., Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1862.
Amaden, George W., Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1862.
Anderson, Benjamin, Co. E, died at David's Island, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1865.
Andrews, John L., Co. L, at Manning's Plantation, La., August 2, 1864.
Archibald, John, Co. K, died at Memphis, Tenn., March 10, 1865.
Arkenburg, Giles W., Co. A, died Nov. 7, 1864.
Avery, George W., Co. B, died at New Orleans, La., April 16, 1864.
Ayers, John, Co. F., died at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 30, 1864.
Bacon, James M., Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1862.
Brill, Henry, Co. M, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 10, 1864.
Banford, David, Co. B, died at Kennerville, La., August 5, 1864.
Barkley, Samuel, Co. I, died at Staten Island, N. Y., April 12, 1862.
Bayliss, Jeremiah, Co. M., died at Washington, D. C. March 5, 1863.
Beaumont, James A., Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1862.

Beckwith, James, Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 26, 1864.
Beeler, Joseph, Co. L, drowned at sea, Dec. 22, 1864.
Beggs, William, Co. E, died at Washington, D. C., accidentally shot, August 17, 1863.
Berlitz, Julius, Co. F, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 22, 1864.
Bertine, Peter O., Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., March 17, 1862.
Blair, James L., corporal Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., March 27, 1864.
Borland, William A., Co. A, died March 26, 1865.
Bostrum, Alexander, Co. K, died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1864.
Branch, William F., Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1862.
Briggs, Robert M., Co. F, died of wounds received in action at Memphis, Tenn., March 17, 1865.
Brill, Henry, Co. D, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, 1862.
Brown, George W., Co. K, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
Brown, Charles H., corporal Co. E, died at New Orleans, La., August 14, 1864.
Brown, Ira C., Co. D, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
Brown, Thos. H., Co. K, died in prison, Richmond, Va., Nov. 13, 1863.

- Brown, William F., Co. H, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 29, 1864.
- Bryant, Adolphus S., Co. L, died Dec. 27, 1862.
- Burdick, Horace W., Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 1, 1864.
- Burgess, Daniel, Co. L, died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1864.
- Burns, James, Co. I, died at Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 4, 1864.
- Cady, Albert R., Co. E, died at Memphis, Tenn., April 24, 1865.
- Cahoon, William, Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 1, 1864.
- Capes, William, Co. E, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Carpenter, Solomon, Co. G, died August 19, 1864.
- Chase, Caleb, Co. F, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Chase, Franklin, corporal Co. M, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Christie, John, corporal Co. A, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Crater, Francis M., Co. B, killed in action at Jackson, La., Nov. 21, 1864.
- Cronk, Francis W., Co. M, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Curtis, Nathan B., saddler, Co. F, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Clapper, John, Co. F, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 15, 1864.
- Clute, George, Co. C, died at Memphis, Tenn., of wounds received in action March 16, 1865.
- Colburn, Luther H., died at Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1864.
- Cole, De Witt, corporal Co. K, died at Washington, D. C., August 15, 1862.
- Collins, Zachary A., Co. B, died at Louisiana Nov. 4, 1864.
- Comins, Oliver W., Co. E, died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1864.
- Conkey, William R., Co. D, died at Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 16, 1865.
- Corwin, Erastus W., Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1862.
- Corwin, James H., sergeant Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1863.
- Corwin, Jesse, corporal Co. M, died at Leonardtown, Md., June 9, 1863.
- Cragin, James, Co. K, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Cramer, John, Co. G, died at Washington, D. C., May 11, 1862.
- Dalton, Patrick, Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 1, 1864.
- Dunford, William, corporal Co. C, killed by a falling tree near Clinton, La., Oct. 9, 1864.
- Davis, Franklin J., lieutenant, died at Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1863.
- Dayton, Hamilton A., Co. C, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 2, 1864.
- Dayton, Sylvester, B., Co. K, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 21, 1864.
- Delevan, John, Co. G, died at New Orleans, La., Nov. 6, 1864.
- Delile, Moses, Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 21, 1864.
- Derland, William H., Co. C, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 26, 1864.
- Devlin, Isaac, Co. D, died at Fort Jefferson, Fla., August 25, 1864.
- Dillon, Francis, Co. C, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 21, 1864.
- Dillon, Patrick, Co. S, H & L, died at Washington, D. C., March 31, 1864.
- Dimmick, Lewis, Co. F, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 1, 1864.
- Duncombe, Charles, Co. L, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Dutcher, Charles P., Co. F, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Eckle, Jr., Peter, Co. C, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Edwards, John S., hospital steward, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 25, 1862.
- Edwards, Miles E., Co. G, died June 23, 1864.
- Egan, Jeremiah, Co. K, died of wounds accidentally inflicted at Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1863.
- Ellis, Edward, Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 1, 1864.
- Ellis, Lorin A., Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation, La., August 3, 1864.
- Embley, William, Co. C, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Emmons, Harmon W., Co. L, died at Annapolis, Md., Jan. 22, 1863.
- England, John, Co. K, died at Baton Rouge, La., March 1, 1865.
- Erwin, Charles J., Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 27, 1863.
- Evans, Evan, Co. C, died at sea Nov. 29, 1864.
- Evans, William, Co. I, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Fanchard, Cyrus, Co. C, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., July 9, 1864.
- Fanchard, Sylvester, Co. A, died at Germantown, Tenn., June 16, 1865.
- Farmer, Mortimer A., corporal Co. M, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 31, 1864.
- Farrell, William, corporal Co. F, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Sept. 9, 1864.
- Farren, Allen, corporal Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., April 29, 1863.
- Ferguson, James, Co. H, killed on picket at Orange Grove, La., July 20, 1864.
- Ferrill, Benjamin F., Co. K, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Ferris, Emory, Co. G, died March 30, 1865.
- Fillmore, Albert H., Co. F, died at Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1865.
- Finch, William H., Co. I, died of wounds received in action July 27, 1865.
- Fiske, Henry C., Co. B, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Fitzgerald, John, Co. H, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Fleming, Thomas H., Co. G, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Flinn, Patrick, Co. G, died Nov. 23, 1864.
- Folkowitsch, Casper, Co. M, died at New Orleans, La., August 19, 1864.
- Fonda, Albert, Co. H, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., June 29, 1864.
- Foot, Michael, Co. D, died at Canton, N. Y., June 5, 1865.
- Fox, Edward, Co. K, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Aug. 9, 1864.

- Freeman, Nelson J., Co. D, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1862.
- French, George W., Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 11, 1864.
- Fuller, William H., Co. A, died at Memphis, Tenn., April 19, 1865.
- Gallagher, Patrick, Co. F, killed in action at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Gamble, Thomas, Co. G, died March 18, 1863.
- Gazley, Deloss W., Co. G, died of wounds received in action near Memphis, Tenn., March 25, 1865.
- Glass, John, Co. G, died Oct. 30, 1864.
- Gomes, Francis, corporal Co. G, died Dec. 14, 1864.
- Goodrich, Charles H., Co. L, died at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1864.
- Goodwin, Gorman S., Co. D, died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1862.
- Goulding, Henry C., Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 27, 1864.
- Grant, Alexander, Co. A, died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1864.
- Gray, John W., Co. H, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 15, 1864.
- Griffin, Frederick, Co. L, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 4, 1864.
- Griffin, Tobias, Co. I, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 2, 1864.
- Groves, Henry M., Co. H, died at Camp Douglas, Ill., Nov. 11, 1864.
- Gurney, George W., Co. L, died on steamer Baltic, June 29, 1865.
- Halleck, Franklin B., captain Co. K, died at New Orleans of wounds received in action at New River, May 17, 1864.
- Hamilton, Robert, Co. K, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Aug. 6, 1864.
- Handrie, William F., Co. D, died in prison at Belle Isle, Va., Oct. 18, 1863.
- Hare, Porter M., Co. E, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 19, 1864.
- Harrison, John H., Co. G, died Oct. 20, 1864.
- Harter, Martin, Co. I, died at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 23, 1864.
- Hassett, Michael, Co. E, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Havens, Joseph, Co. A, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., July 1, 1864.
- Havens, R. H., Co. L, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 23, 1864.
- Haywood, Clark, Co. G, died July 31, 1864.
- Healey, John, died at David's Island, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1864.
- Hemmerdine, Ferdinand L., Co. F, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 18, 1864.
- Hendrickson, John, Co. A, died at Doyal's Plantation, La., June 11, 1864.
- Hepburn, William M., Co. D, died at New York City Oct. 12, 1864.
- Hill, Edward, Co. B, killed in action near Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Hill, George W., Co. K, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Hogeboom, James, Jr., Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 20, 1864.
- Homan, Gilbert, Co. E, died at Washington, D. C., August 20, 1862.
- How, John, Co. B, died at Oriskany Falls, N. Y., July 14, 1864.
- Howlan, Ambrose, Co. G, died Sept. 3, 1864.
- Howland, Roemer or Homer R., Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation June 13, 1864.
- Hughes, Robert W., Co. K, died at New Orleans, La., August 23, 1864.
- Hurlburt, William H., Co. I, died at Hailesboro, N. Y., April 4, 1864.
- Ives, Hobert H., Co. M, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 24, 1864.
- Jackson, Everett D., Co. G, died March 6, 1865.
- Jenkins, Hiram A., Co. K, died at Potsdam, N. Y., April 19, 1865.
- Jennie, Jackson, Co. E, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Jennings, Abraham, Co. F, bugler, died at Hermitage Plantation, August 3, 1864.
- Jewell, Frank M., Co. H, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Johnson, Frank P., Co. D, died in prison at Richmond, Va., Feb. 24, 1864.
- Johnson, Henry, Co. A, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 27, 1864.
- Johnson, John, Co. I, died at Germantown, Tenn., June 18, 1865.
- Johnson, Richard, Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 28, 1864.
- Jones, Harlem B., Co. K, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 25, 1864.
- Jones, Owen, Co. D, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Joubert, Cassius, corporal Co. I, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 27, 1864.
- Kane, Robert T., corporal Co. D, died at Washington, D. C., April 8, 1864.
- Kearney, Henry, Co. C, died of wounds received in action at Fairfax Station, Va., July 4, 1863.
- Keenan, John, Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1863.
- Kelly, Daniel, Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1862.
- Kendrick, Alfred C., Co. E, died at Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 19, 1865.
- Kennedy, Owen, Co. G, died Dec. 9, 1864.
- Kimberly, Frederick, Co. L, died at Washington, D. C., April 7, 1864.
- Kinle, Thomas, Co. D, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., July 23, 1864.
- King, Charles, Co. G, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- King, Horace, Co. A, died at Washington, D. C., March 13, 1864.
- Kinney James, Co. M, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Kipp, Frank E., Co. G, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Knapp, John, Co. F, died of wounds received on picket at Germantown, Tenn., March 28, 1865.
- Lafountain, John, Co. H, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Lamberton, John H., Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1864.
- Lanham, Lloyd, Co. K, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 20, 1864.
- Larkin, Michael, Co. C, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Aug. 3, 1864.

- Lasell, George, Co. D, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 14, 1864.
- Lassell, Cephas, Co. D, died at New Orleans, La., July 22, 1864.
- Lehmkuhl, Henry, Co. F, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Lester, George T., Co. E, died at Memphis, Tenn., June 27, 1865.
- Levisseur, Alexander, Co. H, died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 10, 1862.
- Like, Egbert, Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation, La., July 31, 1864.
- Lindsay, James, Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 26, 1864.
- Little, John, Co. G, died Dec. 24, 1864.
- Loder, Squire, Co. K, died at Hermitage Plantation Aug. 7, 1864.
- Lones, John M., Co. D, died at Parishville, N. Y., on sick furlough, July 21, 1864.
- Long, Francis, corporal Co. L, died of wounds at Colliersville, Tenn., June 25, 1865.
- Loukey, Joseph, Co. D, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, 1862.
- Lynch, Michael, farrier Co. A, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Lynch, Patrick, Co. B, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Mackillips, Allen, Co. K, paroled prisoner, died at sea Nov. 25, 1864.
- Malone, Samuel J., Co. L, died at Memphis, Tenn., of wounds received in action July 11, 1865.
- Managan, William, Co. K, died at Staten Island, N. Y., April 12, 1862.
- Martyn, Hartwell T., Co. D, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Maxfield, Montreville, Co. G, died April 8, 1864.
- Maxiner, Julius A., Co. I, died at Baton Rouge, La., April 11, 1865.
- McCahey, Thomas, Co. G, killed by a fall in barracks at New Orleans, La., April 10, 1864.
- McCarty, John, Co. A, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 13, 1864.
- McClerkin, Samuel, Co. K, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 16, 1864.
- McGee, Michael, Co. L, died at Hermitage Plantation June 21, 1864.
- McGrady, Felix, Co. K, died at Hermitage Plantation August 8, 1864.
- McGuire, Farrell, Co. A, died Dec. 8, 1864.
- McHugh, Thomas, farrier Co. H, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 2, 1864.
- McLean, Charles H., Co. E, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- McLeod, Theodore, Co. H, died at Manning's Plantation May 30, 1864.
- McMahon, Thomas, Co. C, killed in action at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- McManus, Thomas, Co. E, died at Orange Grove, La., August 2, 1864.
- McOmber, Theodore, corporal Co. L, died at Brock & Davis' Plantation, La., July 20, 1864.
- McVay, John, Co. D, died at Camden, Tenn., from a fall from his horse while on march, September 17, 1865.
- Meyer, Charles, saddler Co. H, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Meyer, Henry, Co. F, died at New Orleans, La., August 19, 1864.
- Mier, John, Co. G, died Dec. 18, 1864.
- Miller, Charles P., Co. K, found dead under Georgetown Bridge, D. C., Sept. 20, 1862.
- Miller, George H., Co. M, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Miller, Lewis B., Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 28, 1864.
- Miller, Samuel, Co. B, died at New Orleans, La., August 29, 1864.
- Millett, James C, sergeant Co. G, died at sea Oct. 23, 1864.
- Mills, John K., Co. G, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Monroe, Charles, Co. B, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., July 10, 1864.
- Morrell, Orlan, Co. K, died at Memphis, Tenn., March 22, 1865.
- Morrow, John, sergeant Co. E, killed in action near Germantown, April 18, 1865.
- Morton, Seymour W., sergeant Co. D, died at New Orleans, La., Oct. 27, 1864.
- Mott, Leslie C., Co. D, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 26, 1864.
- Mulholland, Daniel, corporal Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 24, 1864.
- Mullis, James, Co. D, died at Staten Island, April 4, 1862.
- Murphy, Daniel, Co. F, died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1864.
- Murphy, James, Co. G, died Feb. 5, 1864.
- Murray, Charles, Co. H, died at Baton Rouge, La., 1864.
- Murray, Lorenzo E., Co. M, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 16, 1864.
- Nagle, Frederick, Co. G, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Nefer, Jacob, Co. K, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 2, 1864.
- Noble, Thomas, Co. C, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Norton, Daniel M., Co. D, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 29, 1864.
- Oaks, Silas, Co. C, died at Buffalo, N. Y., on sick furlough, Oct. 8, 1864.
- O'Connor, Arthur, Co. G, died Sept. 17, 1864.
- Olin, Asa W., Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 16, 1864.
- O'Neil, Michael, Co. L, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 23, 1864.
- Orr, William A., Co. L, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 23, 1864.
- Osborn, William, corporal Co. E, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Osier, John, Co. D, died at Staten Island, N. Y., March 25, 1862.
- Owen, Hinman, Co. I, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., July 30, 1864.
- Palmer, James H., Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation July 13, 1864.
- Parker, Lewis, Co. D, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 5, 1864.
- Parker, William H, Co. L, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 19, 1864.
- Parmington, Horace, Co. K, died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., August 6, 1865.
- Patrick, William, Co. C, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Aug. 7, 1864.

- Patten, Rollan C., Co. D, died while prisoner of war in Livingston Parish, La., Aug. 7, 1864.
- Perkins, Addison, Co. I, died at Memphis, Tenn., of wounds received in action, March 15, 1865.
- Phillips, Harlow J., Co. B, died at sea Oct. 1, 1864.
- Pickard, James M., Co. B, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Pickert, Alonzo, Co. D, died at Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 27, 1864.
- Pickren, William, Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation, La., July 26, 1864.
- Pierce, Chauncey D., drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Pinkham, Fernando P., Co. L, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1862.
- Pond, Loyal S., Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., August 26, 1864.
- Pontius, Jacob, Co. H, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 28, 1864.
- Post, Jacob, Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., March 14, 1864.
- Powers, Charles F., Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 17, 1864.
- Ransier, George H., Co. I, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Raynor, Henry Spicer, died at David's Island, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1864.
- Reddeman, Lewis, corporal Co. F, died Dec. 25, 1864.
- Reed, George, Co. I, died at Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 18, 1865.
- Reed, Hiram, Co. I, died at Canton, N. Y., April 3, 1865.
- Reinhard, Andrew, Co. B, died at New Orleans, La., Oct. 4, 1864.
- Reynolds, Ira M., Co. K, died at Memphis, Tenn., June 28, 1865.
- Reynolds, William, bugler Co. C, died at Hermitage Plantation, Aug. 5, 1864.
- Reynolds, William, Co. M, killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Robbillard, John C., corporal Co. C, died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 13, 1862.
- Robins, John A., Co. B, died at Washington, D. C., March 20, 1864.
- Rork, Thomas, Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 26, 1864.
- Roullard, Xavier, Co. K, killed by lightning at Baton Rouge, La., on picket duty, Oct. 2, 1864.
- Russell, George H., Co. E, died at Poolesville, Md., March 7, 1863.
- Russell, George H., Co. H, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 4, 1864.
- Sanders, Oliver W., Co. M, died in prison at Clinton, La., August 9, 1864.
- Sanford, Lucius M., Co. B, died at Staten Island, N. Y., March 16, 1862.
- Santhaney, James, Co. I, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 25, 1863.
- Santrock, Adolph, saddler Co. B, died at Washington, D. C., June 27, 1862.
- Sawyer, Freedom S., Co. I, died at Hermitage Plantation, August 8, 1864.
- Schiemecke, Augustus, Co. F, died Nov. 21, 1864.
- Schmidt, Ferdinand, saddler Co. B, died at Washington, D. C., Sept. 14, 1863.
- Schureman, James, Co. C, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Shaw, Stephen S., Co. C, drowned in the Mississippi river April 30, 1864.
- Simmons, George D., Co. B, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 7, 1864.
- Slawson, James B., Co. A, died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., July 8, 1865.
- Sliter, Adelbert, Co. A, died while prisoner of war August 31, 1864.
- Smith, George, Co. I, died at New Orleans, La., August 27, 1864.
- Smith, Labrien C., Co. F, died at Washington, D. C., March 2, 1864.
- Smith, Richard, Co. F, died Nov. 12, 1864.
- Smith, Sidney, Co. B, died at New Orleans, La., June 13, 1864.
- Smith, William, Co. F, died Nov. 29, 1864.
- Sommers, Henry, Co. C, killed in action at Fairfax, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Southworth, William P., died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 7, 1864.
- Spear, Lucius M., Co. G, died Dec. 19, 1864.
- Spratt, James, Co. G, died Nov. 9, 1864.
- Squires, William, Co. B, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 6, 1864.
- Starkey, Frederick, lieutenant Co. C, died of suicide, Washington, D. C., June 13, 1863.
- Steele, Myers F., sergeant Co. M, killed near Baton Rouge by enemy while posting pickets, Oct. 20, 1864.
- Stevens, George A., Co. F, died Feb. 4, 1864.
- Stewart, John, Co. M, died at Hermitage Plantation, July 3, 1864.
- Stickney, Jonathan, Co. E, died at Staten Island, Feb. 27, 1862.
- Stiles, Charles D., first sergeant Co. L, killed in action at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 15, 1862.
- Stinson, Albert A., corporal Co. A, died Sept. 6, 1862.
- Stone, Robert, corporal Co. G, died Oct. 5, 1864.
- Stone, Summer S., Co. E, died at New Orleans, La., August 22, 1864.
- Stores, Aretas, Co. L, died at Memphis, Tenn., March 28, 1865.
- Stothart, Edward, Co. L, died at Manning's Plantation, La., July 7, 1864.
- Strait, Burton, Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1862.
- Sturtevant, Charles J., Co. H, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Sunderland, John R., Co. K, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 16, 1864.
- Sweeny, Thomas, corporal Co. A, died at Oct. 1, 1864.
- Swingle, Henry, Co. H, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 23, 1864.
- Temple, John, Co. H, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 2, 1864.
- Tenny, Oscar P., corporal Co. H, paroled prisoner, died on hospital steamer April 4, 1865.
- Thompson, Patrick, Co. A, died at Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 15, 1865.
- Tompkins, Levi, Co. E, died at Memphis, Tenn., April 15, 1865.

Tompkins, Samuel, Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 6, 1864.
 Tupper, Jason, Co. D, died at Pierrepont, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1864.
 Twomy, John, Co. G, murdered by negroes April 22, 1864.
 Van Brocklin, Ela E., Co. I, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
 Vandewecker, Conrad, Co. C, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 26, 1864.
 Van Valkenburg, Cornelius, Co. G, died April 20, 1865.
 Vedder, Homer, Co. B, died at New Orleans, La., April 23, 1864.
 Wagner, John, Co. A, died Oct. 28, 1864.
 Walker, Wesley, Co. E, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 30, 1864.
 Wall, Daniel, Co. E, drowned by falling from steamer while en route from New Orleans to Donaldsonville, La., April 6, 1864.
 Wallace, William, farrier Co. F, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., August 8, 1864.
 Walsh, John S., Co. C, died at Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 2, 1864.
 Washburn, Luther, Co. K, died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 25, 1864.
 Weiser, Christian, Co. C, found dead in Washington, D. C., Feb. 5, 1863.
 Wells, George C., Co. F, died Dec. 24, 1864.
 Welsh, Oel M., Co. G, died Nov. 16, 1864.
 Western, James H., Co. G, died June 1, 1865.
 Westcott, Alvin, Co. G, died Oct. 26, 1864.
 Wheeler, Nehemiah, Jr., Co. A, died Nov. 15, 1864.
 Wheelock, Otis, Co. G, died Feb. 13, 1864.
 White, Harry R., Co. G, died January 5, 1863.
 Willard, John, Co. L, died at New Orleans, La., Dec. 31, 1864.
 Williams, Alexander G., Co. B, died at Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 20, 1865.
 Williams, Merrick E., Co. M, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1862.
 Wilson, George W., Co. K, died at Doyal's Plantation, La., July 19, 1864.
 Winter, John, Co. M, died at New Orleans, La., August 15, 1864.
 Wisewell, Benjamin, Co. F, died at Hermitage Plantation, La., Sept. 11, 1864.

Wood, Frederick L., Co. A, died July 15, 1863.
 Worden, Alanson, Co. M, died at New Orleans, La., Jan. 8, 1865.
 Worden, William D., Co. I, drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
 Wright, James M., Co. L, died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1863.
 Yarrington, Horace J., Co. E, died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 5, 1864.
 Young, James H., Co. C, dropped dead at Manning's Plantation July 24, 1864.

SUMMARY OF LOSSES.

Killed, or died of wounds received in action	25
Drowned	43
Died in prison	8
Accident	8
Found dead, cause unknown	2
Murdered.....	1
Suicide.....	1
Died of disease.....	256
<hr/> Total deaths.....	<hr/> 344
Wounded in action (from Col. Phisterer, assistant adjutant general's report).....	76
Captured, many of whom were also wounded (from Col. Phisterer, assistant adjutant general's report).....	196
Additional wounded (not in Col. Phisterer, assistant adjutant general's report), viz.: at Sugar Loaf Mountain, 1; Second Bull Run, 1; Manning's Plantation, 1.....	3
Additional captured (not in Col. Phisterer, assistant adjutant general's report), viz.: Second Bull Run, 8; Bohivar Heights, Va., 10; Brentsville, Va., 1; Manning's Plantation, La., 1; Jackson, La., 2; Baton Rouge, La., 3; Davidson Raid, 1; Bastrop, La., 1.....	27
Discharged for disability and from hospital.....	281
<hr/> Total losses.....	<hr/> 927
Total enlistments, exclusive of deserters	1,733.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battle fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking,
 In our Isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense of slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



ADJUTANT CHELLIS D. SWAIN.

COLONEL J. B. SWAIN.

CHAPTER I.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;

And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the task and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked sword, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CAVALRY SERVICE—ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT—CAMP ON STATEN ISLAND
—RECOLLECTIONS OF STATEN ISLAND BY CAPTAIN NICHOLETTS—CAMP
RELIEF—VETERAN OFFICERS.

THE cavalry has been aptly termed "the eyes and ears of an army"; the duties of the horseman not only required that they should be proficient in military drills and manœuvres, take part in the marches and engagements incidental to the service, but also obliged them to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, to lead in the advance, and to linger in the retreat; to furnish orderlies, couriers, scouts and spies, and obliged them to possess a degree of intelligence above that of "mere fighting machines."

The loss of the mounted troops "killed in action" in the War of the Rebellion was small when compared with that of the foot soldiers, but the almost constant employment of the cavalry, the want of shelter on their long and weary marches, and their exposure to the malarial influences of lowland districts of the South, swelled their loss by death until it equaled that of the infantry.

The loss of a regiment in "killed in action" has been recognized by some writers as establishing the fighting qualities of the organization; if this be a fair mode of measurement of a regiment's services and value, the story of "Scott's 900" Cavalry might as well remain untold; but if, on the other hand, the record of a regiment's dead be

the measure of its greatness, few regiments in any branch of the service can surpass it; but with the belief that neither condition fairly represents the efficiency of a regiment, and with the knowledge that "Scott's 900" repaid the country many times its cost to the government, we record our story.

We do not glory in the number of our dead, but the melancholy fact remains that our great loss of 344 men exceeded that of any regiment in any branch of the service excepting a few of the most noted fighting ones. This loss by death was exceeded by but one of the twenty-eight mounted regiments from the State of New York, but the percentage of our loss was greater than that of the regiment excepted.

Our greatest loss was met, not as by our comrades in the Army of the Potomac, in the wild charge,

—with the roll of the stirring drum
And the trumpet that sings of fame,

but far from home and friends, by the winding lagoons in the Southern swamps, in the "land of the moccasin and the alligator," where we encountered an enemy more relentless than the bullet or the bayonet, deadlier than the sabre or the shell; and in greater numbers than the average regiment in any army, our comrades laid down

their lives in the service of the Union in the lowlands of Louisiana.

In the year 1861, President Lincoln appointed James B. Swain of New York a first lieutenant in the United States army, and he was authorized to raise a regiment of cavalry for the United States service. The following is a copy of correspondence, relative to the formation of the regiment, on file in the War Department at Washington.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, October 1, 1861.

HON. E. D. MORGAN, Governor, State of New York.

Sir: James B. Swain, United States army, desires to raise a volunteer regiment of cavalry, to serve for three years or during the war. The Secretary of War most respectfully desires that Governor Morgan will add his sanction, and extend such facilities to Lieut. Swain as will enable him to speedily complete the organization referred to, the regiment when formed to be under the charge of Lieut. Swain as colonel commanding. The said regiment to be organized under General Orders Nos. 16, 58, 61, and others of this department.

Very respectfully,

THOS. A. SCOTT,
Assistant Secretary of War.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
NEW YORK, October 17, 1861.

TO LIEUT. JAS. B. SWAIN, Washington.

Lieutenant: I am directed by His Excellency, Governor Morgan, to inform you that in accordance with the recommendations from the War Department, your proposition to raise a regiment of cavalry, to form a portion of the volunteer force from this State, is accepted.

I am, lieutenant, respectfully yours,
THOS. HILLHOUSE,
Adjutant General.

A regular cavalry regiment in 1861 consisted of ten companies, or troops, of eighty-nine men each, including the company officers, which, with the ten

field and staff officers and the non-commissioned staff, made a total number of 900 men to a regiment.

Col. Swain, pursuant to the authority given him by the Secretary of War, organized the regiment and called it "Scott's 900. First United States Volunteer Cavalry," in honor of Hon. Thos. A. Scott of Pennsylvania, the Assistant Secretary of War, who was a friend of Col. Swain, and took an interest in the regiment.

Recruiting offices were established in various parts of the State of New York, and the recruits were forwarded to Quarantine Landing on Staten Island, where a camp of instruction had been established. On the 25th of October, 1862, the War Department turned the regiment over to the State of New York, and the intention of making it a regiment of regulars was defeated; still Colonel Swain refused to recognize the rights of the State, and would make no reports to the governor or the adjutant general's office at Albany, and it was not until the 20th of February, 1864, that the regiment received its numerical and state designation as the Eleventh New York Cavalry.

The winter of '61-62 was passed on Staten Island; recruits were received and assigned to the companies in which they had enlisted, and by January 1, 1862, nearly 400 were enrolled.

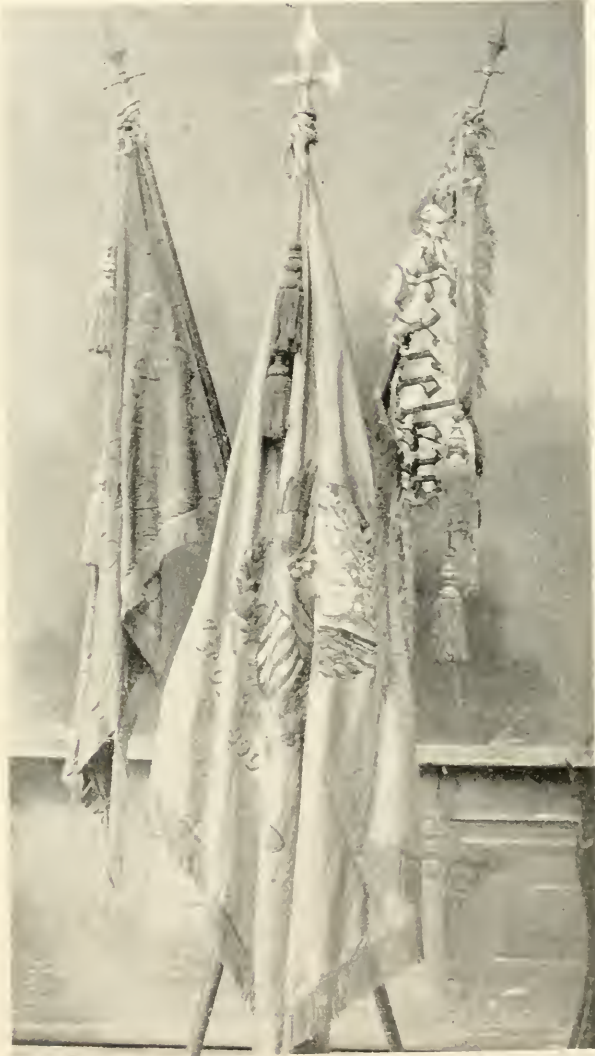
The officers were kept busy instructing the men in the "duties of a soldier"; the dismounted cavalry drill, and such other exercises as were necessary to transform mechanics, farmers, boatmen, clerks and students from a civil to a military life. The hills of Staten Island resounded with the notes of the bugle, as the various calls were being practiced, and all were active in preparing for the military service in which it was expected they would soon be engaged. In February an order was issued by the War Department to arm and equip the regiment. In March there were 850 names on the roll, and the ten companies had been organized. The regiment left Staten Island on the 5th of May, arrived at Washington, D.

C., on the 7th, and encamped on Meridian Hill east of Seventh street, about two miles from the Capitol.

The following article written by Capt. Nicholetts gives an account of

low: Mr. G. A. Nicholetts, I shall be pleased to see you if you will report to the headquarters of Scott's 900 Cavalry at Staten Island.

(Signed) James B. Swain, Col.



REGIMENTAL COLORS.

the journey from Staten Island to Washington:

"It was early in April, 1862, that one day, returning to my boarding house in New York City, I was handed a piece of paper, on which was written as fol-

"The next morning I reported at Staten Island; the headquarters was in a two-story house close to the waters of the bay, on what was known as the quarantine ground. I was ushered up stairs and introduced to the colonel;

he greeted me kindly and said he understood that I had served in the British army, and that I was now desirous of entering the Union army; I replied that this information was correct. I then showed him some letters and papers corroborative of my former military service. After perusing them the colonel said that a great conflict had been precipitated suddenly on the Northern States of the Union; the people of the States had so long enjoyed profound peace that the necessary military experience was wanting, and consequently men who had received a military training were valuable as recruits; he, however, while recognizing my claims, regretted to say that all the commissioned ranks were full, but if I would enlist he could promise that promotion would be given when proper vacancy occurred. I told the colonel that I had only served as a commissioned officer, and I feared that I might be unfitted for service in the ranks. He replied that he could do no better at the time. I then asked for time to consider his proposition. My interview was on Tuesday, and he said he would expect my answer on the following Thursday. On Thursday I again reported to him, and said I had determined to enlist in his regiment; he said he was glad of it, and directed me to report to the adjutant in the room below and ask him for chevrons of sergeant-major, as he would then and there appoint me to that senior non-commissioned rank. During my interview with the colonel an officer who had been smoking a cigar on a balcony outside the room came in, and I was introduced to the lieutenant-colonel. I had noticed this officer, and at once recognized the fact that he was a trained regular soldier; this was the Chevalier Louis Palma di Cesnola, a Sardinian officer who had served in the Crimean war, and also in the war of Italian independence; as I had also the honor of serving in the Crimea, the lieutenant-colonel spoke very kindly to me, and said he thought I had made a right move in enlisting and he had no doubt that I would receive early promotion.

"I was much impressed by the kindness of these officers. The colonel was a kindly, cultivated gentleman, and the lieutenant-colonel was in my eyes the beau-ideal of a light cavalryman. I went downstairs and reported to the adjutant, James B. Mix; he directed me to go over to the surgeon's quarters and be examined and then report to the quartermaster for clothing and accoutrements. When I told the adjutant that I had been appointed sergeant-major, and directed by the colonel to ask him for the chevrons of that rank, he first stared at me in astonishment, and then ejaculated, 'The hell you say!'

This forcible expression somewhat staggered me, but saying nothing I saluted, and gathering up the chevrons which he had thrown upon the table, I proceeded, conducted by an orderly, to the surgeon's quarters. The surgeon, James Kidder, was absent, and I was examined and passed by the hospital steward, Williams, whom I found to be a fellow countryman. From the surgeon we proceeded to the quartermaster, Lieut. A. B. Kirtland. On being presented as a new recruit, a blanket was laid upon the floor, and the various articles of a soldier's outfit were thrown in. Not being accustomed to this manner of receiving my wearing apparel, I stood by apparently somewhat concerned in manner, when I heard a voice say, 'Here, I want to speak to you.' looking up, I noticed a big, burly man with fiery red whiskers, dressed in a captains' uniform, seated on a pile of boxes. I walked up and saluted when he exclaimed: 'See here, you have been a soldier before, have you not?' I told him who I was, and he then informed me that he had also served in the British army, and had risen from the ranks to a lieutenancy in the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He then remarked, 'Don't be cast down, my boy, it will all turn out right.' This was that genial, whole-souled son of Erin, Capt. John Hobart Fitzgerald.

"I began my duties that evening by taking the detail for guard round to

the various orderly sergeants. The routine of duties at Staten Island was not onerous—plenty of dismounted drill and an occasional visit to the city filled up our time. We were all impatient to start for the seat of war, and at length the route came early in May, and there was much rejoicing.

"We were to embark on a steamer, proceed to South Amboy and there take the train for Washington. On the day of leaving, the steamer did not come for us until late in the evening. Of course, there was a good deal of drinking that day, and the lieutenant-colonel got the regiment together and began, as he said, to drill the liquor out of the boys. He kept us pretty steady at it for a long time, and then forming us in line gave us a rest. While in line at parade rest, a big fellow of H company, named Quirk, coolly returned his sabre and walked off. Cesnola watched the man for a few moments, and then, calling the orderly sergeant of H company, said, 'Sergeant French, go and bring that man back.' French at once started after his man; when he got close to Quirk he ordered him to halt. Quirk replied by drawing his sabre and making a vicious cut at the orderly, but French, who was an old soldier, neatly parried the blow, and giving a right cut laid open the fellow's head, and brought him to the ground. On seeing this action Cesnola exclaimed, 'Well done, Sergeant French.' Quirk was hauled off for repairs, and the drill was resumed. At length the steamer arrived, and we went on board. Maj. Pruyn came to me and ordered me to make a detail from each company for guard duty. I did so, but the orderlies reported that it was almost impossible to get men to fill the detail; however, after a deal of trouble we finally got a sufficient number to post a few sentries. I shall never forget the sentry placed near the quartermaster's stores; he was Bloody Murray of A company; he was drunk, and having been a man-of-war's man, he had stripped himself down to his waist, and thus equipped for action he marched up and down his beat, flourish-

ing his sabre and daring any man to touch the stores. Although not cutting a soldierly figure, despite his drunkenness he made a most efficient guard.

"These drunken men were not representative men of the regiment, but there were enough of them at the commencement of the trip to create the impression that the regiment had been recruited in hades. Fortunately for the good of the service, these fellows deserted or were imprisoned soon after reaching Washington.

"At length we reached Amboy and entered the cars, and here the trouble began again. I stood on the platform trying to find some car that was less noisy than the others, when Col. Cesnola came up and said, sergeant-major, you go into the headquarters car. I thanked him heartily, for I felt no disposition to be cooped up with that noisy, fighting crowd. All quieted down gradually, and by the time we got to Philadelphia all were sober and orderly, and ate the breakfast that the good ladies of that city bountifully provided with quiet and thankful politeness. We went to Baltimore, marched through the city, and again took the train for Washington. Toward night we rolled into the capital, and were lodged for the night in the buildings at the depot, called the 'Soldiers' Rest.' Here we remained until next morning, when we marched through the city and up Seventh street, where we went into camp."

CAMP RELIEF, WASHINGTON.

This encampment on Meridian Hill was called "Camp Relief," in honor of the colonel's wife, whose Christian name was Relief. Until the middle of February, 1864, this camp was the headquarters of the regiment.

The enlisted men were quartered in Sibley tents. The camp was laid out in strictly military style; horses when issued to the companies were tied to ropes stretched along the company streets. Commodious barracks and stables were afterwards erected, and Camp Relief became one of the best of cavalry camps.

The regiment was splendidly mounted, and the horses were apportioned to the different companies according to color, as follows: A, black; B, bay; C, gray; D, E and F, bay; G, iron gray; H and K, sorrel; I, bay; L, all colors, and M, bay.

A recruit arriving at Camp Relief was astonished at the quantity of clothing, arms and accoutrements issued to him by the quartermaster; besides his clothing, which consisted of a dark blue dress jacket trimmed with yellow, blouse, trousers, light blue overcoat, underclothing, stockings, shoes, fatigue cap with crossed sabres and company letter, rubber overcoat or talma and stable frock, he received a blanket and saddle blanket, canteen, haversack, saddle, surcingle, nose bag, picket pin and lariat, curb bit and bridle, halter, watering bridle, curry comb, brush, saddle bags, sabre, carbine revolver, sabre belt, carbine sling, pistol and carbine holsters, two cartridge boxes, and a pair of spurs. With these articles in his possession, he was given a horse, one of the "supernumeraries" or horses rejected by the rest of the troop, usually a vicious beast, and was then ready for instructions in the school of a soldier.

Surrounding the parade ground was an oval track, supplied with the necessary paraphernalia for exercising and training horses, and for practicing with the sabre, carbine and revolver. Across Seventh street, a short distance from the camp, was a large field where the men were instructed in company, battalion and regimental drill, and all the evolutions of a mounted regiment.

VETERAN OFFICERS IN THE REGIMENT— VIRGINIA.

In the regiment were many officers and enlisted men who had served in the United States and other armies, and in other wars.

Lieut. - Col. Cesnola, a native of Turin, Italy, graduated from the military academy at Cheraseo; served in the Italian war against Austria, was promoted to lieutenant on the field at

Novara, fought in the Crimean war, and was promoted to brigadier-general in our army.

Capt. Davenport served as a non-commissioned officer in the First Dragoons, United States army (regular cavalry), and fought in the Indian wars.

Capt. Dagwell served as a non-commissioned officer in the First United States Mounted Rifles (regular cavalry), and fought in the Indian wars.

Capt. Fitzgerald was promoted from the ranks of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, British army, served in the Crimean war, and was in charge of the heavy brigade at Balaklava.

Capt. Nicholetts served in the British army as lieutenant in the Sixty-Eighth regiment, light infantry, and Second Queen's Royal regiment; fought in the Crimean war, and in India during the Sepoy mutiny.

Surgeon Charles Gray served in the medical corps, British army, in the Crimean, Indian and China wars, and was surgeon of Ellsworth's Zouaves and the Seventh New York Infantry in the early days of the rebellion.

Lieut. Starkey served as a veterinary surgeon in the First United States Mounted Rifles (regular cavalry), and fought in the Indian wars, and prior to this service had been veterinary surgeon with Prussian cavalry.

Lieut. McKenzie served as a non-commissioned officer in the Fourth Dragoon Guards (Royal Irish), British army, fought in the Crimean war, and was in charge of the heavy brigade at Balaklava.

Lieut. Bradley served as a non-commissioned officer in the Fourth Dragoon Guards (Royal Irish), British army.

Lieut. French served in the Twelfth Lancers, British army.

Lieut. Von Weltzein was a lieutenant in the Austrian army, and was at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

Lieut. Hazelton served in the Royal Artillery, British army.

Cpts. Mix and Benedict were members of the Seventh New York State Militia.

Lieut. Massey served in the British navy.

Chief Bugler Harry Holland served in the British cavalry in the Crimean and Indian wars.

Nearly all of the original orderly sergeants, and many of the enlisted men, had served in the regular army and volunteer and militia organizations.

The regiment was particularly fortunate in having so many experienced soldiers for instructors, and in a comparatively short space of time the men were in drill and discipline second only to the regular cavalry, which they expected eventually to become a part of, and take a leading position as a regiment among them.

From the time of the arrival of the regiment in Washington, the services of the companies were in active demand, orderlies were furnished for the headquarters of Generals Halleck, Banks, Heintzleman, Augur and Casey, and at the various departments in the city, also at the brigade headquarters at the forts in the defenses of Washington. These orderlies were the bearers of dispatches to army headquarters, and often scouts and spies inside and outside of the lines; they accompanied the brigade officer of the day along the line of pickets by day, and the "grand rounds" by night; delivered the countersign for the night to the officers authorized to receive it, and were in constant employment in a service that required nerve and discretion, some of them serving independently of the regiment at battles in Virginia and at South Mountain and Antietam. Details were daily made for the escort to President Lincoln; subsequently part of Company A was assigned to that duty alone. Companies H and K were quartered at Camp Vigilance in the city, at Seventeenth and I and K streets, and the mounted provost guards and the mounted night patrol were furnished from the regiment. So efficiently was the secret service work performed that the applications to have the regiment assigned to active service at the front were refused; and yet this duty required many

of the companies to leave the capital, and frequently there was nothing at the camp but the headquarters, the regimental band and the hospital. The regiment was inspected by Gen. Wadsworth at the camp in June, and reviewed by President Lincoln in front of the White House.

"I heard the bugle sound the calls
For *veille* and *drill*,
For *water*, *stable* and *tattoo*,
For *taps*—and all was still.
I heard it sound the *sick call* grim,
And see the men in line,
With faces awry as they drink
Their whisky and quinine.



Oh, did you see us in the street
Dressed up in army blue,
When drums and trumpets into town
Our storm of music threw?

The band was organized at Camp Relief in the summer of 1862, and mounted on fine black horses. Regimental bands having been abolished by order of the War Department, it was necessary, in order to retain a band in the regiment, that the musicians should be enlisted as privates, assigned to the different companies, and detailed for special duty.

The officers agreed to contribute a percentage of their pay to establish a fund from which the musicians could receive \$30 per month (including their pay as privates), and the allowances of an enlisted man. The musicians were required to furnish their own instruments.

In August, 1862, T. Wilfred Allen, an able band leader of Oswego county, N. Y., was appointed second lieutenant

of Company G, and directed to enlist competent musicians and organize the band, with the result that Scott's 900 had one of the best bands in the service.

During the time that Col. Swain commanded the regiment, the band flourished, and was the pride of the regiment and the delight of all who heard it, and was always in good condition and actively employed.

In 1864, when the regiment was scattered in the Department of the Gulf, it was difficult to maintain the band as was originally intended; sickness and death reduced the numbers, and it was supposed that the members would be mustered out.

In July, 1864, Lieut. Allen resigned and left the regiment, taking his instrument and the music with him, thus leaving the band in a deplorable condition. The mustering officer refused to release the men from the service, but without leader, leading instrument, or music, the band was of little use, and for a time the members served in their respective companies.

Major Remington and some other officers raised another fund, purchased necessary instruments and music, and the band, though smaller in numbers, was again established and continued in the service until the summer of 1865.

The band, when organized, consisted of the following men: Lieut. T. Wilfred Allen, Lagrange F. Moore, Charles A. Foster, Henry Ketcham, Charles S. Clark, Henry G. St. John, Reuben Bradshaw, Henry D. Lamb, Edgar Church, Fred. L. Wood, S. Webster Russell, Morris C. Highriter.

Subsequent to the organization the following musicians were enlisted: Thomas H. Lake, Michael Parelli, Vito Pogassi.

The following men were detailed from the companies at different times for service in the band: Charles H. Boynton, Wm. F. Sudds, James Geary, Asheal K. Waters, Henry J. Bean.

Charles S. Clark, who furnished the information for this sketch, says: "We were sorry to see that some men of the regiment thought that the band

had what they called 'a soft snap,' but we tried to please all and believed that we were faithfully doing the duty for which we enlisted, and it can easily be seen by those who read this sketch that we did not have a picnic all the time, as some of the boys in the regiment supposed.

THE SUTLER.

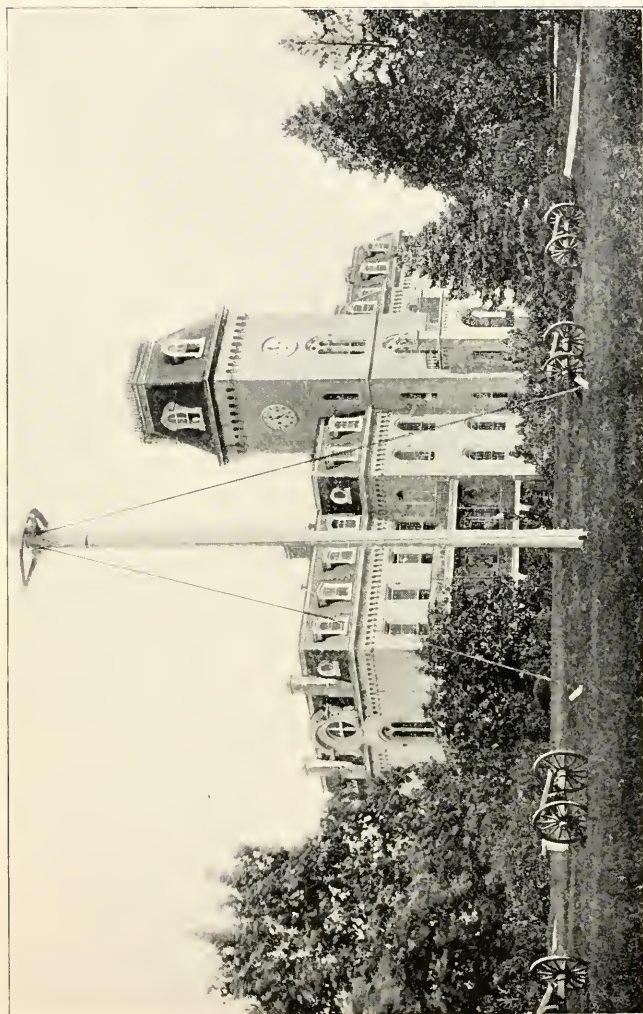
J. R. Bostwick was the regimental sutler from the beginning to the end. He kept a large variety of goods that soldiers require, such as gloves, blacking, polishing stuffs, thread, needles, pipes, tobacco and cigars. He was a very accommodating man, and charged good prices for his wares, but they were not exorbitant, considering the risks which he took. At Camp Relief he furnished the officers' mess and had money to lend for a fair rate of interest; he trusted the men for two dollars' worth of tickets per month, to be paid on the first pay-day, and would give a still larger credit if a man asked for it.

It was a recognized belief throughout the army that the men who patronized the sutler least in the way of food or drink were likely to live the longest, and the chances are that our sutler was not an exception to that belief; still he was prompt in furnishing things that were required and was rich in expedients.

One of the men who bought a dollar's worth of stuff at the sutler's offered in payment a two-dollar bill. The sutler had no change and the man refused to take tickets instead, so Bostwick tore the bill in half and handed one piece to the soldier and kept the other himself, saying, "You will soon want to spend the rest of it and I will redeem it for a dollar."

Bostwick was assisted by two men, named, respectively, Kelly and Sparks. Kelly had charge of the business when Bostwick was absent.

It was the general belief that the sutler made a great deal of money out of the regiment, but he also lost considerable, and probably no one but Bostwick knew what the profits were.



SOLDIERS' HOME ON SEVENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Summer Home of President Lincoln.

CHAPTER II.

THE REVEILLE—CAMP RELIEF, BY SERGT. HARTWELL, CAPT. NICHOLETTS AND
SERGT. MONTGOMERY—OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

BY SERGEANT HARTWELL.

TO old Camp Relief on Meridian Hill in Washington there used to come a large number of peddlers with numerous and various wares to sell. A nice, pleasant, motherly old woman used to bring mince pies; fine looking pies, and only ten cents apiece. I frequently

used to bring it in under their skirts and in milk cans; they would plug up the bottom of the spouts of the cans and fill the spouts with milk. To prove that it was milk they carried they would pour some out, but 'twas whisky in the can.



CAMP RELIEF, WASHINGTON, D. C.

bought them of the old lady, for there was something homelike about her and her pies. One day as I was eating one a harder substance than usual struck my teeth, and on pulling it out I found something that looked like a rat's tail. I've had no appetite for mince pies since.

It was discovered by the officers that men were getting "tight" without going out of camp. The peddlers were suspected and their goods inspected, but no whisky was discovered; at last the officers got "onto it." The women

Sometimes men would get boxes from home, which the colonel required should be opened in his tent, that he might see the contents and confiscate any liquor that might be among the goods. Sometimes a bottle would come inside a roast goose and pass inspection. A young fellow of Company F had a box sent to him, and when he had opened it before the colonel, that officer pulled out a long, black bottle, and eying it suspiciously, said: "What's this?" Then he gave it a good shake, when out popped the cork, and the con-

tents of the bottle went over the colonel and his papers; it was tomato catsup. "Take the stuff away," said the colonel, "that won't hurt you."

One night while I was asleep in my bunk I was suddenly awakened by something running down my throat which nearly strangled me. I tried to raise myself up, and said to a man who was bending over me, "What are you doing here?" "Keep still, sergeant," said the man, who was quite "full," "and take a drink." I did as directed, and then told the man to go to bed. I soon fell asleep again, but was again awakened by a great noise outside. Men were shouting and horses were snorting, while a mass of men was struggling in the company street. Sergeants and corporals were trying to get a lot of fighting and drunken men from the camp. It seemed that the hard characters of the regiment and some hard characters of other regiments had congregated near our company quarters and were raising the very devil. I directed our non-commissioned officers to throw our own men into the tents and to club the other men away, and they went to work in good earnest. The assembly was sounded and the guard turned out, and for awhile there were lively times in Company B street. The guard house was full that night, and daylight disclosed the cause of the disturbance—an empty whisky barrel near the cook house. I could not at that time discover where the whisky came from, but one thing I knew, the boys didn't buy it. Twenty-six years later, in a talk with one of our lads, I learned the story of the whisky barrel.

Back of the camp, in the woods, a German kept a place where whisky was sold to soldiers. Some of our lads saw the old man going home one day with a barrel of whisky in his wagon; at night a man went into a lieutenant's tent, and, without asking, borrowed the officer's coat. Four men in full uniform, with side arms, together with the man in officer's uniform, passed the guard and went to the German's place, where the old man was charged with

selling liquor to soldiers, and his wet goods were confiscated. He was directed to hitch up his horse and wagon, put in the barrel of whisky, and deliver himself up as a prisoner in the camp. When they got near the lines the "acting" lieutenant's heart was softened by the pleadings of the old man and he let him go, but rolled the barrel into the camp.

One day I was sent with a squad of men to get some horses at the corral at Washington; each man led three horses with ropes around their necks. I was riding ahead, and the column was trotting along briskly behind. We had turned the corner at Seventh street, when I heard a crash of falling glass. Looking back, I saw the rear man with his horses on the sidewalk and one of them half way into a large window of the corner drug store. The man (Howerth) got the horse out, but he played havoc with the window and druggist's bottles. The druggist rushed out, a policeman was coming on a run to arrest Howerth. I took the situation in at a glance, and waving my hand, I started on a gallop, and the whole column followed. The policeman called on us to halt, but we had no time to stop; in fact, we got under such headway that we couldn't have stopped if we had so desired, and we soon left the policeman and the crowd far behind.

After a time we had barracks built for the men and sheds for the horses, and things in camp were quite comfortable; each of the barracks would hold four companies, two on the lower floor and two on the second.

One morning we returned from a scout; we had been out twenty-four hours in the rain, and had got nothing. One of the men, in cleaning his revolver, accidentally shot another man through the heart. The following morning I was cleaning my revolver. I had it at half-cock and was rubbing away, when I chanced to think of the man who was killed the day before. I went to put the revolver down, when off it went, the bullet passing through the partition into the main room. I

heard a man cry, "I'm shot!" Then another cried out, "I'm shot!" "Great heavens!" I said, "have I shot two men by my carelessness?" I stood for a moment paralyzed, then rushed into the room. There lay the saddler, holding his head and groaning. I felt of his head, but could discover no blood, and I said: "You're not shot." "Well," said he, jumping up, "it came damn near it." And sure enough, just above where his head lay was a hole made by the bullet. All this time a man on the third tier of bunks was rolling and groaning; I asked him where he was shot, and he said, "In the hip." I pulled down his trousers and discovered a bruised spot, but the skin was unbroken. It seemed the ball had struck the rafter, and, glancing, had hit the man on the hip and had then fallen on the floor, where it was found, much to my relief; and ever afterward I was careful in cleaning my firearms.

After the battle of Bull Run a civilian, who, being mounted, was the first man to reach Washington, rushed into Gen. Martindale's office and announced the defeat of the Union forces. "How do you know they are defeated?" said the general; "are you acquainted with military tactics? How do you know but that it is a change of base?" The civilian admitted he was not conversant with military affairs, but, said he, "I saw the men and the horses and the cattle, and they were all running like the devil, and the cattle were the only ones that had their tails up."

When Winfield Taft, of Company F, was a recruit, he was put on guard at the entrance to the camp, with instructions to permit officers only to pass out. The buglers wanted to get something outside of the lines, and when no one appeared to be looking Taft allowed one of them to leave the camp. Lieut.-Col. Cesnola saw the man go out, and told the sentry to call the sergeant of the guard. That officer appeared, and in answer to Cesnola's inquiry said the guard was instructed to permit no one but officers to leave the camp. Turning to Taft,

the lieutenant-colonel said: "Are these your instructions?" "Yes, sir," promptly answered the guard. "Then why did you allow that man to go out?" "Because he's an officer," said the sentry. "An officer! No, sir; that man's a bugler," said Cesnola. "Well, sir," said Taft, "I thought he was an officer. I know he's got more stripes on him than any other man in the camp." Some time after, when Taft was a sergeant, Cesnola said to him: "Sergeant, you thought you



GEO. F. MEAD, BUGLER "C" CO.

fooled me when you told me the bugler was an officer, but you didn't; although you did it so well, I overlooked the affair."

QUEER CHARACTERS.

For they were bold dragoons,
With their long swords, spurs and
saddles.

With me whack, rowdy-dow,
Where are you, Little Mack?

—OLD WAR SONG.

Capt. Nicholetts relates the following stories of officers and men of the regiment:

It was on the regiment's first arrival in Washington, in May, 1862, that the writer was first introduced to Bloody Murray, of Company A. I was then sergeant-major and used to mess with R. J. Littlewort, orderly-sergeant of Company A. One evening, after giving the detail for next day's guard duty, I was seated at supper in Sergt. Littleworth's tent. Now, Private Murray, whose first name, I believe, was James, had been given the cognomen of "Bloody," from the frequent use he



GILBERT A. NICHOLETTS, CAPTAIN "D" CO.
(As 1st Lieut.)

made of that sanguinary expletive to garnish his not very choice vocabulary. As Dick Littlewort and I were enjoying our supper, he informed me that on detailing Murray for guard duty that worthy had informed him that he would not go on the bloody guard, so the sergeant had ordered him into the guard house. As we sat discussing the event, a corporal appeared with the incorrigible Murray in charge and stated that Murray wished to speak to the sergeant-major. I asked him what he wanted. He said that he understood I had been in the British army.

I acknowledged the fact, whereupon Murray broke out thus: "Now, sergeant-major, you were in the bloody British army, and I was in the bloody English navy." (He was, I heard, a deserter therefrom.) "In the bloody English navy I could get my bloody rights. If I did not have my bloody rights I could appeal to the bloody first lieutenant, and if he would not give me my bloody rights I could go to the quarter-deck and appeal to the bloody captain, and if he would not give me my bloody rights I could appeal to the bloody admiral, and if he would not give me my bloody rights, I could appeal to the bloody queen, and I would get my bloody rights; but in this bloody service I can't get my bloody rights nohow." This extraordinary tirade convulsed us all with laughter, and the sanguinary Murray went to the bloody guard house. The United States did not appreciate Murray, and he soon after deserted, and the regiment was well rid of him.

When we speak of Capt. John Hobart Fitzgerald, we have in that genial jovial son of the Emerald Isle a very different type of man. He had risen to commissioned rank from the ranks of the British army, and had been in the charge of the heavy brigade at Balaklava. He was a man of fine presence, six feet high, and weighing two hundred pounds, and was a thorough soldier. Capt. Fitz, as we all called him, used to drill the officers and non-coms. in the sabre exercises dismounted. One bright, sunny day we were all extended at open distance before Fitz, and he was putting us through moulinet's, right cut, left cut, etc., when all at once a Dutch sergeant called Bernhardt coolly stepped from his place and attempted to show the next man to him the proper way to make a moulinet. On seeing this, Fitz bellowed out in a voice that could be heard half way to the Capitol: "Sergeant Bernhardt, get back in your place, sir. What are you trying to teach that man? Do you call that thing you made awhile ago a moulinet? Why, damn it, man, I have seen a drunken Irish woman make a

better moulinet with a whisky bottle." Now we come to Don Von Weltzein. When will the members of Scott's 900 ever forget that impetuous, hairbrained German baron? (He was a bona-fide baron at home.) Von had been an officer in the Austrian army and had participated in the campaigns of 1859, had fought and bled at Magenta and Solferino, and but for his rash and wild ways and his imperfect command of the English language he would have proved a good officer and was popular with us all. On June 23, 1863, Von was detailed for picket duty on Bolivar Heights, three companies of the regiment then lying at or near Harper's Ferry. On arriving at the picket station Von remarked to the officer he relieved:

"My dear Dick, I get captured this night."

Dick replied: "Oh, nonsense, Von; what makes you think so?"

"Oh," said Von, "last night I dhreames of oyshters and shnakes."

What that curious combination of bivalve and reptile had to do with it is a mystery, but sure enough, just before day, Mosby, who had worked around to the rear, came in on the unsuspecting pickets and took them in. Von's horse had been trained to stand unhitched by passing the reins back of the saddle. When the Rebel commander ordered Von to mount and accompany him, Von, being rather agitated at the thoughts of Libby Prison, proceeded to mount without noticing the reins. The horse, feeling something wrong, started on a run. The lines being under him, Von could not check his steed. Immediately the Johnnies cried, "He is trying to get away! Shoot the damned Yankee." The balls began to fly around him. Von shouted back: "Shtop, gentlemen, shtop! I no try to escape, I surrender, I surrender." Von went to Libby, and we heard nothing of him for some months. Then we learned of his escape. He and an infantry major had by some means obtained possession of Confederate uniforms, dressed in them, and coolly walked past the guards, reached the swamps of the Chickahominy after

days of suffering, and then managed to reach the Union lines at Yorktown. One day Von appeared in Washington, almost a skeleton and on crutches; he was indeed a hard-looking subject. Col. Swain at once obtained for him a leave of absence, and with several months' pay in his pocket he started for New York. On reaching the city he was again captured, but this time it was by a Greek, and not a Virginian. The Greek put him in his hack and hauled him off to some small hotel down by the city park. When the hack stopped Von alighted and was about to enter the hotel, when, glancing up to the sign, he saw displayed "Libby House." Von at once retreated to the hack, exclaiming: "No, no, by Jee! I no go in that hotel. I have enough of Libby House." Where the hackman delivered him, the writer knows not; but after regaining his health and spending his shekels, Von joined his regiment as gay and debonair as ever, but dreamed no more of oysters and snakes.

Then comes another German baron, Von Alvenslaben, the vagrant scion of a very distinguished Prussian family. Where the baron obtained his straps in our regiment we never made out; but one day he joined us at Washington, a full-fledged second lieutenant. As the gallant baron could not speak a word of English his stay with us was short, and whether he drifted to Blenker's gallant Germans or returned as a prodigal to his fatherland, I know not.

The next on the list is the wild Irish lad, John Orpin Massey. Massey was promoted from orderly-sergeant of Company F to second lieutenant of Company D, of which the writer was first lieutenant. Massey was a true child of Erin, wild, gay and open-hearted, full of fun and frolic, and made a very decent officer. Massey was fond, when he had a good dose of poteen, of calling himself Baron de Massa, and trying to pass for a Frenchman, although he was totally unacquainted with the language. On one occasion the writer gave a dinner party at a famous French restaurant in Washington. The French tongue was

almost as natural to me as my mother English, so I determined to have some fun with our Irishman. I told the restaurant keeper that one of my guests was a distinguished French officer called Baron de Massa. You can fancy the delight of the Frenchman at the prospect of meeting a distinguished compatriot. When Massey appeared the Frenchman greeted him with both hands extended, exclaiming in a gush of French: "Oh, Monsieur le Baron, je suis charme de vous voir moi aussi je susis de la belle France." To say that Massey was struck dumb by the voluble Frenchman is nothing; he was dumfounded and flabbergasted. The Frenchman was shaking both his hands vigorously. At last Massey found his tongue; he got very red in the face, and blurted out, "Good-morning to you, sorr." He made for the door and disappeared without his dinner.

In the winter of 1863-64, at Camp Relief, the officers had fine quarters in a large two-story frame building. We had no pay for a long time, but credit being good in the city, we managed to get a plentiful supply of good things. To pass away the long winter nights, we organized a society called the Symposium Club. Lieut. Massey, who had recently been first sergeant of Company F, desired to join the club, and was informed that he could do so by proper initiation, and a night was set for the ceremony. The time arrived, and Massey was blindfolded before the Grand Cyclops—presiding officer of the society. After answering numerous questions he was told to hold up both arms and take the oath. The moment he opened his mouth his head was seized and a bottle of whisky inserted in his mouth, his legs were knocked from under him, and he landed in a large tub of water, previously prepared and placed behind him. Thus he was duly initiated into the first degree and became a member in good standing of the Symposium Club. Now it happened that just at this time the adjutant of the regiment was sick, and Massey was acting adjutant. The morning after

the initiation Massey went over as usual to headquarters. On his appearance, the colonel called him into a back room and said: "I understand that the officers have a secret society over in their quarters and are raising a perfect Hades every night." Massey replied: "Oh, colonel, it is true sure, and they initiated me into the first degree last night; but, colonel, jewel! they nearly kilt me, and by the cross of Christ I swear I will never take the second." Col. Swain had a good laugh, but he never interfered with the club.

Serg. Montgomery, of Company L, tells the following:

One day Capt. Geo. W. Smith, of Company L, brought into camp for his mess a carcase of mutton, and hung it up in his tent, where all that passed that way could admire it. The number who smashed the tenth commandment into smithereens because of that mutton will never be known. Numerous attempts to appropriate that dead sheep were made and proved flat failures. The camp settled down to sleep, apparently, and about the time the "grand rounds" were conveniently out of the way, "officer's call" sounded, and there was a grand rush for headquarters, where Col. Swain bluntly informed his callers that he had not ordered the call sounded, and the officer of the guard was directed to call in the chief bugler, who, upon being questioned, was ignorant as the colonel upon the matter then claiming their attention. Officers were then dismissed, and when Capt. Smith reached his quarters he found that his fresh meat was gone. He rushed toward a group of "non-coms.," shouting in stentorian tones, "My sheep is gone, and the d—d thieves sounded that call to get me out of the way!" The good captain was somewhat profane, but considering his loss, he must not be judged too severely. No amount of catechising that military procedure devised was able to detect the guilty ones, or him who had the audacity, under the very eyes of the War Department, to sound at midnight the officers' sleep-breaker. The next evening the writer enjoyed a

fine mutton chop, broiled over wood coals. Oh, how good it tasted, seasoned with the lurking suspicion that that chop once hung in Capt. Smith's tent!

"Patrick Tobin" was a quaint specimen from the "Gem of the sea," much given to soliloquizing at all times and on all occasions.

One Sunday morning, at Camp Relief, after the usual inspection, which ceremony had as a conspicuous part thereof the reading of the "War Regulations," wherein was expressed after each paragraph relative to that which was deemed criminal on the part of the soldier to do, "to suffer death, or other such penalty as a court-martial may inflict." Tobin exclaimed: "Faith, an' that's comforting; ye shall die anyhow. If the rebels, d——n them, don't do it, that ould spalpeen Stanton will spake to you with a gun, and that old gig-lamps wid his four eyes will claim four cracks at ye, one for each eye. Warra! warra! why did I come to such bad company with the devil for a saint?" On another occasion, when the cold was severe, Tobin stood by the barrack window, overpowered by his feelings; he gave utterance to the following: "Bedad! is this the sunny South? And, d——n me, where do they grow their cotton?"

Squire P. French was another eccentric, the opposite from Tobin in stature. Tobin had the average length of body combined with an unusual shortness of legs, which caused his comrades to wonder how he managed to stick to his horse, while French was tall, of good figure, and really a fine-looking man. One of his peculiarities was his line of argument when giving his opinion on political matters. In 1863 the press had much to say on the doctrine of "Amalgamation," and French, as a final clincher, always said: "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?"

Distinguished visitors from Washington frequently came to the camp to witness the dress parades and battalion drills. At these times the colonel would use every effort to make a good appear-

ance and show the "notables" the superior drill and efficiency of a volunteer cavalry regiment.

Comrade Montgomery, of Company L, tells how a visit was once made at the wrong time, to "show off" the regiment.

It so happened that most of the regiment was away on field service, but there were about 250 men in the camp, most of whom were recruits, daily duty men, such as cooks, farriers, stable guards, and the usual complement of "sick, lame and lazy" to be found about a camp.

The Grand Duke Alexis, some Russian naval officers, and other "nobobs" paid a visit to Camp Relief, where they were royally entertained by our commander and such of the field and line officers as were then in camp. In order that these distinguished guests might have a better idea of the "Cavalry Arm" of the service and carry home wonderful stories of the sights they had seen on this particular occasion, orders were issued for all the available men to assemble, mounted, armed and equipped, at 2 p. m. on the parade ground.

From the small number of men in the camp the colonel formed two small squadrons, and as there were not enough for a dress parade he put them through some cavalry evolutions and then formed a squadron at each of the extreme ends of the ground selected for displaying army tactics.

It was an inspiring sight while the movements were confined to the "walk" and "trot," reflecting credit upon the regiment, particularly so, considering the unusually large proportion of raw material in the formations; but when the grand final came, viz., "The Charge," and the sham battle was inaugurated, a scene of inextricable confusion was presented that baffles description; the mock fight became real and the action assumed wider and greater proportions; wider and wider spread the conflict, covering all the space within the guard lines and then overlapping them. The fight was intensified by the fact that there

were some old scores to be paid off and the present opportunity was too propitious to be neglected. Even the vantage ground occupied by the colonel, and "all Russia" was overrun and soon became the key of the situation.

The colonel and the sightseers had, by the ever-increasing arc of the circle of operations, been forced to beat a hurried and undignified retreat to headquarters, reproducing in miniature the mad antics of the men; there, snugly ensconced in their haven of rest, the distinguished visitors poured out thanks for their deliverance in all the fervency of a barbarous tongue, and it is to be inferred that all the beatitudes of the Greek church were then and there exemplified. It was proclaimed by the "coterie of foreigners" that the Cossack was forever at a discount, and that never before had they witnessed such a wild scene or been in greater danger, and thankful were they that the good Lord had protected them.

CAMP RELIEF.

Do you ever, lads, remember in the evening
calm and still,
Our cavalry encampment that crowned Meridian Hill?
That overlooked the valley where the broad
Potomac flows,
Where the north wind howls in winter, and
the summer south wind blows;
How we raised the starry banner by the quar-
ters of our chief,
And who named our first encampment, our
dear old camp "Relief."

Of all the lads who gathered at that camp upon
the hill,
Many voices now are silent and their joyous
hearts are still.
By the mountains of Virginia, beneath Missis-
sippi's pines,
In Louisiana's lowlands where the swamp fox
fire shines,
In Tennessee's dark forests, beneath Atlantic's
waves,
They await the last Assembly in unmarked but
hallowed graves. —T. W. S.

On the 18th of June, 1862, a part of Company D, while scouting near the Blue Ridge Mountains, struck, or rather was struck, and surrounded by a body of Confederate cavalry. The men in this, their first encounter,

though outnumbered many times, cut their way out, only Sergt. Mills and a few men being slightly wounded. This affair was one of many similar encounters in which the thought of surrender never received consideration. Shortly after some men of Company H were in a similar position near Leesburg and cut their way out in a similar manner. On the 28th of June a reconnoissance was made to Leesburg, and forty horses and some prisoners were captured. And a scouting party captured a number of rebels in Loudon county, among whom was Gen. Asa Rogers.

June 30th a detachment under Adjt. Mix, with 350 rebel prisoners, went to Fort Delaware.

Throughout the summer and fall of '62 detachments of the regiment were scouting and reconnoitering in the vicinity of Fairfax, Vienna, Drainsville, Manassas and Leesburg and upper and lower Maryland.

An expedition, under Capt. Slauson, went to the armies of Gens. Banks and Fremont in the Shenandoah Valley.

Among the earlier expeditions were those to Port Tobacco, Chapel Point and Leonardtown on the eastern shore of the Potomac in lower Maryland. The first one left camp July 7th, returning on the 19th, others were made in August and at intervals until the winter of 1863. The white inhabitants were chiefly Confederates, and to suppress recruiting for the rebel army, and to prevent the shipment of supplies to the Virginia shore, these expeditions were made. Although they possessed nothing of a hazardous nature, they were of great benefit to the Union cause, for not only did they stop recruiting, but a large number of the recruits were captured and quantities of contraband goods taken. Reliable information must have been given to the commanders of these expeditions, for patrolling parties were always on hand when a squad of recruits was on its way. It was amusing to see how quickly several wagons, loaded with young men, would be emptied, and the rebel recruits take to

the fields in their frantic efforts to escape, and the quickness with which they were captured by the patrol. This service could hardly be classed as warfare, but it was rich in results, for the number of men taken prisoners far exceeded that of their captors.

The country through which these initiatory campaigns were made was one of great fertility; peaches, melons, apples, fruits of the farm and garden could be had for the taking.

The encampment at Chapel Point is rich in reminiscences. We were avoided by the white people, except when some farmer would report that fowls were missing from his barnyard, or that his sheep had strayed away; but the darkies were frequent visitors, giving information sometimes reliable and sometimes not, where signal stations were established, or where contraband goods were stored or where recruiting was being carried on. They were willing to sell fruit, eggs and fish and wait until "pay-day" for the money, and would sing and dance or butt the palings off of the fences for our amusement. Around the camp fire one could listen to song and jest and story; and far into the night could be heard the sigh or laugh which followed the plaintive notes of "Annie Laurie" or the rollicking words of "One-Eyed Riley." Months later, among the sick, the dying and the dead in Louisiana, or while famishing in the wilds of Arkansas, visions of this encampment would be conjured up by us.

It may be that time has blended the colors of the picture that youth in fancy painted; that memory has ignored the discomforts of the scene; that the hardships of subsequent campaigns have by contrast lent a charm to our first service, but memory fondly dwells on that Maryland shore, rich with the fruits of tree and vine, fragrant with the breath of blossoms, golden with sunlight on land and stream. Could we from among the days that are passed choose one to live over again, many a heart would fondly turn to that time, when as youthful troopers, with the clang of sabres and the rattle of mili-

tary trappings, we rode through the pleasant fields of the Maryland Peninsula.

"Can we forget the foraging the boys were prone to do,
As with problematic rations we were marching
Dixie through;
And the dulcet screech of chanticleer or soothing squeal of swine,
When occurred the grateful halt or brief excursion from the line?"

June 22.—Companies D and E were attacked at Leesburg, but drove the enemy away and chased them toward the Catoctin Mountains.

June 24.—Companies D and E were again attacked at Leesburg by a greatly superior force, and compelled to fall back across Goose Creek.

July 20.—A scouting party captured some smugglers with a wagon-load of arms near Rockville, Md.

About the 10th of August, '62, one of the daily reconnoitering parties in Virginia found the village of Falls Church full of sick and wounded soldiers, many of them from Gen. Shield's army. Hundreds of them were lying on the ground, without shelter, while an abundance of hospital tents were lying near by ready to be pitched. Our men went to work with a will, put up the tents, astonished the doctors with the quickness with which it was done, and provided shelter for the sick soldiers.

The daily drills, patrols and reconnoitering expeditions showed in the appearance of the men and horses, but it was a hardening process that was of benefit to both.

August 12, 1862.—Information having been received that recruiting for the rebel army was going on at Rockville, Md., Lieut. Holmes, in command of Company B, made a raid on the place where the recruits were assembled and captured them with their accoutrements and thirty-one rifles. Among the captured was a noted rebel scout, named Trail.

The following appeared in the *Philadelphia Enquirer* of August 14, and has been preserved by Lieut. Holmes:

RECRUITING FOR THE REBEL ARMY IN
MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, August 13, 1862.—Last night a patrol from the New York Cavalry, under Lieut. Holmes, entered Rockville, Md., and finding a man named Perrie Trail about to leave the village under suspicious circumstances, questioned him. He would give no satisfactory account of himself, nor take the oath of allegiance, and attempted to shoot one of the guards in whose charge he was placed. He was brought to the provost's office this morning, and sent to the Old Capitol prison.

The guard also searched the house of W. V. Bowie and found thirty-one rifles and old muskets, with accoutrements, the plates bearing the Maryland coat of arms. Evidence was obtained that there had been a rebel recruiting-office in the village, from which recruits had been forwarded South.

August 16.—A part of Company D, under Lieut. Holmes, had a skirmish near Great Falls, captured a few prisoners and destroyed a number of muskets.

August 24.—The same command had a skirmish while scouting near Fairfax Court House and captured several prisoners.

August 25.—A number of prisoners were captured by Company B, in Fairfax County, Virginia, and taken to Alexandria.

Only a few records have been preserved of the many events in southern Maryland. The writer distinctly remembers the circumstances mentioned in the following letter from Maj. Remington to Capt. Ellsworth, but the date and particulars had been lost and were recovered by the finding of this letter:

"WASHINGTON, Monday Morning,

"August 18, 1862, 4 a. m.

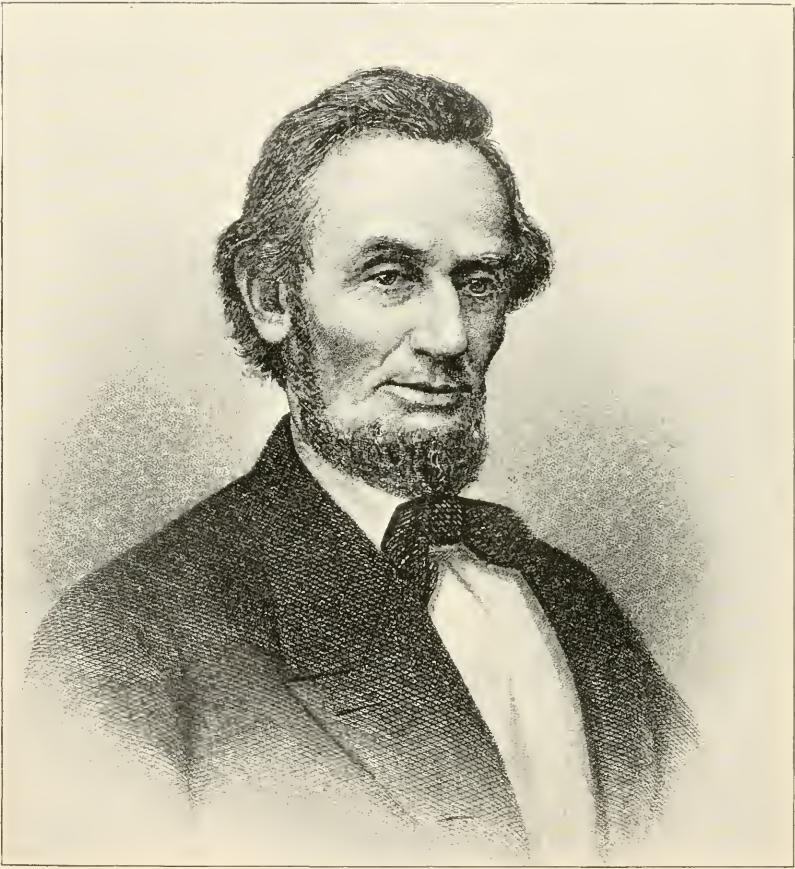
"FRIEND ELLSWORTH:

"I returned on Saturday evening

from a most successful expedition through Prince George's, Charles and St. Mary's counties, Md. I managed to make myself acquainted with all the roads and ferries and a portion of the *lying rascality* congregated in that country. I made one march of more than fifty miles in one day, killing three horses in the operation, but capturing five splendid horses, two fine carriages, \$500 or \$600 worth of tea (contraband for the Virginia market), a rebel captain in full feather, and all of his recruits, all having with them nearly full cavalry equipments and being heavily armed. Not a man surrendered until fired on; our men rode right over the fences, excepting Charley Clark, and he spurred his horse right *through a fence*. The boys went in like bricks. Tom Sharkey brought a captured man back, armed with two navy revolvers, after following him three miles. I put my spurs and half of my boots into that racker of mine before he would take the fences, but he is now considered a good jumper. Gen. Wadsworth is sufficiently well pleased with the manner in which I conducted the raid in that country, so that he has ordered me to take a command there and remain, with large discretionary powers, until further notice."

In the latter part of August, 1862, the companies in lower Maryland returned to camp and were, with the rest of the regiment, employed in reconnoitering in the vicinity of Falls Church, Vienna, Fairfax and Bull Run. Company B, in command of Capt. Davenport, had an engagement with the enemy; an account of which is given in another chapter by Sergt. Melvin Hartwell.

By August 1st nearly two hundred men had deserted, and the regiment was greatly improved thereby, the loss being quickly replaced by the enlistment of better men.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1862.

CHAPTER III.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from
New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshop, our wives
and children dear,

With hearts too full for utterance, with but a
silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BODY-GUARD—RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S "body-guard" was furnished from the regiment from the summer of 1862 until the regiment left for the Army of the Gulf in 1864.

The detail for this guard was originally made from any one of the companies that happened to be at Washington; subsequently, however, the guard was detailed from Company A, and accompanied the President in his travels around Washington, the principal duty being to escort him from the White House to his residence at the Soldiers' Home.

It is a misfortune that some of the guard did not keep a record of the events of that service, which would be interesting reading at this time, but such recollections of the martyred President as have been preserved are herewith given.

The following sketch from a Connecticut paper will give an idea of the duties of the President's guard, and illustrate the kindly nature of Abraham Lincoln:

STORY OF A GUARD.

It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet, and it is likely that few men who are protected by others from personal dangers appear to their guards to exist on so high a plane as to the rest of the world. This does not seem to have been true regarding Abraham

Lincoln. He appears to have been held in greater veneration, if possible, by the troops who were engaged in his protection than by any other members of the Federal army. It was a peculiarity of Lincoln that, although those who were near him daily could not help but see that he possessed certain defects, their devotion to him was intensified by their constant contact with him.

It may be that his persistent and often expressed aversion to the presence of guards had something to do with the admiration felt for him by the soldiers who served in that capacity. It is of record that he repeatedly sent men detailed to protect him back to their quarters.

I met a man the other day who was a member of the Eleventh New York cavalry, which regiment acted for some time in 1862 as Lincoln's body-guard. In speaking of Mr. Lincoln, he said:

"I do not believe that the President was ever more annoyed by anything than by the espionage that was necessarily maintained almost constantly over his movements. Nearly every day we were made aware of his feelings upon this matter."

During the summer he lived at the Soldiers' Home on Seventh street. The house stood on a rise of ground and was remarkably cool and pleasant in warm weather by reason of its broad

verandas. Directly in front of the house stood a large oak tree, and from it the ground sloped gradually to the north. At the foot of the slope was our camp. It was the duty of the company serving as the President's guard to escort him from his summer home, which he left at nine o'clock in the morning, down Seventh street, and to the White House. The captain rode by his side, the troops following. When the White House was reached, Mr. Lincoln invariably directed the captain to take his company to the K street stables and report at the White House for return escort at four.

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln's military secretary came to our quarters and asked that a man be put on guard that night in front of the house and another at the rear. It was not thought safe, the secretary explained, that the President should be unprotected at night. Well, the men were detailed as requested, but do you suppose they remained at their posts all night? Not at all. At midnight the President opened the front door and asked of the man stationed there:

"What are you two men doing here?"

"On guard, sir," was the reply.

"Who put you here?" was the next question.

"The captain of our company," was the answer.

"Well," said the President, "I believe I am commander-in-chief of the army. You go back to your quarters, give my compliments to your captain, and say that I think your presence here is quite unnecessary."

There was nothing left for the men to do but to obey the President's orders. The next day the guards were again asked for, and it was suggested that the men would do well to keep out of sight. The secretary thought that all would be well if the man stationed in the front of the house should stand behind the oak tree of which I have spoken. The man detailed to be front guard that night was sure that he did not expose himself, but about midnight as before Mr. Lincoln became aware of the obnoxious presence of guards

and again sent them to their quarters.

When we got into camp, after supper it was our custom to gather about the camp fire and talk over current news, the events of the day in the camp, our grievances and the like. Mr. Lincoln used to leave the house, come down near the edge of the camp and pace up and down as if in deep thought. Whenever he heard loud talking, he would send in and inquire its cause. We soon appreciated the situation, and when we had been ill treated we used to make it a point to talk the matter over in loud tones.

Once the quartermaster general increased the price of clothing. Soldiers were allowed \$44 a year each for clothing, and whatever they found it necessary to overdraw was deducted from their pay of \$13 per month. The price of overcoats was raised from \$9 to \$12, pants from \$3.60 to \$4, and so on. Well, on the evening of the day that this order was promulgated we all got about the camp fire and began to discuss the situation very earnestly. Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the veranda, and we knew we would soon attract his attention. After a while Lincoln left the veranda and came down and stood just outside the circle. Finally, he called the sergeant out and asked what all that loud talking was about. The sergeant explained with great particularity, of course. The President listened very gravely.

"This is entirely wrong," he said, and went back to his place on the veranda.

The next day the obnoxious order was rescinded, as we knew it would be.

On another occasion, one of our men drew two pairs of socks. They purported to be of woolen, knit ribbed or seamed, and looked like very comfortable, serviceable foot-wear. But they were shoddy of the rankest sort. The soldier put one pair on in the morning and was in the saddle all day. At night his stockings came off in strips with his heavy cavalry boots. The man was in his tent, of course, but the highly original remarks which he made as he surveyed the wreck of that pair

of stockings were uttered in such a high key as to be audible for some distance from the canvas shelter. While he was cursing loudest the flap of his tent was pulled aside, and a face and voice made themselves manifest. Need I say they were the President's?

"Corporal," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think you are using rather strong language?"

"Well," was the reply, "it's enough to make a man swear," and the corporal held up the strips that remained of the ribbed woolen socks.

Mr. Lincoln understood in a moment. He asked if the corporal had another pair, and being answered in the affirmative asked further the privilege of examining them. The stockings were handed to him, and he tore one of them into strips and took it and the uninjured one away with him. The next day he secured the names of the contractor who furnished such socks for the soldier boys and the inspector who passed them. A fortnight later the corporal had the privilege of escorting these gentlemen on a little journey to Albany. They had been sentenced to a seclusion of two years in the penitentiary there, having been tried and convicted of their offenses in the meantime.

The last time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was a few months later than the event of which I have told you. My regiment had gone to the front but I was still in Washington, where I had been detailed to do clerical work. I had been ordered to join the regiment, but I naturally desired to remain where I was. A certain general also desired me to remain, but Secretary Stanton, to whom the matter was referred, said it would rest with the President. Owing to the friendship felt for me by the general mentioned, I was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence while my request was put before him. This was very unusual, but I thought that surely I would be permitted to stay. The President sat in a window seat swinging his leg while the talk was going on.

"Young man," he said, when the case had been stated, "you are young.

You are good fighting timber. You are strong and healthy, and it will do you good to sleep on the ground under the stars. You go back to your regiment, my boy. Men who can make figures in books and fill out reports, but who cannot fight, or haven't the nerve to stand up and face the music, can be found in plenty to do the work in Washington. You go and do your duty like a man."

I went, perforce, and I have never been sorry that Mr. Lincoln treated the matter just as he did.

Sergeant Adam Mohr, of Company H, who had previously served in the First United States Cavalry, tells the following story of President Lincoln:

"About the time of the second battle of Bull Run, I had charge of the videttes stationed on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. I reported at the provost marshal's office for instructions, and was told to post men on the corner of every street that crossed the avenue, with orders to confiscate every vehicle that had springs and was suitable for the transportation of wounded men. A private of Company H was one of the guards that was stationed near the White House. When the guards were all posted the corporal and I patrolled the avenue. Our guards were doing good service and were holding all kinds of vehicles that had springs. When we got up to Four and One-Half street we saw President Lincoln's carriage ahead of us, which the guard had stopped, and there seemed to be considerable commotion round it. I rode up in haste to see what was the matter, and the driver called out to me, 'Sergeant, the President is in the carriage and is in a hurry to go to the Capitol.' The President then put his head out of the window and said, 'Sergeant, what company does this soldier belong to, and what is his name?' I told him it was Private Helm of Company H, Scott's 900 Cavalry; he took out a note-book and wrote in it, then turning to me he said, 'Sergeant, if every man in the army would do his duty as this man does his, the war would not last long.' I had to escort

the carriage past all the guards. Helm was ordered to report to the War Department about a week later, and was made a sergeant of Company H.

In the spring of 1862, President Lincoln, hearing that Lieut. Holmes had been to Bloomington, Ill., and had returned to camp with a young and beautiful wife, stopped at the camp with his escort, and called on the happy bride and the gallant lieutenant.

Robert MacClermont was the first man who enlisted in Company B; he



ROBERT M'CLERMONT, 1ST LIEUT. "A" CO.

was appointed quartermaster sergeant and sent on recruiting service. For his services at the second battle of Bull Run he was recommended for promotion. Company B covered the retreat of the fugitives from that battle and MacClermont is said to have shot the leader of the Confederate cavalry, thus helping materially to check the enemy in their pursuit.

While on the return from the Brookhaven, Miss., raid, MacClermont (who had been promoted to a lieutenantcy) was taken prisoner by the enemy, paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md.

While at Camp Parole awaiting exchange, he was given permission by the Secretary of War to reside in Washington, D. C. He was discharged at Memphis, Tenn., having served three years and ten months in Scott's 900. After his service in the regiment he was appointed by President Johnson a second lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry, regular army; was promoted to captain in the Forty-first Infantry, January 22, 1867.

Captain MacClermont has contributed the following reminiscences of President Lincoln:

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

"It was my privilege to meet Mr. Lincoln frequently while serving with Scott's 900. I met him twice at the White House receptions, where he was very courteous to me, but the last time I met him was under different and more exciting circumstances.

"I was a lieutenant in Scott's 900, a paroled prisoner of war on leave of absence at my home in Washington, and had just received my exchange papers on the day the sad circumstances occurred.

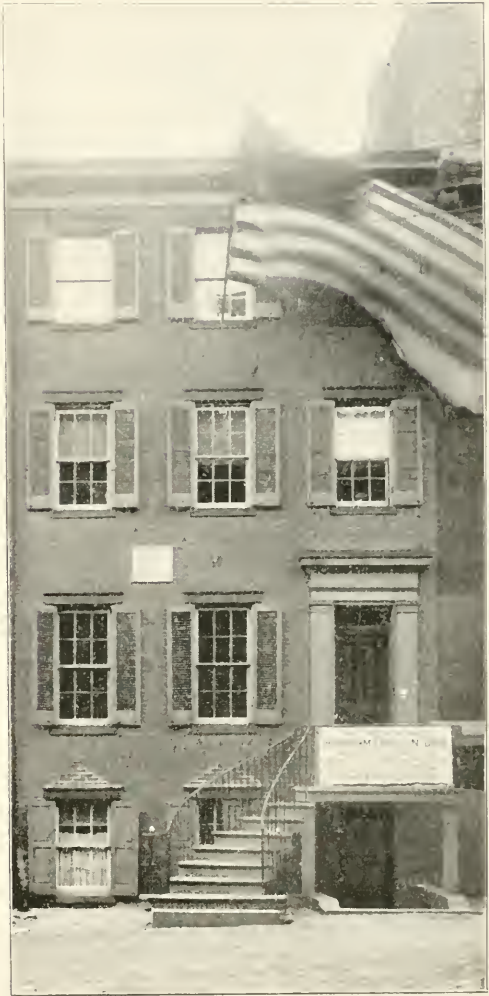
"On the evening of April 14, 1865, I went to see the Grand Fireworks Celebration of the Fall of Richmond. I had a wallet in my coat pocket, containing my exchange papers, also an order from the War Department for general court martial duty and a letter from Gen. U. S. Grant.

"The streets were thronged with people, and in the crowd my pocket was picked of my valuable papers. As soon as I discovered my loss, I went to the Chronicle office on Ninth street to advertise in the next day's papers, offering a reward for my papers. As I was coming from the office by the rear way, a man rushed in, exclaiming, 'The President has been shot in Ford's Theater.' I went around the corner to get to the front of the theater on Tenth street. When I got there I saw four men carrying a body. As I knew Mr. Lincoln, I pressed up to the party to see if it really was the President. As I got up close I saw it was Mr. Lin-

coln who was being carried. One of the party, seeing that I was an officer in uniform, made way for me to take his place, which I did by placing my hands under Mr. Lincoln's head and shoulders, and in doing so one of my shirt cuffs became stained with the blood of the martyred President.

"I assisted in carrying Mr. Lincoln across the street to a Mr. Peters' house, where we laid him in a small bedroom. Dr. William F. Notson, U. S. A., whom I knew, was with the party. He sent for brandy to try to revive the dying man; I pulled off his boots and opened the back window to let in the air. Mrs. Lincoln came in, and on beholding her suffering husband, she could not control herself, and finally swooned. I helped to take her into the next room, where we laid her on a sofa. When I returned to the room where the President lay gasping it was full of people, mostly officers. Dr. Notson ordered the room to be cleared of every one under the rank of major, and as I was only a lieutenant, I had to go out, although I had done much to assist the doctor. That was the last time I saw Mr. Lincoln, as he died the next morning."

"And methinks of all the million
That looked on the dark, dead face,
'Neath its sable-plumed pavilion,
The crone of a humbler race
Is saddest of all to think on,
And the old swart lips that said,
Sobbing, "Abraham Lincoln!
Oh! he is dead, he is dead.'"



HOUSE WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.

CHAPTER IV.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—BRINGING IN THE
WOUNDED FROM BULL RUN, BY CAPT. DAGWELL—KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

IN the latter part of August, 1862, Company B of Scott's 900 Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Davenport, received orders to proceed to Page's Tavern, Va., at the junction of the Columbia and Little River or Alexandria pikes, and picket the roads in that vicinity.

It was about three days before the second battle of Bull Run, and nearly all the companies were away from camp employed in various duties in Maryland and Virginia.

The company left camp with about seventy-five men, and one army wagon, and proceeded to the place before designated. About one-half of the company was composed of new recruits. The regiment had shortly before received a large number of recruits, many of whom had not received instruction in mounted drill, and some of them had never before been on horseback.

We arrived at Page's tavern about dark and after feeding our horses and getting our supper, details were made to picket the different roads.

I had charge of the detail for the Fairfax seminary road, and in order to save distance took a path leading to the Alexandria and Orange R. R. which we traveled on when reached. It was not long before we came to a bridge which we could not cross, and in order to get to the other side of the stream

or run (which was about four feet wide, with perpendicular banks) it was necessary to jump our horses over. This was easy enough for all but the recruits, most of whom had a sorry time of it, but none hesitated to make the jump; some fell off on the further side, some fell off in the water, but all got across, and the older men had a laugh at the recruits. But the trouble wasn't over. To get on the railroad again, we had to go up a steep embankment; the dirt was soft and it was a struggle for the horses to get up. The men used to riding grasped a lock of their horses' manes and went up on their horses, but the new men didn't do this, and the consequence was that when half way up the bank their saddles slipped back and with both feet in the stirrups they went over their horses' tails. Some of them didn't stop rolling until they got into the stream and they were a pitiable sight.

We caught their horses, got them saddled, and started on again. We soon came to another bridge and were obliged to leave the track. This was a wide stream with steep embankments, and to avoid another scene, I instructed each recruit what to do, and we got across without further mishaps, for we had had enough for one evening.

We left the railroad and took a path through the woods, and as it was get-

ting late, I ordered the detail to gallop. The path was crooked and the limbs of the trees were low, and it was necessary to get close to the horses to avoid them. Occasionally a recruit would get swept off his horse, but after falling he was on the alert for these low branches and learned how to avoid them. Some lost their caps, others got their heads bumped, and all were thankful when we got out of the woods. If any of them are left and see this sketch, they must remember their first night's ride for Uncle Sam.

Pickets were posted at the forks of two roads, and all was quiet until about midnight when we heard talking and laughing and some persons approaching the picket. They were challenged and replying "friends," I rode out to see who they were and found two young fellows. When questioned as to their business out at that time of night they said they had been sparking a couple of girls up the road. We were instructed to arrest civilians, for some of them were suspected of carrying information to the rebels. I told the young men that I must detain them; they tried to beg off, but it was of no use. I told them to sit down with the reserve. They had no coats and it was cold and before long their teeth began to chatter. I directed them to make a shelter with some rails to keep the dew off, which they did, and sitting under it they vowed they would not go sparking again until the war was over.

At daylight we went back to our encampment at the tavern, taking the young fellows with us. The captain examined them, and finding nothing suspicious about them, they were allowed to depart, which they did with alacrity, while we who were on picket all night tried to get some sleep; but what with the rumbling of passing wagon trains and the annoyance of the flies we got no repose.

We were on this duty for a few days when we heard distant cannonading and knew a battle had commenced. Baggage-wagons, cattle, horses and mules were going to the front. The mules and cattle were driven loose, but

the horses were in what are called "strings"—that is, a span of horses are hitched to a wagon and from the wagon tongue a long rope is attached; at the end of this rope another span of horses are hitched so as to keep it taut, and to this rope, in double column, are tied the horses with enough distance to keep them from kicking each other. In this manner two men can take care of a hundred horses. The only difficulty is when a short turn has to be made; then the wagon master stands at the corner and keeps them well circled.

On arriving at camp the next morning after an all night's picket duty, I ascertained from the man left on guard that the captain had taken what men he had with him and started for Bull Run, leaving word for me to follow with the rest of the men as soon as we had fed our horses. While we were preparing to start fugitives from the front were coming in, and from them I learned that they were part of the command from Manassas Junction; that they had been guarding supplies and were attacked in the night by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry and had been badly cut up. We soon got started, and, when between Fairfax Court House and Centreville, we met the cattle, mules and strings of horses that had gone out the day before, all badly mixed up, and hurriedly trying to get back; the trainmen were shouting and whipping up the animals, and we gave them all the road. If Gen. Pope had headed them towards the enemy they might have stampeded the rebel army.

As we came near Bull Run we met the fugitives of the Union army; the pikes and fields were filled with them, all making for the rear. I saw our company ahead, forming in line, and I knew there was work to do. We soon came up with them and fell in on the left of the line.

Coming towards us on the road was a section of light artillery (two pieces with four horses to each), the horses on a run with the rebel cavalry in close pursuit; with these guns, besides the drivers, was a sergeant and five privates, three men on each limber box.

As soon as they passed we opened fire on the rebs, emptying a few saddles. This checked the enemy for a moment for they wheeled and went back; but there were others coming. They formed in line and the fight commenced.

The men in the front rank found they were between two fires, one from the enemy, and one from the recruits who had been placed in the rear rank. These men looked at the rebels instead of at the revolvers and blazed away, but in justice to them I must say they were good fighters, and had they been drilled would have done good work. They were not at all afraid, but the captain had to stop them firing.

The enemy was steadily advancing and we fell back. The captain directed eight men to dismount and put in their saddles as many wounded infantrymen, telling the men to walk beside their horses, which they seemed nothing loth to do, for the rebs were firing ceaselessly, but none of our men had been hit.

I was directed by the captain to take the recruits and try to stop the fleeing soldiers and form a line to help cover the retreat, for many of the flying men were armed and could have rendered good service. We made the first stand in a cut, my recruits standing nobly by me. The sick and wounded were permitted to go on. We implored, ordered and threatened to shoot the others if they did not make a stand, but no use, the officers were as scared as the men and would not fight. We would stop them in the road, but at the first chance they would go into the woods and pass by us and then take the road again. One big fellow who saw the men dismount to allow the wounded to ride tried to play the sick game; he laid down in the road, saying he was dying with fatigue and sickness, and begged to be allowed to ride, but it was no go, I wouldn't let him have a horse. Then he shut his eyes and rolled over on his back. Just then came a volley making the dirt fly near him; he jumped up and made for the brush, making the quickest time on record for a dying man. Looking back I saw the road was full

of men who had gone around us and I realized that it was useless to try to stop them. We fell back with the rest. Three different times, at cuts in the road, and at bridges, did we try to get the fleeing soldiers to stand; but it was no use, we had to give it up. Overtaking the section of a battery, we went ahead of them and stopped them; at first the men refused to stand, but I told them that dead or alive they would have to stop, for I was getting mad. The sergeant in command said that the battery had already lost four guns and that he intended to save these. I told him that he would not have to pay for them, and that if the rebels got them then they would have a complete battery. He told me it was useless to stop, for he had no ammunition, but I ordered him off the box and found several rounds inside. I asked the men to help me work the guns, but they skulked off into the woods and the sergeant with them. During this time the captain, with the company, was trying to keep the rebels at a distance. I placed men with drawn revolvers beside the drivers of the guns, with orders to shoot them if they did not obey orders. Just then Sergt. Morris passed me with a dispatch from the captain asking for reinforcements. With the help of my men I unlimbered the guns and loaded them. I was not a novice at the business, for I had been a member of the Lexington artillery attached to the Twentieth Infantry, N. Y. S., M. and was also in the three months' service.

Capt. Davenport, with the company, was fighting and falling back, the rebs closely following. When he got up to the guns and the road was clear, I fired the guns; that checked the rebs, and they formed in line and fired at long range. My men did the same, and if they didn't hit anything they made a big noise. The captain formed his men behind the guns and we limbered up, falling back to the next hill. Our retreat was slow in order to give the wagons ahead a chance to get away. The enemy did not follow us closely when they found we had artil-

lery, and perhaps they thought we had been reinforced. Two of the men who had dismounted to let the wounded ride had allowed their men to get away with their horses, so I let them ride on the guns.

The last stand we made was about three miles beyond Fairfax Court House, when a cavalryman arrived with a dispatch for Capt. Davenport to report with his company at Washington. After firing, I limbered up the guns, intending to make another stand at the hill at the Court House, but was surprised to see a line of battle and on one side of the road was the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and on the other I think the Fourteenth New Hampshire Infantry. I halted and told an officer of the Massachusetts artillery that I had two guns that I had used to cover the retreat; that the rebel cavalry was following us up, and that the guns might be useful to him and that I would leave the guns with him, as we had been ordered to report at Washington. The Massachusetts artillery took charge of the guns. Just then Capt. Davenport came up, and I and my "recruits" fell in with the company; we proceeded down the hill to a creek and watered our horses, which was the first drink they had had since we started in the morning. We were there long enough for the rebel cavalry to come up to the battle line and I wish they had, for the Massachusetts and New Hampshire boys were ready for them. By this time we were pretty well used up, and as it was dark we halted when we got to Page's tavern and camped for the night. The next morning we saw the two infantrymen coming along on their horses. They were guying the men who had to walk, and as they seemed to have recovered from their wounds, we took the horses from them. Their companions then had the laugh on them, but they had nothing to say. We went on our way and reported at Camp Relief at Washington. For this hard day's work, and, in my opinion, efficient service, we got no credit. I do not know whose fault it is, or if the affair was ever reported. I have never seen it mentioned in any

of the accounts of the battle, yet I am confident that but for the action of Company B on that day thousands of horses, cattle and mules with many baggage and ammunition wagons and hundreds of men who would not defend themselves would have been captured by the Confederate army.

I do not wish any comrade to think that I believe B company was better than any other company in the regiment. It was but chance that placed us in that position, and I believe any company in old Scott's 900 would have done equally as well under similar circumstances."

After the battle, Lieut. Littlewort and a detachment were sent with dispatches to the rebel commander, under a flag of truce.

A detachment of Company H, on duty at Centreville, Va., was engaged at the second battle of Bull Run. On the 30th of August, part of this detachment was cut off by the enemy and a sergeant and eleven men were taken prisoners. Two of the men, Privates McClellan and O'Neill, made their escape. The others were exchanged on the 1st of November following.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls.

Where the dead and the dying lay,

Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,

Somebody's darling was borne one day—

Somebody's darling so young and so brave;

Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face,

Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave,

The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold

Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,

Pale are the lips of delicate mold—

Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow

Brush his wandering waves of gold;

Cross his hands on his bosom now—

Somebody's darling is still and cold.

* * * * *

—MARIA LA CONTE.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM BULL

RUN. A MIXED AMBULANCE TRAIN.

BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

Late on the afternoon of August 29, 1862, I received orders from our colonel (James B. Swain) to report to Gen.

Martindale, military governor of Washington, D. C., with my company, for duty. He explained to me that I would probably be absent from camp two or three days and that a wagon with cooking utensils and rations for that period would follow us, and await my orders at Fairfax Court House, Va.

The company saddled their horses, rolled and strapped their blankets and overcoats on the saddles and then, after their suppers, mounted, and we started down town. Upon arriving at headquarters, we found the street packed with carriages and ambulances, and a great crowd of people. I left the company in charge of Lieut. Von Weltzein and Sergt. McKenzie and passed into the headquarters building and reported to Major John P. Sherburne, U. S. army (who later became our second colonel), that myself and company were present. The major notified the general, and I was conducted into his office, and received my orders from him. He handed me a paper that he took out of an envelope and told me to read it and read it carefully. I read it through and was about to hand it back when he asked me if I had read it. I told him I had. "Now read it aloud, Lieutenant!" I did so. He then put it back in the envelope and sealed it; then he left his chair and, taking my hand, gave me these instructions:

"Lieutenant, the paper you have just read is an order from the Secretary of War for the protection of yourself and command while you are at the front with the army. You have been detailed on special duty with your company to take a train of ambulances to Centreville and from there, under flag of truce, to the battlefield, for the purpose of picking up the wounded and sending them into Washington. You will load the carriages and hacks first. Every carriage and hack driver has one sack of grain for his team, and from all carriages that have two sacks, you will take one for your horses. The ambulances are loaded with fresh bread and liquor, which you will deliver to the field hospital and the wounded on the

field. During the time you are on this special duty, you are subject to the orders of no officer, except the Secretary of War, through this office. You will give these orders to no officer lower in rank than a brigade commander, and after stating to him your instructions, if he insists on reading the orders, you will take his name and brigade, and report to this office with these orders on your return."

As he handed me the orders a surgeon came into the office, whose straps indicated the rank of a major. As he passed the general to take a seat at the desk he remarked that there were surgeons enough in front of the office to make a regiment. The general turned to me again with a peculiar expression of face and said:

"Ah, yes, lieutenant! there are a great many unassigned surgeons in the city, who desire to go out to the battlefields (for information and experience, I suppose) and they are all supplied with passes signed by the surgeon-general, but you will understand that none of these passes are good unless they have been approved by this office, and they are good only for the ride out to the front. You will probably be besieged by these surgeons to carry them, and you must use your own discretion in allowing any of them to ride. The carriages and hacks in the ambulance train have been seized and pressed into service by order of the Secretary of War, and if you find they are sufficiently loaded you will act accordingly. I don't want these carriages to be overloaded and to break down. The guard that is with the train will go with you until you get across the river and straightened out on the road, when you will send them back. That is all."

When I reached the front entrance of the office I had all I could do to force my way through the crowd to my horse; it seemed as though nearly every person was struggling to get close enough to me to learn whether I was the officer in charge of the train. When I got to my horse, they were pulling me first one way and then another, holding up their passes and

demanding a ride. I took in the situation, and told them I would examine their passes as soon as the guards were placed. I told Lieut. Von Weltzien to break the company by twos and march them to the rear of the train and then break them by right and left open order on each side of the train, from the rear to the front, seeing to it that the men took proper intervals along the train to watch every vehicle, and not to allow any person to get into any of the carriages or ambulances that was not already in them, unless they had a pass countersigned by myself. I directed Sergeants McKenzie and Slafter to ride along the line and examine every carriage and if they found any of them overloaded to turn out all those whose passes were not signed by Gen. Martindale, and to lighten the overloaded carriages in any event.

As soon as the company was in place I commenced examining passes, after looking at half a dozen I made up my mind that they were all alike—that is, not approved by Gen. Martindale—so I stated to the crowd that all passes would have to be approved by Gen. Martindale. I had managed to get on my horse to make this announcement, and, telling those nearest me to hurry up and get the general's signature to their passes if they wanted to go, I slowly worked my horse out to the side of the train. A fine-looking elderly surgeon with his little leather case under his arm, walked along beside my horse until we were clear of the crowd, who were pushing each other trying to get into headquarters with their passes; when he said to me: "Lieutenant, I would like very much to go with you to the front; this desire to go is not from idle curiosity, but to render such help as an old practiced surgeon of my experience can furnish."

I looked him over and realized he was no experience seeker, he was old enough to be my father, and he told me his pass was not signed by Gen. Martindale, and knew he would not have time to get the general's signature before I marched, but if my orders were such that I could exercise no

authority in the matter, he would say no more about it. I signed his pass and put him in a carriage, telling him he could not return in any of the carriages.

Without further delay, we got under way. After getting across the river, I looked the train over and made up my mind that I needed the extra guard which I was told to send back (they were B company men of our regiment) so I told Sergt. Slafter to tell them they could return to Washington or go through with us, and I would account for them in my report on my return. I think they all went through with me. I rode to the front and put out an advance guard, then fell in at the head of the column, with a feeling that our troubles were over for the present, when word was passed to the head of the column to halt, as one of the carriages had broken down. I halted the advance and rode back to the breakdown. The driver had got off to the right of the road (picking out a better driveway, he said) when he straddled a stump, breaking the king bolt. We distributed the load among the other carriages, and I took the driver's name and told him to unhitch his team and go back to the city. We had not got more than fairly started before another one broke down, breaking both forward springs; I sent him and his team back to the city. I sent three teams and drivers back, but when the fourth one broke down I made up my mind it was being done purposely, so I ordered Sergt. Slafter to have this driver unhitch, mount one of his horses, lead the other, and have him fall in with the men at the head of the column, and then notify every hack driver of the fact. Slafter, with one of his characteristic oaths, said that would stop their funny business, and it did; we got through to Fairfax Court House without further trouble.

We entered the Court House about daybreak, passing on through towards Centreville. When we got to Centreville, we traversed the line of battle, and I remember stopping for a moment to speak to some of the Utica boys of

Company B, Fourteenth New York, who were at the right of the road. We met Gen. Pope, who stopped and questioned me about the train, and after repeating to him my instructions, he said he would send an officer with a "truce flag." We passed on out to the battlefield and the lads were hunting out and loading the wounded, when some of the carriages came back, running their horses at top speed, with the report that the rebs were coming. We stopped the teams



JOHN WARD, "C" CO.

and, on investigation, learned that the "truce flag" had not been displayed, and a body of rebel cavalry had made a dash from around the point of a piece of woods in our front, with the evident purpose of gobbling us, when the officer with the "truce flag" put in an appearance, and the rebs immediately wheeled to right about and disappeared around the point they came from. We then pursued our work without further interruption.

I was very soon satisfied that we

would not have conveyances enough to carry all of the wounded into Washington, so I determined, in order to get them off the field, to send them into Alexandria by rail. In order to make this scheme a success, it was necessary I should send a man, or go myself, to the Court House and post a guard at the Fairfax station road and instruct him to send the loaded carriages and backs on into Washington, and to instruct the ambulance drivers to go to the station, unload and return to the field.

As I crossed the stream between the Court House and Centreville, on my way back, I could not help noticing the broken army wagons, carriages and ambulances piled up and tumbled over out of the way on both sides of the road that had been broken down in crossing this stream. I wondered whether any of those carriages had wounded men in them when they broke down, and if they had, where the wounded men were. When I reached the Court House I found our cook wagon had arrived, and with it three or four more men of the company. Sergt. Slafter came to me and said the wagon had brought no forage for the horses. I told him to post himself on the porch of the hospital across the street, with two men, and to stop every carriage, hack or ambulance that had two sacks of grain on it, and take the full sack. After posting the guard at the station road, I told Sergt. Slafter to inform all of our men he saw that our camp would be in the Court House yard where the wagon was, and I passed into the hospital to see how many more wounded they could take; but before I had been able to accomplish this I heard Slafter's melodious voice, pitched in his own peculiar high note, which caused me to halt and return to the porch. As I stepped out on the porch behind him I heard him say, "I don't care who you rank, and I'll have it if you ranked C——." I moved around to where Slafter could see me, and asked him what the trouble was.

"Why, these doctors insist on keeping both sacks of grain."

"Sergeant," said I, "have your two men take the full sack and carry it over by our wagon."

Slafter and his men approached to take the full sack when one of these medical gentlemen ordered the men to "let that sack alone," and said that they would want that sack of grain for their team before they got back to Washington, and that we would have to look elsewhere for grain for our horses. This assumption of authority made me hot, and I walked up to the carriage and asked them where they were going when the sergeant stopped them.

"To Fairfax Station, to see if the wounded are being carried into Alexandria by railroad."

"How does this concern you, sir?"

"My friend wishes to get back to the city, and if the wounded are being sent to the city by railroad, I will put him in charge of the train."

"I suppose you wish to get to the station as soon as possible, doctor?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Sergeant Slafter, take that sack of grain off the carriage, then put a guard in the carriage and send it out to the battle-field for a load of wounded soldiers. Gentlemen, it is a long walk to Fairfax Station, and as you are in a hurry, I won't detain you any longer."

"Walk! Walk!" broke from both doctors in a long-drawn breath of astonishment.

"Yes, walk or go afoot, as you like; you will not ride any farther in this carriage, so get out of it."

"I rank you, sir, and have charge of the train of ambulances and carriages out here from Washington; and this is my private carriage, and I order you to let my driver proceed."

"You rank nothing, and have charge of nothing here," (he was a doctor with the rank of major, and the other doctor the rank of first lieutenant) "so get out before I throw you out."

"I'll dare you to lay your hands on me!" "Yes, and me too," says the other doctor.

I turned to the sergeant, and told

him to throw those fools out and send the carriage back to the front.

"All right, lieutenant." And Slafter, drawing his sabre, went for them; and they—well, they made no ceremony over their going, but g-o-t. As Slafter opened one door, they went out the other, and then he turned to me, saluted, and in a serio-comic way said: "Lieutenant, the hospital galoots are unloaded."

The doctors threatened to report me when they got back to Washington. I told them to be sure and affix their address to their report, so that I would know where to find them when I made my report, as I would like to return to them their "private carriage."

They were too mad for any use, and as they failed to make a report then, if they should by chance see this account of the affair, I would like to have them report what they think about it now, whether they ever learned when their shoulder straps were in authority.

The carriage was sent to the front, and the driver was instructed to take his load of wounded direct to Washington. I fed my horse, and after writing a note to Gen. Martindale, telling of my sending some of the wounded by way of Alexandria by railroad, and why I took the extra guard through with the train, I started back to Centreville. I gave Corporal John Marsden my dispatch and told him to feed his horse and start for Washington as soon as possible. I had not seen Lieut. Von Weltzien since morning. When I got to Centreville I found three or four men, and inquired for the lieutenant and for Sergt. McKenzie; but they could not enlighten me, and as it was getting dark, and a cold drizzling rain was finding its way to our skins, we took the road back to camp. Just before we got to the stream that crosses the road, a shell came from what looked to be the right rear of our army. On our left there was a large open space which had a gentle slope from the base of a range of hills, or high ground, down to the road, and in this open space were parked a hundred or more army wagons. The teamsters were

busy getting their suppers when this shell came and dropped into their camp. Directly another came from the same point. Then there was a scramble among the drivers, picking up their things and cussing, and the mules were cussing too, I should judge, by the noise that they made; and we stood there and took in the fun. Then another shot came over the high ground. An officer rode up and asked me where the wagon-master of that park of wagons was. I told him I did not know, and he rode farther in towards the wagons, and called for the wagon-master, who soon made his appearance, and the officer told him to straighten out on the road, and park in the first space large enough in rear of the court house; then he turned and rode rapidly back over the road towards Centreville. As he turned to go, his cloak was blown open and I saw he was a one-armed man, and that he wore a general's belt. I asked the wagon-master who he was; he answered, "General Kearney."

In "less than no time" those wagons were out and gone. It was wonderful; they seemed to be all mixed up; men were swearing and yelling at their teams; mules were braying; it was raining and almost pitch darkness; camp-fires in every direction, and just about the time you had made up your mind that they would never get out of the tangle they went out into the road on a run, slick and neat, one after the other, in apple-pie order, and gone and done with that single "jerk" rein.

They had hardly gone when another shell came over the hills, but from a point farther east than the first ones. Gen. Kearney came riding back with his staff and about forty or fifty cavalrymen.

I heard him say, as if he was continuing a conversation, "No, I think it is bushwhackers with a single howitzer. Dismount half of the men, and lead them around that point to the left. When you get to where you can see over the rise, wait for the next shot, then go in." He sent the sergeant with the balance of the men through a

gully to the right, then turning in my direction and discovering my presence, asked what command I belonged to. I explained to him in a few words the special duty I was on, and he invited me to go with them to the top of the rise, as he said, to "uncover their location" by drawing their fire. I hesitated a moment about going; my lads had gone to camp; I was almost famished, wet and cold, and after going in the direction the general had gone for thirty or forty rods I turned back and rode out to the road and halted. It was a dreary, miserable night, and quite a distance to camp, and it was getting late; yet I waited. I was dissatisfied in some way; I wanted to know how the general's party came out. Then there was a flash, a boom, and another shell came over from the original point of firing, and it would seem as though they were trying to create the impression there was more than one gun; then there was a cheer, a rattle of small arms and directly another cheer. Later in the night I learned the cavalrymen captured the howitzer, but no bushwhackers; they made their escape into the woods. When I got into camp, about 9 p. m., the lads had stretched the picket line, unsaddled and fed the horses. Some of the men were eating their suppers, others were bunked in for the night. As soon as I could find my haversack and get something to eat I took the same road. There we lay in line, each man directly in front of his horse, rolled up in his blanket and rubber talma, his saddle for his pillow, and a very wet rain for a roof to our house. I was just about asleep, or had been sleeping, when I heard the boom of a cannon, and in a moment scrap iron and small grape came through the tops of the trees, some of it striking the court house building on our left. A few moments afterwards an officer rode into our camp and asked, "What cavalry is this?" No answer. "Who commands this cavalry?"

McKenzie, Smith and Ackerman were on my right. McKenzie answered the challenge, "C Company,

Scott's 900, Lieut. Dagwell commanding."

"Where is the lieutenant? I want this cavalry."

"I don't know just where he lies, but he is asleep in the line somewhere."

In the meantime Sergt. Ackerman or Smith, who lay next to me on my right, nudged me; I told him in a low tone that I was listening. Finally the officer got off his horse and came along the line, waking up each man as he came along, inquiring for the lieutenant, and of course found me.

As he lifted the talma off my face, I said, "Well, what do you want?"

"I want this cavalry."

"You can't have it."

"My orders are to seize on all squads of cavalry I can find."

"Who does this order emanate from?"

"Col. Duffiea."

"Tell Maj. Duffy he can't seize on this cavalry."

"His name is not Maj. Duffy, it is Col. Duffiea."

"Well, he was a major when I saw him last, and we call him Duffy."

"Shall I report this conversation to him?"

"Oh, I don't care; it's raining in my face, and I want to go to sleep."

"And you refuse to obey the colonel's orders?"

"Sir, we are out here from Washington on special duty, and subject to the orders of no officer of this army, and I refuse to obey Col. Duffy's order."

"I shall report you to the colonel immediately."

"All right, and good-night."

He mounted and rode off mad, and in a very short time he was back again with the colonel and two more mounted men, or officers.

"Lieutenant, Col. Duffiea desires to see you."

"All right; here I am."

"Come this way, sir."

"I beg to be excused, Col. Duffy; I am in bed, and it is raining out there." I knew my man the moment he spoke. I had arrested him and a captain and their general in a "certain place" on Tenth street, in Washington, for being

in the city without leave. Duffy was an adjutant-general and the captain was an aide on this general's staff, and Maj. Duffy insisted on writing a pass for himself and the captain and signing his general's name to it. I asked him if the general was in the city or at the front. He said he was in the city.

"Have his papers been countersigned by the provost-marshal of this district?"

"They do not need to be, sir; he is a general officer, and I am his adjutant-general. There is the pass for the captain and myself."

I took the pass, read the names and then took out my book and copied them into it; then I reached up to the chandelier and lighted the paper and dropped it on the table and told the gentlemen that it was as worthless as the smoke it made, and I explained to them that orders had been issued by proper authority to arrest all officers in the city without proper papers, up to and including the rank of brigadier-general. They were thunderstruck; they looked at each other, and the way they acted convinced me that larger game was on the premises, so I said:

"Gentlemen, you are under arrest. Give me your parole of honor that you will report yourselves at the provost-marshal's office to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, or if you refuse I must lock you up. Will you promise to report to the provost in the morning?"

"Yes, sir; we will report in the morning."

"All right, I won't detain you any longer."

"We are not compelled to leave this place, are we?"

"No, sir, not unless you wish to." As I turned to speak to my sergeant I kept watch of them. "Sergeant, I will be back as soon as I inspect the premises above-stairs." Both officers gave a very perceptible start, and Maj. Duffy said, "We are the only gentlemen in the place." That settled it, and upstairs I went and captured a brigadier and put him on parole, and how he begged to be "let off!" promising to leave the city immediately,

but I could not do it. When I came downstairs, the major, who had heard the conversation above-stairs, said, "Lieutenant, can't you let us go?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want to, and the second place, I dare not. It may be that I am watched now by some secret service detective to see whether I perform my duty."

The major was mad, and said, "Very well, sir; we may meet again under different circumstances."

"All right, Maj. Duffy."

"My name is not Duffy, sir; it is spelled and pronounced D-o-u-ff-y-a."

"All right, sir, I have got your name as you wrote it on the pass; but, major, Duffy for short is French, you know, and is good enough for me. Good-night, gents." And now to return to the point where we "meet again."

The colonel rode to where I was and said, "Lieutenant, you are under arrest for disobedience of orders and carelessness in unsaddling your horses and having no guard."

"All right, colonel; you will find me here in the morning with the proper pass papers. The last time I met you you were a major, and did not have the proper pass papers."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Only a lieutenant of 'Scott's 900' cavalry, located in Washington."

"Ah, the provost guard! What are you doing here?"

"I am here by order of the Secretary of War, with a train of ambulances to send the wounded to the city."

"Have you papers to prove this?"

"Yes, sir, I have sealed orders."

"Let me see them."

I explained to him my instructions about the orders, and told him if he was on the staff of the same general officer I met in Washington on a certain night, I did not think, under the circumstances, the general would insist on reading my orders, because I would have to take his name again.

All through this talk the colonel wanted to step on somebody, he was mad clear through. As he rode off he said he would report me to the general.

I called after him, "Colonel Duffy, when can I consider myself released from arrest?"

"My name is not Duffy, and you know it, sir."

"I believe there was some talk between us once before on the matter, but I am as well satisfied now as I was then with the plain old name of Duffy, because it is pure French without any frills. When shall we meet again, colonel?"

"In ten minutes, sir, if I have any power in this matter."

"Ta, ta, then, for ten minutes, colonel."

In a short time back came the first officer alone, and called out, "Lieutenant, are you awake?"

"I guess so; don't expect to do any more sleeping while Col. Duffy is after me."

"The general requests you to allow me to call for volunteers from your company."

"What duty are these volunteers to perform?"

"They are to picket our right rear until daylight."

"All right, sir; if any of the men want to volunteer for picket they can go." And the first man to volunteer was Von Weltzien, our second lieutenant.

"I go, Shorge; I can take some mans, hey?"

"Not unless they volunteer; if you can find any of the men that care to go, you may take them."

The lieutenant procured four men that volunteered to go (choice night-hawk spirits) and went away with the staff officer. Our little camp, after buzzing over the affair for a short time, dropped to sleep. I was awakened again by the tramping of horses, and directly I heard cautions and low-toned talking. I listened and soon made out that our volunteer picket party had returned, and by their giggling and use of Von Weltzien's name, I made out that he was not with them. I got up and went over to the wagon where they were and asked Jim Kain (who was one of the volunteers) where Lieut. Von

Weltzein was, and why they were back before daylight. "Weren't you posted on picket?"

"Yes, sir; our squad was put on one post, and soon after we were posted the lieutenant went alone to find out the cause of a light we could see some distance to the right of our post, and said he would be right back. After



JAMES KAIN, "C" CO.

waiting about an hour we said we would all go and see if we could find him. When we got to where the light was we found a house, and we could see the lieutenant through the window, eating at a table, and we thought if he took matters so easy there wasn't much danger for pickets to watch for, and it was nearly daylight; so we said we would go back to camp, and then we went to a big haystack and brought back all this hay." "Well, Kain, if you are punished for leaving the picket post, it will be your fault as well as the lieutenant's. Now spread this hay along in front of all of the horses, and bunk down under the wagon for the balance of the night. When the lieutenant comes I don't want him to know you are back."

"All right, sir."

They were soon stowed away, and in the course of time the lieutenant came into camp. He rode up to the stake line, hitched his horse, and then passed down along the line of sleeping men, and made sure his picket guard was not back in their places, then he went and got his horse and led him out to the road, mounted him and dashed into camp, and coming to where I lay, said: "Shorge, Shorge!"

"Hello, Von! Back again?"

"Yes, Shorge; I make my 'scape, but all our mens is took."

"What's the matter with you? Did the rebs jump your picket post?"

"Yes, dey shump the picket post, and I calls the men to charge Company C, and I fights my way through them, and runs my horse all the way back to camp. My Cot, Shorge, dem mens is all took."

"Well, lieutenant, it is a bad affair, and you will have to make a report in writing in the morning, just as it occurred, and make it as strong as you can, and I will send it to the general. Good-night."

"You don't think any of dem mens get away, Shorge?"

"We will find out in the morning before you write your report. You did not get hurt in cutting your way through them, did you, Von?" (I thought I would help him all I could.)

"No, Shorge. I knocks one reb down mit my sabre, and my horse shumps him over. Oh, dem mens all took, der rebs all round dem."

"Yes, Von; if the rebs had them surrounded, they are prisoners, sure; but lie down and take a nap, Von, it is almost daylight."

"Goot-night, Shorge."

"Good-morning, Von."

Weltzien went to sleep on a full stomach and slept like a log. The boys were all up, had fed their horses, and were getting their breakfast when I woke up Von. "Come, lieutenant, we must finish our work while we have the opportunity. The report last night was that the enemy were in force near

Chantilly and were feeling of the right of the line."

"All right, Shorge, I come quick."

I walked around to the other side of the wagon. Jim Kain was on the opposite side, where Weltzien could not help but see him the moment he got up, and he did, and such a stare as he gave Kain. Kain had dropped his head the moment Weltzien got up, but was watching him under his eyebrows. Von took a survey of the camp, and



TRACY H. WADE, "C" CO.

not seeing me, and thinking no one was watching him, he walked over to Kain and stopped. Kain saluted. Von, without returning the salute, in a low, fierce tone, said, "You tam fellow, from where you come, hey? I fix you, you tam fellow!" All of the time Von was talking he was watching right and left for me. I moved off to the fire, then called Kain. He jumped up and saluted. Weltzien moved towards the fire. "Get the rest of last night's picket guard together and help Lieut. Weltzien make out his report of the men that were captured last night on our picket post." "You tam fellows!

from where you come, hey?" Then I roared, and all the lads had a good laugh on the boss liar. Weltzien tried blustering, saying the men were not good soldiers to leave their posts, and should be punished.

I told him that he was in the same boat.

"What you mean by dat boat?"

"Why, you left your post first."

"But, Shorge, I go by a light to see what him is."

"I know it, and after you had been gone more than an hour the men went to the same light to see if you had found it, and they saw you through the window of a house, eating at a table."

All Von said to this was (turning to the four men): "You tam fellows!" and walked off. Then we roared again.

By eight o'clock we were again on the field and were searching thoroughly for the wounded, when an aide-de-camp told me the general advised my withdrawal from the front of our line of battle till afternoon, as the enemy were making threatening demonstrations on our right. We got back to camp and had our dinner, and some time later in the afternoon we heard heavy musketry firing, and I started for Centreville. I think Sergt. Ackerman or Slafter and Private Evans were with me. When we got to Centreville we found the line of battle had moved to the front of Centreville, and beyond a point that would permit of our continuing the duty we were disturbed in earlier in the day. I learned that Gen. Kearney had been killed in a desperate fight with the rebs over at Chantilly, and that Gen. Stevens had also been killed. The next morning early we were on the field again, and by noon, after having picked up all that were to be found after thorough searching under the direction of a staff officer, we returned to our camp and got dinner and started soon after for Washington. The last three ambulances loaded were sent direct to Washington. When we reached the city the company went on to old Camp Relief, and I halted at Gen. Martindale's office long enough to make a report and give up my sealed

orders, then hied me to camp, and so ended our trip with a mixed ambulance train.

Two or three years after the war had closed I received a letter from an attorney in Washington, asking for an affidavit for thirteen carriage-drivers who had claims against the government for broken vehicles; also I received a letter from the second auditor's office, Washington, D. C., stating that my report as the commander of the ambulance train, with private vehicles, etc.,

to Second Bull Run battle fields, reported but eight carriages broken down, and the names of the drivers of these had been allowed their claims, but that thirteen more claims had been made, of which I had made no report of any kind, and the office would like any statement I could make in the matter. I sent the second auditor (E. B. French) my statement and notified the drivers' attorney that I had done so, and I heard nothing further in the matter.

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!

'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry
and Birney.

Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor
rose highest,

Where the dead lay in clumps through the
dwarf oak and pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest
and nighest,

No charge like Phil Kearney's along the
whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were
solemn,

Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still
held our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering col-
umn,

And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with
a bound.

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the
powder—

His sword waved us on, and we answered
the sign;

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh
rang the louder:

"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along
the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw
his blade brighten

In the one hand still left, and the reins in his
teeth!

He laughed like a boy when the holidays
heighten,

But a soldier's glance shot from his visor
beneath.

Up came the reserves to the *melée* infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing
or pine?

"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same,
colonel;

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole
line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chan-
tilly,

That hid him from sight of his brave men
and tried!

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped "The
white lily,"

The flower of our knighthood, the whole
army's pride!

Yet we dream that he still—in that shadowy
region

Where the dead form their ranks at the wan
drummer's sign—

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his
legion,

And the word still is, "Forward!" along the
whole line.

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

CHAPTER V.

From every valley and hill they come—
The clamoring voices of life and drum,
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

OPERATIONS IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA—THE FIGHT AT POOLESVILLE, BY MAJ. SMITH; COL. SWAIN'S "RULES AND REGULATIONS"—THE MOUNTED PATROL, BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

ON the 2d of September Gen. Pope's army of Virginia was ordered to withdraw to Alexandria. Gen. Burnside evacuated Fredericksburg and met Gen. McClellan's army of the Potomac, which was concentrated in and around

Swain, with five companies (all that there were in camp), was directed to make a reconnoissance in Loudon County and crossed the Chain Bridge for that purpose. They proceeded towards Leesburg, the colonel sending



STREET, LEESBURG, VA.

Washington. The Confederate army had crossed the Potomac and was advancing towards Frederick, Md. On the night of September 3 Lieut. Hand, with a detachment of the regiment on picket at Silver Springs, only seven miles from Washington, was attacked by rebel scouts, but our men defeated them. September 2d, part of Company D, while scouting north of Rockville, captured six Confederates. On the morning of September 4th Col.

word to Maj. Wilkeson, who was left in command of the camp, to follow with the ambulances. At Chain Bridge the guards tried to dissuade the major from going further, saying that he would surely be captured, but he showed his orders and was permitted to cross. Crowds of fugitives, white and black, were hastening towards the bridge, and told stories of large bodies of rebels being close at hand. A well-known Union man reported that a large

force of Confederate cavalry was in the neighborhood; enough to capture the whole regiment, but the ambulances, with half a dozen men as guards, continued on their way along the Leesburg pike. They crossed Goose Creek at 5 P. M., capturing at that place a mulatto deserter from the rebel army, who had been employed as a farrier, and learned from him that the companies were at Leesburg, where the little detachment joined them.

It was learned that White's rebel cavalry had left the evening previous, and that they were not far away. Scouting parties were sent out and all the information possible was obtained and the companies then started on their return march. They camped for the night on the grounds of a son of Henry Lee, of revolutionary fame. The mansion was one of the finest in Virginia, and the proprietor said that he had been ruined by the war, but was very hospitable to our men. Our scouting parties reported that a large force was on our left, and negroes said that the enemy was trying to cut the command off, and that Chain Bridge had been destroyed. Lieut. Dagwell, in command of the advance guard, captured two rebel pickets, who corroborated the stories of the large Confederate force. At Langley's it was learned that the rebel cavalry was in force, and had intended to surprise and capture us if possible, but that they had probably changed their plans, as their scouts had reported that from the length of our column and the number of the guidons that they saw it was a brigade of Union cavalry, too large for them to manage. Our rear guard was fired upon several times by small parties of mounted men, who scattered when attacked, and who evidently were trying to ascertain our numbers.

At 11 P. M. we arrived at Chain Bridge and found it guarded by a New York battery, the 117th N. Y., the Seventh Michigan, and other veteran regiments. The planks had been removed from part of the bridge, but were relaid to permit us to cross. Adj. Latimore, of the 117th New

York, had charge of the slow match which was to explode, if necessary, seven hundred pounds of powder that had been placed under the bridge. In Washington it was reported that the regiment had been captured, and had the enemy known how small our force really was, there would have been a fight, but the companies would not have surrendered. There were several attacks on commissary trains that detachments of the regiment were guarding during the first week in September, and the enemy's cavalry made several attempts to cut them off, but the trains were taken through safely.

September 8th, part of Company D, under Lieut. Holmes, acted as scouts to Gens. Hooker, Burnside and Sturgis, and led the advance of the army beyond the Monocacy. September 12, Col. Swain, with a detachment of the regiment, escorted President Lincoln to the army in Maryland. September 28th, a detachment scouting in Fairfax County captured ten Confederates after a skirmish. October 8th, a body of rebel cavalry attempted to cross the Potomac at Conrad's Ferry, but were driven off by a part of Company B. November 1st, Company D guarded the fords of the Potomac and skirmished with the rebel cavalry while a fight was in progress at Leesburg.

Sergt. Hartwell contributes the following sketch as an illustration of the service near the capital:

"In the summer of 1862 six companies were ordered to Great Falls to guard the water works and aqueduct, as it was feared the Confederates might attempt to injure or destroy them. The aqueduct is about seventeen miles long and crosses Cabin John Creek, seven miles from Washington, upon what is called the Conduit Road, which carries the water supply of the capital from the Great Falls of the Potomac to Washington over one of the most noted structures of modern times. This is a bridge of a single span, called the "Cabin John Bridge," built by the United States government for the purpose of carrying the water main across

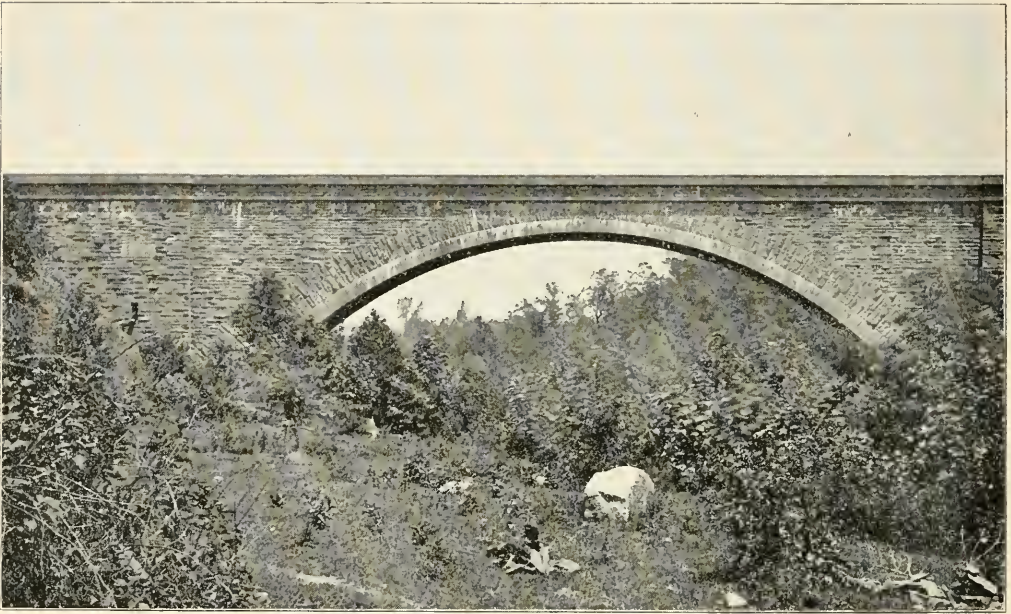
a ravine. Flowing through this ravine, in its rocky bed, is a small stream called "Cabin John Creek," from which the bridge takes its name.

In constructing the Washington aqueduct the first serious difficulty was encountered at Cabin John Creek. Here a deep ravine obstructed the way. The genius of man surmounted this obstruction, and the result was a model of engineering skill.

A fine stone arch, 220 feet in width and 110 feet in height, spans the ravine

win M. Stanton were inscribed on one of the large stones on the west end of the bridge. After the secession of the south, the name of Jefferson Davis was cut out—by an official order, it is said—and only a blank space remains to tell of the obliteration.

We went out on the Tennallytown Road to Offutt's Cross Roads, where we could hear the roar of the falls about three miles away, and imagined it must be a grand sight. It was a hot, dusty day, and we did not



CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

and the creek and has the distinction of being the largest single arch in the world. It is built of brown sandstone brought from the quarries of Seneca, about 15 miles above this point, and is of solid masonry. Its construction was begun in 1853, under the supervision of the War Department, during the official term of Jefferson Davis, by its architect and engineer, Gen. M. C. Meigs.

During the process of building, the names of Presidents Franklin Pierce and Abraham Lincoln and of Secretaries of War Jefferson Davis and Ed-

go faster than a walk, and when we got to the falls it was so dark we could not see them. We camped in the woods, and after putting out a camp guard and pickets, and eating a bite, we spread out blankets on the ground for a sleep, but the roar of the falls and the muttering of distant thunder kept many of us awake. As a storm was approaching we fixed up our talmas and rubber blankets for a shelter. The pattering of the rain on my improvised tent soothed me to slumber. How long I slept I do not know, but I was rudely brought to my senses by finding my

shelter had departed; that we were literally drowned out, for the water was running all over us. We grabbed our clothing, saddles and equipment and made for high ground. We were not much better off in our new location, for the rain was falling in torrents; rivulets were cutting gullies in the hill in every direction, and we could see nothing except when the lightning flashed. By a vivid flash we discovered some buildings near the canal lock, and we started for them. Nearly all of us had our boots off, and the mud being like grease, we slipped and fell in all directions. When a flash of lightning would come we would make a dive for the buildings and sometimes three or four of us would come together, and all would go down in the mud. My vocabulary is too limited to give the sentiments expressed that night, and I must leave them to the imagination of the reader.

"We finally reached the buildings and discovered that others were ahead of us, for such ejaculations as 'Keep off my legs!' 'You're on my head!'—'Keep your wet blanket out of my face!' and others of a less genteel character, admonished us that we must be careful if we wished to avoid a disturbance. At the break of day, when the storm had abated, we went forth to ascertain what we had lost. Our rations were in our haversacks, which were left hanging on trees, and were soaked with water, and with the exception of the salt pork were ruined. We had to make the best of circumstances, and went across the canal to take a look at the falls. We gazed up and down the river, but could see nothing like a waterfall, and we inquired of a lock-tender where the falls were. He said, 'There they are, right in front of you.' The great falls were simply the rapids rushing against great boulders in the river, which made the noise that had so greatly excited our imaginations. In the South you cannot form a correct opinion simply by knowing the name of a place or thing. I was once sent with a dispatch to Falls Church and told to return by Chain

Bridge. I found a bridge of wood and iron across the Potomac on my way back, but could find no Chain Bridge. After looking around for some time, I inquired for the bridge and was told the wooden bridge was the Chain Bridge. It seems there used to be a chain bridge at that place, but it was washed away years before, and whatever may be the composition of the structure across the river at that point it will always be known as 'Chain Bridge.'

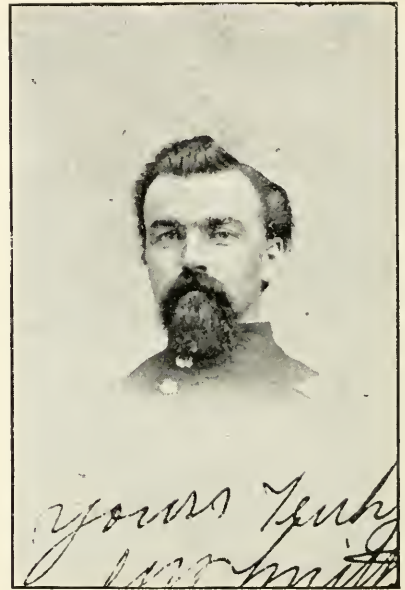
"By noon it had stopped raining, and we washed our blankets and hung them up to dry, hoping to get a good rest at night, but at night I was detailed for picket, and taking a corporal and twelve men proceeded by a pathway up the bluff, stationing three men on a post with orders to relieve one another at the proper time. When there is no timepiece to tell when the two hours have elapsed it is often the case that each man goes on post three or four times during the night. I left a corporal and three men at the big culvert and then continued along the path, which got narrower as we advanced. We were obliged to dismount and lead our horses, for if we had fallen over the bluff we would have gone into the canal, nearly a hundred feet below. We went about half a mile when we came to a rock which we could not get our horses over, and we were obliged to turn back, which was a difficult operation. But by crawling up the hill and hanging on to the bushes we managed to get the animals turned around, and with difficulty made our way back. I reported to Major Remington that we could not get through. He said there was a way, but as it was so dark we probably could not find it, and he ordered us to go up the road and put out pickets at the edge of a cleared field. We found the field, and I posted four men at different places at the edge of the woods, so that they could not be seen from the opening. The reserve was in the road, where we had not been long before we saw a party of horsemen coming across the field towards where we were.* We counted fourteen of them and prepared to re-

ceive them. In the centre of the field was a haystack with a fence around it. When they reached this they dismounted, tied their horses to the fence and laid down by the stack. We felt sure they were rebels, and after waiting about two hours, to be sure they were asleep, we started, dismounted, to capture them. The moon, which had been hidden by the clouds, came out as we advanced, and we were compelled to lie down until it got dark again, when we would walk fast until it got light, when we would again hug the ground. The last few rods we crawled on our hands and knees, and when we got to the stack we found the men all asleep, and we captured them without firing a shot. But judge of our surprise and disgust when we discovered they were men of our own regiment, who had been sent out on another road, but, after reconnoitering and discovering no enemy, had decided they might as well go to sleep, and had gone into the field for that purpose. I threatened to report them to the major, and told the sergeant in charge that for him it would likely be death or imprisonment. The men begged of me not to report them, and I said I would consider the matter; but if I found one of them asleep again that night, they would be reported, and notwithstanding that they had had but little rest for forty-eight hours, every one of them was on the alert until morning, when we went back to camp, to break-fast, and to sleep."

In November, 1862, Maj. Remington, with a squadron, was engaged in watching the fords of the Occoquan and patrolling the roads from Accountink to Bull Run. On November 3d Private Samuel Hall, of Company I, was taken prisoner while on picket at Brentsville, Va. A detachment left Camp Relief about November 1st, went to Falmouth, Va., as advance guard to Gen. Sickles' division, and returned to camp December 5th.

December 2d, expedition to Fredericksburg. At 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, December 14th, Lieut. Geo. W. Smith, with thirty men of Company

L, who were stationed at Poolesville, Md., were attacked by Major White with three hundred Confederate cavalry, who had crossed over from Virginia. A sharp skirmish ensued, and Lieut. Smith and his men took refuge in their quarters, a wooden building, where a determined stand was made, and the attack, which met with a vigorous resistance, was continued until the flames from their quarters compelled their evacuation. In the engagement Orderly Sergeant Stiles was



GEO. W. SMITH, MAJOR, AS CAPT. "L" CO.

killed, Lieut. Smith, Corporal Berry and three men wounded, and eighteen others were made prisoners. Maj. Smith, who was then lieutenant in command, gives the following account of the occurrence:

"THE FIGHT AT POOLESVILLE."

In the fall of 1862, "Special Orders" from the War Department at Washington were received by Col. James B. Swain to send a company to guard and patrol the territory on the east side of the Potomac river from Edwards' Ferry to Point of Rocks and guard the

"Locks" in upper Maryland, a line thirty miles long. In compliance with said orders I was directed to proceed with my company (L) to the position named, perform the duties as designated and defend the place at all hazards. On November 25, 1862, L company mustered for duty one commissioned officer, Lieut. Geo. W. Smith, and twenty-nine men. At 9 A. M. we started for Poolesville to protect and hold a large part of "My Maryland" and a part of the "Sacred Soil" on the opposite side of the river, which must of necessity receive attention of the protecting thirty cavalymen who the presumption of the War Department had assigned to so much duty. On the afternoon of the day mentioned this "forlorn hope" occupied the district, and pickets were placed at the "Locks," Point of Rocks, Edwards' Ferry, and at two other points inland. The country inside and outside of the guards was hastily patrolled and examined until darkness prevented any further work in that line that day. As per orders, three men were reserved for courier duty between this "capture invitation" point and Washington, making daily communications between those positions and the War Department, thus reducing the fighting force to twenty-seven men. As far as it was possible, this small detail performed the duty assigned to them, scouting, picketing and all other duties that pertained to the situation and the orders to hold that section. The result of the incessant work convinced me that the permanent occupancy of the position was extremely problematical, and that an attack was to be expected at any moment, in such force as to make successful defense impossible with the small force at hand. Rockville, Md., my nearest support, was fifteen miles southeast as the crow flies, and Harper's Ferry by a similar air line was twenty miles away; the actual distance for the traveler being much greater to either place. Continued appeals were made for reinforcements, but Col. Swain had not the men and the War Department was deaf and would not hear.

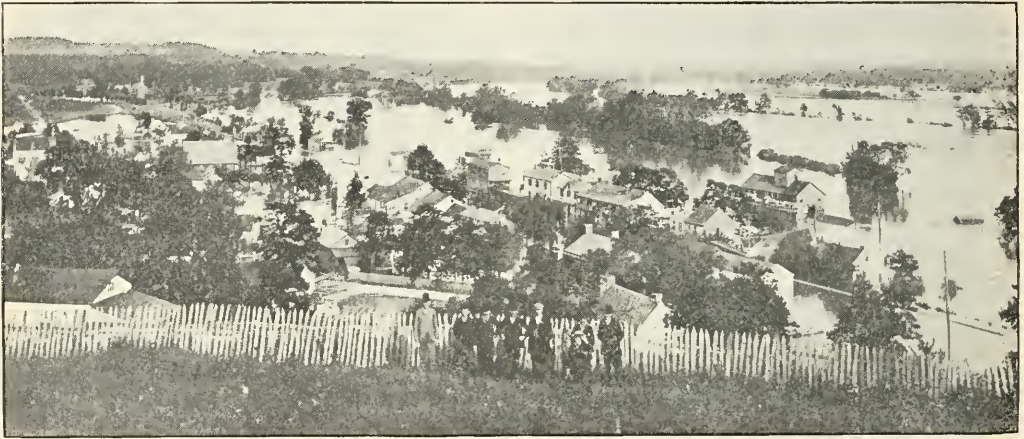
Company L continued to do its duty, and did all that thirty men could do in the premises, where there was enough to be done, and where a brigade could have been profitably employed. It must be remembered that we were sent out without camp equipage and with only three days' rations for man and beast, so foraging was an essential daily duty. Our quarters were in a two-story wooden building, the first floor had been used for a storehouse, but was untenable for anything but a stable; the upper floor was used for the men. This floor was accessible from the outside only by a flight of stairs. We remained in quiet possession until the night of December 15, 1862, when Maj. White, of "Mosby's Irregulars" and three hundred mounted men, wearing Federal uniforms, struck the picket line one-half mile out in an easterly direction from Poolesville, Sergt. Thompson, in charge of the picket, instead of falling back and reinforcing the reserve, fled to Rockville. Had he reported to me the result might have been different and a victory reported for the Union arms. The rebels came right in and opened fire upon the reserve of twelve men, who retired to the upper part of the building, where they kept up a vigorous fire from their revolvers, and twenty-four muskets which were in the building with a bountiful supply of ammunition therefor. The fight lasted one and one-half hours, with honors for L company.

Maj. White, finding that he was receiving more injury than he was inflicting, being unable to force an entrance into the building owing to the storm of bullets the besieged poured out on all who approached, managed in the darkness to set the house on fire, thereby forcing me to surrender. While the fight was on, Orderly Sergt. Chas. D. Stiles and four men, the picket at Edwards' Ferry, hearing the firing, came up and attacked the enemy, but the odds were too great. Stiles was killed and his men captured. Our loss was, one killed and twenty-one captured, including myself and three wounded men. Major White lost one

commissioned officer and four men killed and thirteen wounded. The rebels paroled us, and then fled into Virginia by way of Edwards' Ferry, taking with them our horses, arms, etc.

Col. Jas. B. Swain was averse to sending so small a force to a position so far from any support, knowing that the duty to be properly performed required many more men. The disaster to the small force caused the War Department to wake up and send a brigade to occupy the district from which L company had been driven, and neither Mosby nor White appeared again at that point. This skirmish was L company's baptism of fire, and had the parties been more evenly matched

expedition then went to Burke's Station, and finding no enemy, proceeded to Fairfax and Falls Church, and sent out scouting parties in various directions, for the purpose of ascertaining the number and location of a force of rebel cavalry reported to be in that vicinity. Snow was falling and it was very cold. An officer in command of a squadron discovered the enemy moving in the direction of Vienna. He followed them and ascertained that the command was composed of about one thousand of Stuart's cavalry. He had a skirmish near Vienna, but not having enough men to risk an engagement, the squadron returned to Falls Church with five prisoners from the Fifteenth



POINT OF ROCKS, MD. HIGH WATER IN THE POTOMAC.

as to numbers, it would have resulted in a victory for "Scott's 900."

December 18th, expedition was sent to Fairfax and Manassas.

December 21st, Maj. Wilkeson, who had been in charge of the camp on Seventeenth street, returned to Camp Relief. Companies A and C were on duty patrolling from the defenses of Washington to Offut's Cross Road and return via Rockville. Expedition was sent to Fairfax, Vienna and Drainsville. On the 28th of December, 1862, five companies under Maj. Wilkeson left Camp Relief and reported to Gen. Abercrombie at Arlington, Va. The

Virginia Cavalry, who had straggled from their regiment. The expedition returned to camp via Drainsville.

COL. SWAIN'S "RULES AND REGULATIONS."

Early in 1863, Col. Swain distributed to the officers and men of the regiment a book of ninety-six pages, entitled "Rules, Regulations, Forms and Suggestions for the Instruction and Guidance of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, Prepared by James B. Swain, Colonel commanding, and First Lieutenant of First Cavalry, U. S. A."

In this book were suggestions or instructions relative to every duty of a



GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.



POINT OF ROCKS, MARYLAND.

cavalryman, in camp, on parade or march. The following is Col. Swain's address or preface to the book:

"To the Officers and Enlisted Men of this Regiment: After months of experience, in which officers and men have learned and unlearned much, the commanding officer has endeavored to draft a code of instructions for the guidance of the officers and enlisted men of the regiment. In publishing them to the command, he may not refrain from expressing the belief that both by officers and enlisted men they will be closely scrutinized and cheerfully obeyed. All civilized life is conformity to certain fixed regulations, and the higher the civilization, the more rigid the rules. In all congregations of men there must be conflicts of opinion, of tastes, of habits, of beliefs, of principles. Were each permitted always to manifest and pursue his peculiar views, the antagonisms would only be ended when all were destroyed. In no organized existence so much as in the army is it necessary for the masses to fuse their individual feelings and prejudices on one general whole. Military rule is in its very nature despotic. Success depends upon all the component parts of an army acting as a whole. The gratification of each individual would be to render all useless. Therefore, every inferior officer and enlisted man should come to the army prepared to yield up entirely himself and his opinions, and so long as he remains in the service should have only the one thought, that of doing his duty faithfully and well, by always respecting those in authority, and giving a ready and cordial obedience to their commands.

"In joining the army too many of our volunteers have forgotten apparently that they were exchanging joyful, pleasant and comfortable homes, where plenty reigned supreme, for cheerless privation and untold hardships. The government has been liberal to excess. It has fed, clothed and equipped its armies as no nation in the world has ever done. But yet so many of her volunteers have been habituated to luxury and refinement that even all the

bounteous generosity of the government, by comparison, seems plain and repulsive. Men of intelligence must recollect that this war is a terrible necessity, forced upon the government, which must struggle for existence; not the mere existence of government, but the existence of principle and the perpetuation of freedom. In such a struggle the government has a right to demand the endurance of privations and hardships, and the yielding up of the property and lives of those who have heretofore enjoyed the blessings of freedom. Should we not then willingly forego the little things that are only luxuries, and cheerfully accept the watchfulness, devotion, destitution and suffering incident to war? Will not the officers and enlisted men of this command feel that what they may endure they endure in a good cause, and refrain from that incessant small grumbling which though said to be the sign of a good 'regular' makes but a poor volunteer. If the enlisted men could only know with what horror the commanding officer sees the infliction of punishment, he feels confident they would refrain from the perpetration of those many little acts of wrong which constantly compel the use of the guard house and its kindred means of torture. Willingly would he see the guard house door always open, the 'ball and chain,' the 'handcuffs' and the 'gag' banished from the camp. He would obey the precept of the Bible, and forgive many times rather than to punish once. He has done so. But why should there be punishment or forgiveness? Why should 'Take him to the guard house' be ever uttered by the commanding officer? Surely, if men would think, they would not act so as to incur censure. There are many men in the regiment who are never punished. Much the larger proportion have never had a complaint against them. Why is it? Simply because they study obedience. Why cannot all do so, and thus avoid the penalty of crime? A willing obedience of all these rules and regulations will secure the abolishment of crime, the cessation of punishment and the disuse

of the guard house. And they are not hard to obey. They are plain, simple and just. They are made, not arbitrarily for restraint, but for the common good. By them all will be benefited and none injured. Why then should not all obey them?

"JAMES B. SWAIN,

"Colonel Commanding.

"CAMP RELIEF, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE MOUNTED PATROL.

The duties that devolved upon the regiment while at the capital were manifold and exacting; among which may be mentioned that of the Mounted Patrol. To give anything like a full description of the service would be to write a book of the "After Dark" or "Behind the Scenes" series, for there were many exciting experiences, and every line officer of the regiment could give interesting reminiscences, many of which, perhaps, might better remain untold. The night patrol and other duties in connection with the secret service in which officers and men took prominent part gained for the regiment an unenviable notoriety among the men of the army whose habits while in Washington brought them under the surveillance of the patrol, and caused the report throughout the army that the whole regiment was engaged in that service. It was a service that required intelligence in the performance, and like all other duties to which the regiment was assigned, was faithfully and impartially executed.

The detail for the Mounted Patrol was made up from any of the companies or men that chanced to be at Camp Relief, no particular troop being designated for this duty. This service was of great importance to the city of Washington, as it kept in subjection the keepers and frequenters of disreputable places of resort, and the unruly element among both soldiers and civilians, who learned by painful experience that there could be no trifling with the Mounted Patrol.

Capt. Dagwell has written a few

recollections which will illustrate the nature of the service.

REMINISCENCES OF PATROL DUTY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

The efficiency of the Mounted Patrol of the Provost Guard of Washington, D. C., as performed by "Scott's 900" during their retention at the nation's capital, can hardly be appreciated even by those that have performed a similar duty in other parts of the country. Indeed, this service was so complex in its ramifications that it not only required the highest grade of discipline while on duty, but also intelligence and finesse of the first order, in both its public and secret work. The ordinary view of this service, as seen on the surface by the general public, amounted to very little; but the provost guard's service at Washington was one of many duties. An officer, after receiving instructions from the provost marshal's office, was often surprised by the responsibilities placed upon him. At a later date, or after he had performed some notable piece of service, he would learn that the military governor had something of a surprising nature to confide to his care and execution; and again if he was fortunate or unfortunate, as the case might be, in the performance of an important branch of this service, it would always land him in the War Department, and often into the presence of the great war secretary, for a personal examination for some secret service in the city or in upper or lower Maryland, with a guard of from two to forty men, as the case might require. Or, perhaps, to receive a scolding and twenty-four to forty-eight hours' "leave of absence" in the Old Capitol prison, for disobedience of orders. This latter extremity we usually charged up against some one of the many citizen secret-service men of the War Department, who had reported us for some misstep in a case that probably both the citizen and the soldier secret-service men were working on. These two elements of the secret ser-

vice were invaluable to the government, especially in Washington, where everything centered either for or against the government. The efficiency of "Scott's 900" in this many-sided service more than repaid the government's equipment and maintenance of the regiment, yes, many times over, and caused their enforced retention on this and kindred duties for nine months, in 1863, after the regiment had been ordered to pack and march to the front. The protests of officers and men alike against being kept in Washington were passed over. The regiment and companies were so broken up by detachments and details of from three to ten men at different points, on courier, orderly, picket, vidette and guard duties, that it was difficult to keep track of them, and properly report them on the monthly reports; indeed, some were reported as deserters that reported to their companies from three to four months after we arrived in Louisiana, but who had been employed on special details.

The secret part of the provost service kept us to a faithful discharge of our duty in the public service, because we could not tell who was watching us, and we were occasionally reminded of something overlooked, by some fellow in citizen attire. I remember a case in point. For ten days and nights we had been trying to locate and capture a colonel who was in the city on "French leave." One night I had left Grover's theater and had reached the sidewalk, when a man overtook me and said, "Are you looking for a man with that name?" At the same time holding a card up to my view bearing the fugitive colonel's name and regiment, written on it. I asked him in what manner it concerned him whether I was or not. He handed me a pass, issued by the War Department, and countersigned by the provost marshal, which set forth that he was a duly qualified agent of the United States government "on private and public service until further orders." My pass differed from his in only one particular. Mine was issued by the provost marshal. After

noticing this, and recognizing that he was a secret-service officer, I said to him that I had instructions to arrest this colonel. He told me that I had overlooked my man back in the theater. I was a little nettled at this assertion, because I had taken extra precautions to interview every officer and soldier in the house, and I told him so. "Oh, you need not get huffy, lieutenant, this man is in citizen's clothes and is shorn of another distinguishing mark; he has parted with his big sandy mustache and imperial." I felt relieved. "My description does not call for a man in citizen's clothes and a smooth face," I said. "True, but you will find your man, if he has not changed his seat since you came out, in the fourth row of the middle aisle, left side, and the third man from the aisle; he has got the other marks of identification and I assure you he is your man." These other marks of identification were a split of the top of the right ear, and a finger ring with a large red stone setting. Thanking the officer for his information, the sergeant and I passed in, taking a position near the entrance door, where we could look the house over while waiting the end of the act that was being performed. I soon located my man, and when the curtain went down I told the sergeant to remain at the door, but to come to my assistance if he saw I needed help; then waiting a moment to see whether or not the colonel would go out for the refreshments that a number of others had already started in search of, I passed down the aisle to the row of seats in the rear of the colonel (which had just been vacated) and sitting down directly behind him, I leaned over, and whispering in his left ear, said, "Col. C—, I wish you would meet me in the bar room for a few minutes." He started, but said, "For what purpose, sir?" "Important business, colonel," I replied. I then arose and repeated my request. He turned around far enough to look me squarely in the face and said, "My dear sir! You have made a mistake; I am not a colonel, a general, or any other kind of a soldier,

and my name is not C——." Then he turned back again, at the same time taking hold of the back of the seat in front to comfortably reseal himself. On the little finger of the hand on the back of the seat was the ring with the big red stone, and looking from the stone to the nicked ear, I hesitated no longer, but quietly told him that he was my prisoner. I requested him to pass quietly out of the theater with me; he refused to do so. I then told him I should certainly use force if he refused. He defied me; and turning to the man on his right tried to carry out his "bluff" by telling the gentleman that I insisted in arresting him for some colonel, and that he was disgusted with such dense ignorance. Making a signal to the sergeant, I jumped upon the seat, and planting my left foot in the seat by his side, I reached down and passed my left hand under his thigh, then grasping him by his coat collar I landed him over the back of his seat into the aisle too quickly for him to make any resistance; when he got on his feet the sergeant took hold of him and together we escorted him out of the theater and turned him over to Col. Wood at the Old Capitol prison. He proved to be the right man and was dismissed from the service.

At another time secret-service orders were issued to the provost guards and patrols to break up the gambling dens. This was accomplished three different times on the worst gang of thieves and gamblers in the city. We first raided their place on Pennsylvania avenue, near Eighth street, where the rooms were fitted up with a splendor seldom seen by the majority of soldiers, and I presume that every device of a gambler to induce play was represented in these luxuriously furnished rooms. The paraphernalia of the place was seized and turned over to the provost marshal; arrests were made of the proprietors of the games and the place closed. This gang was next trapped on the avenue, over one of the stores directly opposite Willard's hotel. It was impossible for a person to get an entrance to the rooms by the usual way

without being steered in by one of the gang, or properly supplied with the pass word and the rap at the door. The rooms could be reached from the rear of the building by the same hall that led up to them from Pennsylvania avenue. Now, in order to make a successful raid on this new retreat, it was necessary to catch them with a full house, and surprise them at their play. One night a patrol of thirty men was halted on D street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets; ten men were told off and directed individually to take positions designated on Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and in the rear of the buildings. They were instructed to screen themselves as much as possible from attracting the attention of persons passing their positions. At 11 o'clock these men were to assemble at the hall door, in the rear of the building, and report anything of importance connected with the business in hand. At 11 o'clock the balance of the guard were marched to the rear entrance, and the reports showed that a full house would greet us. The plan arranged to get into the rooms was by the first window from the hall window in front. It would take up too much time and spoil the best results to parley with the door keeper and smash in the door. The men reached a position near the door, one by one, as noiselessly as possible, then two of the men and myself stepped out on the combing, or cap molding, that ran along the front of the building over the stores on the first floor. One of the men, who was provided with a stone mason's heavy hammer, smashed in the lower sash of the window. Stepping over the window sill and into the room and pushing aside the heavy curtain that was inside of the ordinary curtain, I was almost blinded for a moment by the bright light in the room. As my vision cleared, a tableau met my sight that for its dramatic effect would have caused theatrical imitators to commit suicide. Those engaged in play at the tables, as well as those not engaged, were on their feet leaning and looking in my direction, some with the

pallor of fear depicted on their faces, while others had a scowling, angry expression. Two of the latter had pistols in their hands, and on the tables lay the money and "chips" just as they were when the crash came. One of the gamblers, with black curly hair, and who, by the way, was known by the name of "Curly," being the first to recover from the surprise, asked, "What in h—l did you break that window for?" "My dear fellow," I said, "that is a very silly question to ask the provost guard." "Provost guard! where is your guard?" By this time my two lads had pushed aside the heavy cloth curtain that covered the door and had got it unbolted and unchained, and noticing this, I said, "They are stationed all around the building except a few that I have in the hall." Then telling them that every man in the room was under arrest, the guard marched in and gathered up the gambling outfit, while I examined the passes of the soldiers present. Most of them had passes that were good until 4 o'clock the next afternoon; others had run out at 12 that night, but as it was the gang of gamblers, and not the soldiers that we wanted, they were turned loose. The gamblers made some hard threats when they found out it was "Scott's 900" that had downed them again.

We raided many other places, but the third time we raided this gang was several months later, and the discovery of their place of business was accidental. There is, or was at that time, a large, square, three-story building on the upper corner of Ninth or Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, I think that Louisiana avenue intersected Pennsylvania avenue at the corner of the street that this building stood on. The first floor had been occupied by a public market at one time. There was an entrance way from both streets. The second and third floors were used for office purposes. On the roof, and directly in the center of the building, was an observatory about twelve or fourteen feet square. This observatory was reached by a lad-

der, through a trap door in its floor. A gambler by the name of Lilly, who kept a saloon and "up-stairs house" below Pennsylvania avenue on Tenth street, had been seen going into this building a number of times, but no thought was taken as to the cause other than that he had some business in one of the offices up-stairs. But one day while down-town for no other purpose than pleasure, I saw Col. Lilly (the title of colonel he got in California before the war), and the prize fighter, Joe Coburn, meet each other right at the avenue entrance to the market building. They were about to enter the building together, but stopped at the door and Lilly passed in alone. Now if Coburn had moved on up the avenue I should have paid no more attention to Lilly, and would have gone about my pleasure, but Coburn did not move on, and instead of waiting for Lilly to come out (as I supposed he would) he looked up and down the avenue, then hastily passed into the building. I hurried to the other entrance, and not finding Coburn on the first floor I mounted the stairs to the next, and not seeing anything of him I concluded that he had gone higher up. When I reached the next floor I found myself in an open space, directly under the cupola; the scuttle hole was closed and there was no way of getting up there. On the floor at my feet was the cleat that prevented the ladder from moving when in place, but where was the ladder? I don't know whether any unseen influence was at work around me at this time, but the missing ladder and the missing men, and the intense stillness mystified and puzzled me, and before I realized it I was making investigations from door to door on tip toe to see whether any of the rooms were occupied. Having satisfied myself that they were not, I came back to the space under the cupola and leaning against the wall I stood there for ten minutes looking up at the closed scuttle hole. Nothing disturbed the stillness above or around me. I finally threw off the fascination of that old scuttle hole and went down stairs and out of

the building. Walking out on the avenue to my original position by the little park, I turned around and took a good look at the cupola, and I was somewhat surprised to discover curtains at the window. This was something that I had never noticed before. I had never been on the inside of the cupola, but I had often thought that I would like to do so, just to see how good a view of the city and surroundings one could get. For this reason I had often looked up at the old cupola as I was passing by, but heretofore I had always been able to see the top of the opposite window through the one nearest to me. Now I could see nothing but one large double window. While ruminating on the curtain mystery, a possible solution presented itself to my mind that caused me to thrill with exultation. It was this: Putting together the complete disappearance of Col. Lilly and Coburn, after entering the building, the closed scuttle hole and the absent ladder, with the curtained window of the cupola, made a very significant possibility that the gamblers had got to business again; not in the empty building but in the cupola, where they presumably thought they were safe from being surprised by that "damned Scott's goo." They probably thought that when they had got in all of the customers that they could accommodate at one sitting, and had pulled up the ladder and shut the trap door, their castle was secure from intrusion. I determined to solve this mystery in some way before leaving the vicinity, so I moved up the avenue to the next street, then turned up and went around the block and came down the street till I reached the building adjoining the market building. Entering the hall of this building I mounted two flights of stairs before I found a window that would give me a view of the cupola. I had not asked permission to enter this hall and I was liable to be disturbed in my present position at any moment, but I was accompanied by unusual luck, for as I reached the landing where I could see through the window a face was at the

cupola window and was withdrawn again in less than five seconds after I reached my position, which I would have missed if I had hesitated that length of time in entering this house. As it was, I had gained the "pointer" I was after, and as quietly as possible I got down the stairs and left the house. The face I saw at the window was "Curly's." This was their new quarters, but how to surprise them "in the act" in that out of the way and unreachable place was a problem. All



DAVID R. ACKERMAN, 1ST SERGEANT "C" CO.

that afternoon I studied on it, but when I went back to camp at night I had a plan outlined to take them in.

When I reached camp I reported my find to Col. Swain and asked him for a detail to make the capture. He told me he could not do that, as such work belonged to the night patrol; but he said he would relieve Lieut. Burgess, who had been detailed as patrol officer that night, and put me on the detail. I accepted this arrangement, with permission to have the detail from C company, and going to my quarters, I sent for Sergt. Ackerman and told him that

C company would furnish the night patrol and that I wanted him on the detail, and to select two good men of the patrol for detective work and send them to me as soon as he made up his detail. He sent me Privates Evans and Malone. I gave them their instructions and admonished them to keep their mouths closed until we came off duty. There were twenty men in the patrol, and when it was learned that ten of the men were to leave their sabers in camp there was a great deal of curiosity manifested by the "Yankee" element of the company. On the way down I told Ackerman that I had found our old gang of gamblers in a new place of business, and that I was going to try and capture them again that night. After learning that he knew the building they were in, I gave him my plan of attack, and his part in it, which was for himself, Evans and Malone to dismount before we reached Pennsylvania avenue and, leaving their horses with the patrol, to proceed to the market building and post Evans and Malone in position where they could watch both entrances and not expose themselves. After he had posted them, he was to search around the vicinity for two or three ladders and a piece of rope ten or twenty feet long, and to have everything ready by midnight. After dropping Sergt. Ackerman, and his two men, near the avenue, I took the patrol and performed the regular duties of visiting the theaters and most of the public "houses of entertainment," until 11:30; then we repaired to Tenth street, and moving up the street a block above the avenue, we halted and dismounted, leaving five men with the horses. Ackerman came up and reported that over a dozen men had been seen going into the building, and more might have gone in while he and his men were getting the ladders, but none had been seen to come out. I told him to take the men without sabers and get the ladders into position as soon as he could, and with as little noise as possible; then taking the five men with sabers, we went silently into the building and up-stairs to the room under the

cupola. Then instructing the men to allow any one to come into the room, but not to permit any one to leave it till they had received orders from the sergeant, or myself, and warning them to make no noise, I went outside to join the attacking party. In the yard between the market building and the house where I got the view of the cupola there was a smoke house with a peaked roof, the gable end against the market building. This smoke house was about half the height of the market building, with a wooden chimney or ventilator in the center of the roof. One of the ladders was placed against this smoke house, the second ladder was placed against the market building, the upper end resting against the eaves, and the lower end braced against the smoke house chimney and straddling the ridge board. The third ladder was laid on the slanting roof of the market building and lashed to a chimney. We went up the ladders to the ridge of the market building. The man in the lead was armed with an ax. It was about ten feet from where we struck the ridge to the cupola, and when the head man reached the window and passed the word that he was ready, the tenth and eleventh men were still on the ladder for want of room on the ridge. I was the third man and quite close to the window. I told the man that all was ready and to strike the sash near the center and make one blow do the business. He did as directed, taking out the whole center part and down to the sill. The next moment he was through the hole and in the room, taking the curtain down with him as he went in. We quickly followed him. Taking a quick glance around the room I saw that "Curly" was present, but Lilly and Coburn were absent. Turning to "Curly" (who had been dealing faro), I said, "Well, here we are again, Curly. And now we will take charge of the game for the balance of the night." A more surprised man than this same gambler would be hard to find. The room was very nicely furnished and must have cost the frater-

nity a snug sum. We got the trap open, and sliding the ladder down to the next floor the boys that were stationed below placed it on the cleat. There were fourteen men in the room. Three of them were sergeants and two of them had their regiment numbers on their caps; I think it was the 117th New York. We dismissed the soldiers, and gathering up the "lay out" we got down the ladder with the prisoners. Sergt. Ackerman took the guard stationed at the foot of the ladder and marched the prisoners over to the Central Guard House. In the meantime the rest of the patrol got our scaling ladders down. I think this last "surprise party" effectually broke up that particular gang, as I never saw "Curly" afterward. As a usual thing, the night patrol was a monotonous affair, a tramp from house to house, examining passes of officers and soldiers; but occasionally something out of the common would happen to enliven the boys and drive away, for a time, "that tired feeling" that officers and men alike had for this duty.

I remember a ludicrous affair that happened on a Monday night at a house on Twelfth street, between C and D streets. The house was known as the "Iron Doors." At the main entrance there were batten doors, covered on the outside with sheet iron. The windows were provided with shutters, after the style of the doors. In one of the doors was a hole six inches square, with bars of iron across it. This hole was used by the "inside sentinel" to interview the caller before admitting him. Twelve to fifteen inches inside of the iron-faced doors were the two heavily molded doors of the house. I had never had any difficulty in gaining admittance to this house when on duty; in fact the regular door tender at every house knew that the patrol was at the door, and who the officer was, when he gave four raps on the door with his saber hilt. On the preceding Friday I had been sent with ten men into upper Maryland by the provost marshal to arrest some citizens for giving information to the rebels about a large herd of beef cattle that

the United States government were grazing. I got back to Camp Relief at a late hour Sunday night. During my absence from Washington it appears that a number of United States sailors, on shore leave, had at a late hour on Saturday night called at the "Iron Doors" and had been admitted. They drank what liquor they could get and refused to pay for it, and raised "Merry old Cain." One of the employes of the house went down to the Central Guard House and reported the trouble to the officer in charge, who sent an officer and guard to eject the "blue jackets," which was done without any difficulty; but the sailors declared that they had had so much fun at this house they would call again the next night, and they did, but they found the iron doors and shutters closed tight and admittance denied them. Having been refused admittance at the door they tried the windows, and finding the shutters were iron, they named the house the "Iron Clad." They finally left after repeated failures to force an entrance. Now, I had heard nothing about this affair, and when I reached this house Monday night with the patrol I was not prepared to make any allowance for the upsetting the place had received. I had thirty men in the patrol and Jimmy Maxted was the sergeant. Jim and I had just had a scrapping match with the saloonkeeper and his help that ran the beer garden at the corner of C and Twelfth streets, and were not in the right kind of humor to take any bluffs, or disrespect for our duty. We left the patrol standing on C street while we visited the "Iron Doors," and going up to the door I gave the four raps with my saber hilt. No notice being taken of my summons, I repeated the raps much louder; directly the wicket in the door was opened and a voice asked, "Who's there," and instead of answering as I should have done if I had known of the two previous nights' clatter with the sailors, I said, "You heard my rap; open the door or I'll open it for you." The wicket was shut instantaneously, and we could hear the inside doors closed. I

rapped again and again, then I rang the door bell but received no answer. It was decidedly a new experience at this place, and I could account for it in only one way, and that was that a new door tender was on guard. I stood with my back against the door and Maxted stood directly in front of me when the window directly over the door was raised and a woman's voice asked who was there. We both answered. Maxted said "provost guard," and I said "officer of the patrol." Jim looked at me and gave one of his "te-he" laughs, when down came a wash bowl of dirty water on Jim's head and shoulders, giving him a complete drenching. I received a few drops that spattered the breast of my coat, otherwise I was not touched, because I stood under the shelter of the heavy door cap. Jim was mad and so was I. I determined to go into that house if I had to smash the whole front in. I told Jim to go and dismount twenty men, then get a sledge hammer, or a piece of heavy timber, and smash in the door. He came back in a few moments with twenty men carrying a long, heavy ladder. Laying the ladder down with the butt end against the door, the men ranged themselves along each side of the ladder; when they were ready I told them I wanted the door with the wicket in it broken in, and in order to make it a quick job they must strike the door at the same point with each blow. There must be no cheering but a steady attention to the business in hand until the door gave way. Then I gave the word to "let her go." In five minutes' time from the first bang against the door the street was packed with people. The police kept the crowd back from the ladder men, so that they could have full swing to lunge the ladder. It made an excellent battering ram, and in a few minutes' time the lower part of the door was smashed in. One of the men took a saber and ran it between the door and

the sheet iron, and wrenched and tore the iron so that it could be turned back out of the way; then two more swings of the battery sent the ladder clear through both doors. Ordering the men to take the ladder back, Maxted and I went through the holes into the hall. This hall led into a cross hall in which was a stairway leading to the upper floors. As we stepped into the hall I tried the door to the front room and found it locked. I knocked on the door with my saber and demanded admittance in the name of the provost guard. We were about to force the door when it was suddenly unlocked and thrown open, and two commissioned officers stood just inside, covering us with cocked revolvers. It was rather a sudden call, but I don't believe either of us dodged. One of the officers (a captain) said, "Who are you?" "I am the officer of the patrol," I replied, and advancing and ignoring their "pops" said, "I will examine your pass papers if you will be kind enough to produce them." They put away their "pops," and handed me their papers, which I found were right, and returned them. Then they asked me if they could go, and when I said yes they seemed very much relieved, for they thanked me and skipped out. I found the inmates of the establishment clustered around the boss, who was having a fit of nervous prostration. I asked why entrance was denied us and was told by the door tender, "We thought you were sailors or would not have thought of closing the door against you." We took the whole crowd to the Central Guard House, where bond was given by the "boss" for "appearances" next day.

In the next day's issue of the "Morning Chronicle" appeared a complete account of the affair. The head lines read "Scott's 900 Cavalry Storm and Capture an Iron Clad where Man-of-war's Men had Failed."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true!

* * * * *

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and country,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

—CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

IN NORTHERN MARYLAND, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—A TRIP TO FALMOUTH, BY
SERGT. MILLET—CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND AND LEONARDTOWN,
BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

IN the fall and winter of 1862 detachments of the regiment were employed in picketing the fords of the Potomac and patrolling along the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal in Maryland. The men were required to patrol from Muddy Branch to the Point of Rocks, which, in addition to the duties of picket guard, and courier service, was wearing on both men and horses.

To lessen the distance to be traveled by the horses, Company L, numbering scarcely more than thirty men, in command of Lieut. Smith, was sent to Poolesville to patrol from Edwards' Ferry to the Point of Rocks, and Company B, in command of Capt. Campbell, was sent to Muddy Branch to patrol from that point to Edwards' Ferry. It was busy work, and in addition to the patrol there were frequently three couriers going in the same direction at one time.

The smallness of the command at Poolesville was a temptation too much for the rebels to resist, and on the night of Sunday, December 14th, while some of the men were at church in the vil-

lage, a force composed of about three hundred of Mosby's and White's guerillas attacked the detachment at Poolesville, and after firing the quarters that the men were defending, compelled the surrender of Company L. The men held out as long as possible, although the balls from the enemies' rifles easily pierced the thin siding of the building; they did not give up until the smoke from the burning building compelled its evacuation. Two of the guard who escaped brought the news of the attack to our camp, and Company B was soon in the saddle, hastening to the relief of Company L. The night was very dark and it was difficult to keep the road; we reached Seneca Mills, and on my advice the captain took the road to Edwards' Ferry, hoping to cut the rebels off from the river, if not to attack them in the rear at Poolesville, if Company L could hold out long enough for us to get there. We had not gone far on this road before it got so dark that the horses stumbled into the ditches, throwing their riders, and the com-

pany could not go faster than a walk. It soon commenced to lighten and thunder, the rain fell in torrents, and the company could not keep in the road. By the aid of a flash of lightning a large barn and shed were discovered and the men took refuge from the storm. Here we remained for nearly four hours before it was light enough to perceive our way, when we hurried on as fast as the condition of the roads would permit to Poolesville, but we were too late, the rebels had gone. We hastened after them, hoping to overtake them before they got to White's Ford, on the Potomac, but when we arrived on the bluff overlooking it we saw the enemy's rear guard going over the hill in Virginia, nearly two miles away; but for the rain and the blackness of the night, which compelled us to wait, it was the belief of the boys that Mosby's guerrillas, and not Company L, would have been the prisoners.

Two companies of "Scott's 900," were considered sufficient to garrison the villages and hold the fords of the upper Potomac, but after the capture of Company L, a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery were sent to take their place with Company B for courier and vidette service. After being there a few days, another brigade of infantry arrived, composed, I believe, of the Twelfth New Hampshire, Sixth Vermont and Fourth Maine Volunteers. This latter brigade was ordered further up the river, and on the morning of the 24th of December I was sent as acting lieutenant, with a sergeant, three corporals and fifteen men to accompany the regiments to their camping places. As the day was fine, we went without overcoats, and as we expected to be back by night, we took no blankets or rations with us. We took the advance, and when we came to the road that led to Conrad's Ferry, I was asked by an aide where the road led to; when I told him, I was directed to send a sergeant, a corporal and six men with a regiment which was going there.

In the afternoon we came to a road that led to Monocacy, and a corporal

and three men were sent with a regiment that was going to that place. The other regiment, with the brigade headquarters, went to White's Ford and camped. I then rode up to the general in command and asked if we were relieved from duty and could go back to our quarters. What was my surprise when I was told that we were to remain with him. I explained that we were not so informed when we started and that we had no overcoats, blankets, rations or forage, and asked what we were to do. He said it could not be helped; we must remain; he would see that we had rations and feed for the horses the next day, and that we could send for our clothing in the morning. The men thought this was tough and so did I, but we had to make the best of it. Towards evening the weather grew colder and began to freeze; our saddle blankets were wet with the sweat from the horses, but we got some brush and built a fire and dried them, and when it got dark enough we appropriated some corn from a planter's barn and fed our horses; then we lay down as near the fire as we could and baked on one side while we froze on the other. We had no ax to cut any wood and had to use the dead brush for our fire, which was soon exhausted. The man who began to freeze first when the fire got low, would get up and hunt around for something to keep up the fire, and when everything around us capable of burning was gone, we all got up and danced around until morning, to keep from freezing. At the first streak of daylight the corporal and a couple of men went out to look up something to eat, and returned with a young sheep, and we had roast mutton for breakfast. It was a long time between meals and the farmer's contribution was devoured with a relish, but the corporal had a hard time explaining how his revolver, with which he hit the sheep, had become broken and useless.

Two men were sent back for our overcoats and blankets, and when the wagon train came in that night we had plenty of rations and forage. We were

quartered in a rude shed covered with straw, in the rear of a granary. Every other day we were sent on a scout over into Virginia, and at other times were kept busy in carrying dispatches to the various camps. One night we had all gone to sleep except the man on guard and the corporal, who was reading at a rude table, when I was suddenly awakened by a flash of light and discovered the straw roof was on fire. Without stopping to dress, we grabbed our clothes and accoutrements and got outside. Rats from the burning building were running in all directions, and the planter's dog in his excitement in chasing the rats rushed into the fire, and that was the last of him.

The general sent for me the next day to explain about the fire, and I told him it must have been set on fire by the infantry, who, may have had a grudge against the cavalry or the planter, but I afterward learned that the corporal before going out of doors had opened his magazine and set it up on the table to shield his candle from the wind and the leaves of the book took fire, which spread to the roof and consumed our comfortable quarters. We were then given a tent, but it was colder than our shed; however, we had to stand it. We remained in this place a couple of weeks and were then sent back to the company at Poolesville.

The morning after we arrived I went to the company cook and inquired where I could get some water to wash with, and was told that there was a pump down the street. A corporal and myself took our towels and went out to look for the pump, when we met an armed infantryman, who halted us and asked if we had a pass; I told him I did not know it was necessary to get a pass to get washed, and that having just arrived from up the river I had no knowledge of the orders; but my excuses were of no avail and we were informed that we would have to go to the guard house. Had we known what was to follow our arrest, we would have skipped away from the guard, but the corporal with the relief coming up, we were taken to the guard house, where,

despite my explanations to the officer of the guard, we were compelled to remain.

I asked the officer if he would send a man to our quarters to tell the captain of our arrest; the officer did as requested, and after waiting a couple of hours and hearing nothing from the captain, I asked if a man could be sent to get our breakfast. While we were waiting for the return of this second messenger, we heard a great commotion outside, and in a moment saw our whole company headed by Sergt. Morris, which had broken into the guard house. The men were armed with sabers and revolvers and evidently meant business. The lads took us to our quarters through the infantry guard, which made no attempt to stop us.

I had finished my breakfast and was comfortably smoking my pipe, when I heard the "long roll" beating in the infantry camps. In a few minutes Capt. Campbell came rushing in, evidently under great excitement, and coming up to me said, "You and the company have raised hell." "What is the matter?" I exclaimed. "Why," said he, "the officer of the guard has reported to the general that the company, under arms, had taken you away from him, and the general says he will have you back in the guard house, dead or alive, and has ordered out the infantry to do it." I told the captain that if he had got me released, as he might easily have done, there would have been no trouble.

The men who heard this conversation passed the word to the rest of the men, and in a moment the company had assembled; the men loaded their carbines and buckled on their revolvers, and said they were prepared to stand by me to the last. I told the men there must be no fight; we did not want to fight Union soldiers, and if we did, our little company would stand no chance against regiments of infantry; that no man should get in trouble on my account, and that I would go back to the guard-house. I told the captain he could report to the general that I and my comrade had

delivered ourselves up, and the fuss would be ended. When I returned to the guard-house I learned from the officer that a store had been robbed, which was the reason of stationing the guard in the street, with orders to arrest all soldiers out of camp without a pass. About four o'clock in the afternoon the general in full uniform, accompanied by his staff, rode up to the guard-house; the guard was turned out and saluted the general; he asked for me, and I stepped out and saluted him, and, in answer to his inquiries, said I had just returned from duty up the river the night before, and had no knowledge of any orders against being in the street, and that I had simply gone to the pump to wash myself when I was arrested. The general said, "If the men of your company had not been too fast, you would have been released before this; you and your man go to your quarters."

I shall never forget the friendship shown to me that day by the men of the company, and which is the reason that I remained with them to the end of the war, for I was twice offered commissions in other regiments; but I would not leave the men who were willing to die for me.

Shortly after this affair the captain of the battery challenged Maj. Remington with his command to a fight with blank cartridges, and made his brags that he could run the cavalry off the grounds, as he had other regiments. The major accepted the challenge, and when he formed his men he said the first charge was to be a feint, and after the guns were fired the real charge was to take place, which plan was carried out and the six guns were captured. One of the gunners became so excited that he fired his piece while one of his men was in front of it; the man was knocked senseless and taken to the hospital. No one was injured on our side. We left Poolesville a few days later and went to Muddy Branch, where we fixed up comfortable quarters, and, after we had got nicely settled, were ordered to Washington.

A TRIP TO FALMOUTH.

BY SERGT. CHAS. A. MILLETT.

After the battle of Antietam, Gen. Lee moved his army south again, occupying Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg. The army of the Potomac had changed commanders—McClellan had been superseded by Gen. Ambrose Burnside.

The Union army was concentrated at Falmouth, on the Rappahannock river, opposite to Fredericksburg. The telegraph wires connecting Burnside's



CHAS. A. MILLETT, REGIMENTAL COMMISSARY,
AS SERGEANT "E" CO.

headquarters with Washington were cut by the enemy, necessitating repairs at once.

On November 18, 1862, Company E, of Scott's 900 Cavalry, was detailed to accompany and protect the workmen employed to repair the telegraph lines. The company was soon mustered and under command of Capt. J. C. Hyatt, rations packed in one wagon, the troop was paraded at an early hour in front of the colonel's quarters ready for service. Taking up the line of march

down Seventh street, to Pennsylvania avenue, to Fourteenth street, down to and crossing Long Bridge, we were in old Virginia. During our march through the city, Capt. Hyatt, turning over the troop to Lieut. Nicholetts, disappeared, and did not rejoin us until we were about crossing Long Bridge. On his reappearance with the troop the boys soon tumbled to his racket, for they perceived by the appearance of his saddle-bags that he had been replenishing his commissary of wet goods.

This incident of the start is mentioned because of a trick played on old Joe during our ride.

Taking the Columbia pike we reached Alexandria about noon, where we halted to get word as to the whereabouts of the workmen we were to guard. After a wait of an hour or so, we got the route and left Alexandria behind us. The weather had been threatening rain since early morning; soon a cold dreary rain set in, making our march exceedingly disagreeable, and ponchos were unstrapped to put over our overcoats (a peculiarity of this garment is the fact that a trooper's top boots always receive the water shed from this delusive article of a soldier's outfit). The clay roads soon showed signs of mud and the longer we marched the muddier it became. Crossing Huntington creek we went into camp for the night, after the usual routine of caring for horses, eating our pork and hardtack. Pickets were posted, and we lay down, wrapped in wet blankets, to get what sleep we could. A soldier soon learns to get all the rest possible out of a night bivouac. Early next morning pickets were called in, horses fed, our scanty breakfast eaten, and we were again in the saddle. Only those who have been over Virginia roads can realize the condition of the highways; mud knee deep, mud to the right, mud to the left, also in front and rear. Our progress was necessarily slow, as we were running a field telegraph line. About noon we forded Acquia creek, and continued floundering through the mud until dusk. That night we camped at Pohick Church, an ancient structure

made from brick brought from England in old colonial days.

This little church in the woods is historic, not only from its age, but from the fact that in it Washington worshiped when living in Mount Vernon. The graveyard was in old English style, round the church. Some of the gravestones were of ancient date away back in the early days of the eighteenth century. It was interesting to note some of the queer epitaphs and old-time spelling, but we didn't have much time to act the antiquary. The interior of the church was a scene of vandalism; cavalry had evidently used it as a picket station; one pew only was left, the others having probably been used for firewood. The one remaining pew was said to have been spared because of its having been occupied by the Father of His Country. The writer had the honor of sleeping in it that night.

As we were in the enemy's country, we took every precaution against surprise. That night Capt. Hyatt opened his heart, and, producing a bottle of whisky, gave the lieutenant and the orderly sergeant and the writer a drink; but as he did not offer to pass it around to all the boys, sly glances were exchanged, and much solicitude was shown by the men as to the captain having a good bunking place. At dawn the bugle sounded, and all was preparation for an early start. Capt. Hyatt carried his saddle-bags carefully out of the church; as he disappeared a laugh went around among the boys. Presently old Joe returned in a towering passion, carrying two empty bottles, and, addressing the lieutenant, said, "By the gods, sir, this is shameful; the d——d rascals stole every drop of my liquor right from under my head, sir; never left a drop, sir." A roar of laughter from the boys followed, and one impudent fellow said, "Cap, it must have been the rats, they were out in droves last night."

We were soon on the march again through a drenching rain, and the roads getting worse every hour. Soon we reached the Occoquan river. Oppo-

site was the village. To cross was the question. We discovered a crude ferryboat tied up to the landing on the village side; the ferryboat was a flat-bottomed scow, and had evidently been used to carry horses and cattle across the river. After repeated calls, the boat was brought over to our side by the ferry man, and the work of embarking commenced. As but four horses and their riders could be carried at a trip, the crossing occupied much time, a great deal of patience, and the usual amount of forcible language com-

could find, and camped under the wagon, the guard taking turn at picket duty, but expecting every minute to be gobbled up by the Johnnies. At daylight we made another start; we knew the lads ahead of us were without grub, and we did our best. About noon we reached the place where the troop was camped. Before the wagon could be hauled into camp, the lads swarmed all over it, pulling and hauling to get at the hardtack and pork. It was only after repeated orders and some threats from Capt. Hyatt, as well as from



FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

mon to a trooper, but not used in elite society. Happily the crossing was accomplished without accident of any kind. Taking the road again we found the mud was so deep that it was impossible to keep the wagon up with the troop; a detail was left with the writer, with orders to follow as rapidly as possible. When the troop camped that night at Dumfries, the wagon was some miles in the rear, and the wet, hungry and tired boys went without supper. The wagon guard struggled with that prairie schooner until late at night, in fact until the horses could do no more; we then picked out as dry a spot as we

Lieut. Nicholetts, that order was restored and an orderly issue of rations was accomplished. The boys were certainly very hungry, having been without food for thirty-six hours. After feeding horses and men we pushed on; we soon reached Falmouth, as we discovered by passing regiments of infantry trudging through the mud. Our boys joked about the dough boys, as they called the infantry; and the latter, floundering in the mud up to their knees, retorted with the old chestnut about not finding a dead cavalryman, but all was good humor. At night we reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericks-

burg, finishing the work laid out for us. Next morning we started back over the same roads, rain still falling, men wet to the skin, with boots full of water. As our wagon was about empty, we made better time, camping at Dumfries that night. At the Occoquan we found the Fiftieth New York Engineers laying a pontoon bridge; crossing we marched to Pohick church; some foraging was done on the way, and part of the spoils was a sucking pig, of which our cook made a fresh pork stew; the result was disastrous to some who partook of it. The writer has lively recollections of the cramps endured that night, but relief from the pains was obtained after copious pulls from a black bottle that Capt. Hyatt had mysteriously procured from some unknown source. Leaving the venerable structure behind us, we were made happy by glimpses of the sun; soon the clouds cleared away, and we found much comfort in getting warmed up—only to find at Aquia creek that we must swim our horses over the stream. Pushing on we came upon a sutler's wagon, tongue broken and sutler absent; here was a chance for the boys to keep up the reputation of the regiment; in a short time that wagon was looted of a large share of its contents. We passed through Alexandria that afternoon, reached Washington about dusk, and Camp Relief shortly after.

We were seven days on the trip, and the writer is free to say that it was about the most uncomfortable seven days of his life.

SHERMAN, THE UNION SCOUT.

Among the guides and spies who assisted in the secret service work in which the regiment was engaged was James Henry Sherman. He lived in Virginia, was a Union man and lost a fortune by the war; was captured by Mosby and imprisoned for more than a year. Shortly after the battle of Antietam, Lieut. Holmes was conducted through the rebel lines on a secret service expedition by Sherman.

The spy told Lieut. Holmes that on one occasion his house was surrounded by the rebels, who were anxious to capture him, and that his little child, but seven years old, walked four miles through the forest to meet him and warn him of the danger. Sherman spoke of this act of his child with an emotion that brought tears to his eyes.

CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

In the month of January, 1863, Companies A, B, and M, under Major Rem-



HENRY H. MACK, REGIMENTAL SADDLER
SERGEANT.

ington, were sent to Southern Maryland for the purpose of stopping the contraband trade with the rebels across the Potomac. Our regiment had previously been very successful, not only in preventing goods from going into Virginia, but also in capturing, before they had a chance of firing a gun, a large number of Confederate Marylanders, who had enlisted in the cause of the rebels. The work of stopping the contraband trade had been turned

over to the gunboats on the river, but they were unable to prevent the traffic and we were sent there again, our destination at this time being Chapel Point, about three miles from Port Tobacco, in Charles County. In order to make us particularly vigilant, we were promised as prize money one-quarter of what the goods would be sold for; and whether or not this incentive made us more industrious, we did secure not only vast quantities of goods, but many mail bags destined for the Confederacy, as well as rebel recruits and spies on the way to Rebeldom. We left Camp Relief with two days' cooked rations, and crossed the bridge at the eastern branch, near the navy yard.

There had been a snowstorm the day previous and the weather was cold and disagreeable, and the roads muddy; the clay soil made things slippery, and we could not move faster than a walk, and to make things a little more folorn, it commenced to rain; and the rain soon turned to hail and sleet. Most of us wore the government "bootees," which were just long enough to let the water from our "talmas" run into them conveniently, and our woolen stockings were soon saturated. As the weather got colder, our feet were likely to get frozen, and we had to take them from the stirrups and try to shake some life into them.

We passed through a village called T. B., in Prince George County. It consisted of a store, a few houses, and a hotel, but we didn't stop at the hotel for dinner. Our dinner hour was whenever we felt hungry, then we would get a chunk of salt pork and a hard tack from our haversacks and dine. At night we reached Centreville in Charles County; the place was well situated, and all it lacked to make it a large place were buildings and inhabitants. At that time there were a house, a barn, a hog pen, and a corn-crib, one building on each corner of the cross roads. The postoffice was in the house, and I suppose the place looks the same today as it did then.

The officers went into the house, the men in the barn, or other place of

shelter, and, lying on their backs, elevated their feet to let the water run out of their "bootees": a few of the men took theirs off, but most of us kept them on for fear that we could not get them on again if we took them off while wet. We passed the night quite comfortably, that is, when we compare it with what we might have experienced without shelter.

We resumed the march in the morning, and the lads who took off their "bootees" had to ride in their stocking feet, and suffered considerably from the cold for this reason.

We arrived at Chapel Point in the



PATRICK BYRNE, KNOWN AS PRENDERGAST,
"A" CO.

afternoon, and took up our quarters in a large vacant store, with a "lean-to" on each side. The officers took one of the "lean-tos," the quartermaster and commissary departments the other. Company B had the first floor, the other companies went upstairs. The building stood on brick piers, which gave us plenty of air under the floor, which might have been appreciated in the summer time, but caused it to be rather cold in the winter. The men who

went up-stairs wished they were down, and those that were down-stairs wished they were up; however, we made the best we could of the situation. Our horses had no shelter, and on very cold nights we would turn them loose in a lot and let them run to keep warm.

We had scouting parties and patrols out night and day, not only in the counties previously mentioned, but sometimes in Anne Arundel and St. Mary's Counties, and it was difficult for the rebels to run our gauntlet. The negroes would often tell us where the goods were stored that the "rebs" intended to take across the river, and we usually found them in the planters' barns or outbuildings, and it made no difference what hour we got a "pointer" on goods or recruits, a scouting party immediately went after them, and we generally got the "stuff."

The articles confiscated were too numerous to mention, and consisted of everything that might be contained in a large country store with a drug store attachment. One day we struck a large prize, ten barrels of whisky. Of course it wouldn't do to put that in the quartermaster's department—oh, no! the men might get it—so it was put in the officers' room, where it would be safe—oh, yes, quite safe—officers wouldn't touch it, and then they were always around to watch it; they didn't go on the night scouts; oh, no, sergeants commanded then, as also when it stormed and was cold.

One Saturday night, I was officer of the guard. "Taps" had sounded and, seeing a light in the officers' quarters, I went in. I filled my pipe and was conversing with some of the officers who had not gone to bed, when a negro servant who was lying on the floor said, "My golly, what's this, all wet," as he laid his hand in a puddle on the floor, and then we smelt the whisky, and heard the goo-goo-good, as it ran out. The boys had got an augur and had bored through the floor into one of the barrels, then had taken the augur out and were catching the whisky in pails as it ran through the hole in the floor. I turned the barrel

over, for the whisky was running all around; two lieutenants jumped out of bed and tried to catch the men, but they made their escape. I didn't have to see the men to know who did the deed; when any deviltry was going on I could trace it to the men in Company B.

The major said he would have inspection at reveille, and find out who took the whisky. A few hours later I saw the men that I suspected, and shortly after saw a light in Company B's quarters, and, looking in, saw my men. One held a candle, another a cup, and the third a pail of whisky. They went around and woke up every man, and gave to all who would take it a drink. They had a good "jag" on themselves. I asked them how many painfults they had and they said three. I told them to hide it and go to sleep, that there would be inspection at reveille to find out who took the whisky. When the bugler sounded the call, I got the boys out, gave them some sassafras root to chew, to "take away their breath," and had them fall in for the inspection; my three "laddy-bucks" who got the whisky couldn't walk straight, but they had to turn out with the rest, and all of Company B were "present or accounted for." I put the tipsy fellows in the rear rank between sober men, who were instructed to steady their comrades. We were all in line when the officers came out, but when the major gave the command, "rear rank, open order, march!" my fellows made such a mess of the backward step I thought they had given themselves away, but it wasn't noticed, and although the major walked up and down the ranks, and eyed the men, he didn't discover anything; Company B was dismissed and the other companies inspected, but who took the whisky is still, to some, a mystery.

Chapel Point, where we had our headquarters for several months, derives its name from an ancient Catholic church near the river. It is built, we were told, of brick sent over from England by Lord Baltimore.

While we were stationed at this place

we suffered, or thought we did, from the need of fresh meat. It would not do to kill any of the cattle near our quarters, and one day some of my men asked permission to cross over to Virginia and kill a beef, for we could see cattle on the other side of the river. I told them to wait until the first dark night and then I would go across with them. Shortly after, when there was no moonlight, I picked out six men who were used to rowing, and started after the fresh meat after the command had retired for the night. The water was rather rough, and the river is very wide at this point, but we got across in two boats without difficulty. I would not let the men take any fire-arms, but we all had our sabres; we could see the fires of a rebel camp in the distance, and it would not do to make much noise, for their pickets could not be far off. It was just the kind of a night for the business we had on hand, occasionally starlight, but with heavy, black clouds obscuring the light.

We located a herd of cattle, and, as we got near them, they stampeded; whether they were frightened by us or by the distant thunder I don't know, but away they went towards a barn and we after them. Two of our boys each got a steer by the tail, while the rest of us tried to head them off from the herd. It was wild fun. First one of us would go down, then another, but the lads who held the tails hung fast. Finally, we succeeded in downing one of the steers and we let the other go.

We killed and skinned the animal and cut him up. While this was going on, the black clouds increased, and the flashes of lightning gave warning of a storm.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and when we got to the river the waves were running high and our boats were nearly filled with water. I thought we had better wait until daylight, but the danger of being captured decided us to try the river in the storm. We baled out our boats and put two quarters of beef in the stern of each, then I directed the men to pull up the river

when the big waves came and try to cross the river when the waves permitted, and in the event of a boat upsetting, to cling to the boat and the waves would drive it ashore somewhere. One man held to the stern of each boat until it was ready, then, giving it a shove, jumped in the stern and held on to the beef while the others did the rowing. I was rowing, and every big wave that struck us nearly filled the boat, and kept two men baling for dear life to get ready for the next big wave. The rain fell in torrents as the storm increased, and the men wanted to throw the beef overboard. Except when it lightened, we couldn't see a boat's length ahead of us, and we depended on the flashes to see where we were going. We had lost sight of the other boat entirely. We kept our beef, and when we saw the bay we wanted to run into, I made a quick turn and headed down the river. Then came a hard struggle with the waves, but at last we succeeded in getting behind the point and making a landing. We were nearly exhausted, and after resting awhile we took our meat and went to camp. We left the beef at the cook house and I told the boys to say nothing and go to bed and I would look after the other boat.

I was worried about the lads in the other boat, but said nothing and went back to the river, where I "helloed" until I was hoarse, but received no answering cry. I could see nothing on the river but the white caps on the waves, and hear nothing but the thunder and the sullen roar of the waters.

I built a fire, hoping it might guide them, and sat down by it and smoked my pipe until daylight. Many years have passed since that night, but even as I write this the chills run over me. At the first streak of light, I saw the four boys out in the bay up to their waists in water standing on a sand bar. I was not long in getting to them with a boat, and brought them ashore. They had seen my light and tried to make themselves heard, but the storm was too severe. Trying to make the bay,

they struck the bar and their boat was overturned and drifted away. The meat was lost, but they were thankful to be left on the bar.

The men in the company relished their fresh beef for breakfast, but they little knew what we had passed through to get it for them. The captain asked me where the fresh meat came from. I told him to ask the cook. The cook told him that all he knew about it was that he found it in the cook house. We never told him how we got it, no complaint was ever made, and we never went after any more.

We remained at Chapel Point a few months, and then went to Leonardtown, where we arrived March 12, 1863, relieving Capt. Ellsworth, of G company, who had been in command at Leonardtown since the first of the year. Company G had previously been at Chapel Point, and when we relieved them at Leonardtown, Capt. Ellsworth and his command went to Washington.

LEONARDTOWN.

Leonardtown, Md., is situated on St. Clements bay, an arm of the Potomac, and is about three miles from the river. In 1863, it had about one thousand inhabitants, and its principal products were tobacco and slaves.

It was the county seat of St. Mary's County, and contained among the buildings several stores, two hotels, two churches, the court house and the jail.

We were sent to Leonardtown after having stopped the contraband trade with the rebels in the vicinity of Port Tobacco.

A year previous Major Remington had captured a company of rebel recruits that was organized in Leonardtown, and the inhabitants naturally had a strong dislike to our regiment, in fact, they sent word to Remington that there were enough men left in town to whip him and his command if they dared to venture there.

The next day the major marched his men from the camp at Chapel Point to Leonardtown and remained there for

several hours, but saw no evidence of a desire for a fight.

There was a strong rebel sentiment among the white people, which showed itself rather offensively in the women. They would elevate their noses, draw their skirts close to their limbs, and take all the distance they could when they had occasion to pass us on the streets, and if provoked would entertain the offender with a strong "tongue lashing."

One old maid, with an old horse pistol, drove off one of our scouting parties at her home, where we had been sent to look for contraband goods. She stood on her front stoop and threatened to shoot the first man that attempted to enter her house. She was terribly in earnest, and, not wishing to hurt the woman, we beat a retreat, and the old maid was heralded as the heroine of Leonardtown.

A day or two later another scouting party went to her house, and were met by the old maid and her big pistol as before, and while we were discussing the question of the right of search, a big trooper went around the back way and, before she could realize it, had her in his arms and her pistol in his belt. She cried and said she had been insulted. We searched her house, but found nothing dangerous except the big horse pistol.

It is not generally known, but the majority of the people of Maryland were probably in favor of secession, but were prevented from a free exercise of their opinions by the Union troops in the cities and towns, who were present at the voting places, and who had given the impression to the people that men in favor of secession would be arrested. I know such was the case where I was stationed at the time of the election of 1861, and where a very light vote indeed was polled, and the members of the legislature did not dare to vote for secession. When we arrived at Leonardtown we were quartered in the court house, and remained until a session of the court, when we moved into a church.

An infantry company was stationed

at Goff's Landing, at the entrance to the bay. Two privates took a small boat and rowed to the head of the bay, where there was a store, and the stock in trade was principally whisky. Now, this commodity is what the soldiers were after, and as they had no money to buy it and the storekeeper would not trust them, one of the men went behind the counter and helped himself to a drink and gave another to his comrade, and then they returned to their camp. The storekeeper swore out a warrant, had the private arrested who stole the whisky, and he had been in jail three months awaiting his trial when the court opened. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to two and a half years in the penitentiary. A marine from a gunboat had stabbed a comrade while on shore and was sentenced to one and a half years in the penitentiary. A negro slave stabbed another slave at a frolic, and was sentenced to receive fifty lashes on the bare back. The sheriff gave him the whipping in the yard, and then turned the slave over to his master. The other cases were civil ones, and of little interest. When the trials were over we moved back into the court house. The officers had rooms at a hotel. One night I had been to the major's room to report "All quiet on the Potomac." I returned rather late, and when I got in the court house yard I heard queer noises and went to investigate. I found two of our men with a hammer and chisel at work on a large stone in the wall. I asked them what they were doing, and they said they were going to liberate the soldier, so I turned about and went to bed.

The next morning when the sheriff went to feed the prisoners, the soldier was missing. He had cut through the floor, crawled to the opening in the wall and escaped.

Suspecting that the soldier had gone to his company, the sheriff organized a posse and went to Goff's Landing to get him. The captain told the sheriff the man was there, then turning to his men he said he thought the soldier had been punished enough for his offense,

and if they thought so they would not let the man be taken. The men turned out with their muskets and the sheriff concluded that he did not want the man, and returned to town without him. Nor did he ever try again to get him.

One day, fire broke out in one of the hotels; the smoke came through the roof, but though we went in every room we could find no fire. Finally we cut a hole through the roof and found a closet without a door. In it were two valises. One was filled with silk handkerchiefs, knives and quinine; the other valise, which had burst open, was filled with small tin cans, which looked like condensed milk cans. Some of the cans had burst open and the thick liquid which they contained had taken fire, probably by the exposure to the air. We could not put the fire out with water, and had to use sand. Some of our men got their hands burnt. The citizens did not offer to help us, and one of them remarked that the place might as well burn down as be cut down; but the damage to the building was slight.

We made a great many captures of contraband goods, and kept such a sharp watch that the trade was entirely given up, and after a month or so without making a capture, the brigadier quartermaster came from Point Lookout to sell the goods we had taken. And now it is my sad duty to record how some one got the best of "Scott's goo" by what the rebels would call a mean Yankee trick; whether such tricks are peculiar to Yankees I doubt, but the meanness I admit.

Accompanying the quartermaster were two men in citizen's clothing. the sale began and the goods were offered to the highest bidder. The sale dragged slowly along. The people did not seem to want the medicines, notions, clothing and stuff that was offered, and but little money was realized. The quartermaster waited until most of the men had gone to dinner, and there were but a few women and children around, and then he put up the ten barrels of whisky and knocked

them down to his friend, supposed to be an officer, at eighty cents a gallon, one man who came back after dinner said he would have given \$2.50 per gallon for it.

The unsold stuff, and there was piles of it, was loaded on the steamer and taken to Baltimore to be sold, and

when the returns came there was about \$1,300 prize money to be distributed among the men, so that each man's share was small, probably but one-quarter of what it should have been.

On the 18th of June, 1863, Companies A, B and M, from lower Maryland, returned to Washington.



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., LOOKING EAST FROM TREASURY BUILDING.

Building shown on the left, with flag pole, is Willard's Hotel, famous during the war as a resort for army officers.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE GETTYSBURG, IN 1863—THE CAVALRY SERVICE—THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

THE first six months of 1863 were active ones for the different companies of the regiment, which were kept moving from place to place.

"Ofttimes came boots and saddles,
With its hurrying to and fro;
And saddling up in busy haste,
For what, we did not know;
Sometimes 'twas but a false alarm;
Sometimes it meant a fight;
Sometimes it came in daytime,
And sometimes it came at night."

January 7, 1863, Companies A, B and C, stationed at Poolesville, Md., were relieved by Companies E, F and I. Companies A and B were sent to Chapel Point and Company C to Camp Relief.

In January Companies A, B, G and M, employed in guarding the Potomac from Fort Washington to Point Lookout, were, at the request of Gen. Schenck, transferred to the eighth army corps.

January 14th—Detachment from Company B captured six prisoners in lower Maryland.

April 1st—Companies C, D, G and L were at Camp Relief; E, F and I in upper Maryland; A, B and M in lower Maryland, and H and K at their camp in Washington.

April 13th—Expedition to Falmouth, Va., under Lieut. Nicholetts.

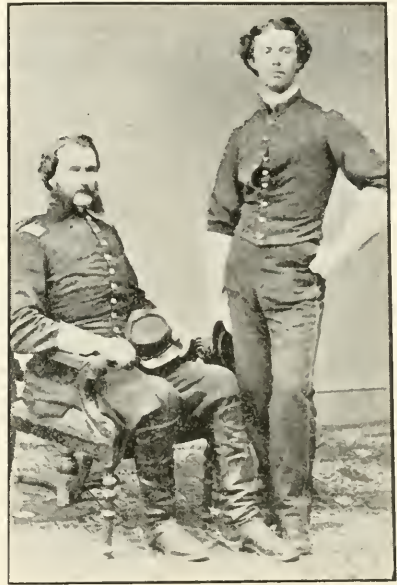
April 17th—Expedition to Falmouth, Va., under Adj. Swain.

May 11th—Excitement in camp; men under arms expecting to be called to repel an attack of Stuart's Cavalry; couriers were sent to alarm the garrisons at the forts and warn the pickets.

May 16th—Company L men captured at Poolesville exchanged; four companies, C, D, G and L, were at Camp Relief.

May 20th—Capt. Campbell and Company B returned from scout with ten prisoners.

June 11th—The companies then at Camp Relief and Camp Vigilance started on an expedition; went to Poolesville, Md., crossed the Potomac



FRANKLIN B. HALLOCK, CAPTAIN "K" CO.
CHELLIS D. SWAIN, ADJUTANT,
BREVET-MAJOR.

at White's Ford at 3 o'clock the following morning, passed through Leesburg, reconnoitered in the neighborhood of Aldie, and returned to Camp Relief, via Fairfax, with a few prisoners.

June 12th—Lieut. Fred Starkey committed suicide at his quarters at Camp Relief; no reason is known for the act, and it is supposed that he was temporarily insane. He was buried in the cemetery at the Soldiers' Home on the 14th.

In early May, Hooker's magnificent army, which was expected to "wipe

Lee's from the face of the earth," was defeated at Chancellorsville, owing to generalship that could plan but not execute. The eleventh corps was badly routed by the flanking charge of Jackson's men; and the utter rout of the whole army was saved only by the generalship of Pleasanton, who, by almost superhuman efforts, concentrated an artillery force upon Jackson's victorious advancing lines, which held them in check, aided by the magnificent charge of Keenan and his gallant troopers of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

"With their strong, brown faces bravely pale,
For fear their proud attempt should fail;
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes."

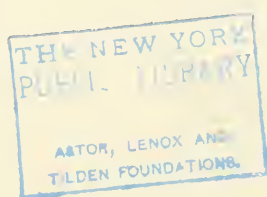
The Sixth New York and Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry regiments, less than 1,000 strong, supported the guns of the artillery until the infantry could be brought up to protect them.

From this time on the cavalry of the army of the Potomac cut a conspicuous figure in its operations in Maryland and Virginia. The battle of Brandy Station had been fought and won by the Union troopers, and it was soon followed by further successes at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville. The infantrymen's taunt to the passing trooper, "Whoever saw a dead cavalryman," was passing into disuse. Two years of campaigning, with its drills, its scouts, its skirmishes, and battles, was fashioning the troopers of Pleasanton into a force that finally developed into "that terrible cavalry of Sheridan," which scattered the Southern horsemen before it like leaves before the wind. The months of May and June were eventful ones for the Union forces. Lee, encouraged by his success at Chancellorsville, decided to again invade the North. He had an army, of which it had been said that "there was not in its ranks a barefoot soldier in tattered gray but believed Lee would lead him into Baltimore and Washington, if not into Philadelphia and New York."

Leaving Stuart guarding the passes into the valley of the Shenandoah to prevent a flank attack by the army of the Potomac, Lee moved his army with all the speed possible, to the Potomac, crossed into Maryland and headed for Pennsylvania, thinking to capture Harrisburg and possibly Philadelphia and Baltimore, and dictate terms of peace in front of the forts at Washington before he could be headed off by Hooker's army. Grant, after months of siege operations, had not yet taken Vicksburg, and it was the proud boast of the rebels that Pemberton's army, which was holding that place, would eat one another before it surrendered. These were days of excitement and anxiety in the North. The dissatisfaction with Hooker as commander of the army was openly and loudly expressed. The Northern "Stay-at-Homes" and "Copperheads" made use of this, their great opportunity, to denounce the war and to demand peace at any price; while loyalists of stoutest hearts, discouraged by the outlook of affairs, demanded a change in the management of the army of the Potomac, which had suffered from the beginning of the war, through the incompetency of its commanders and the jealousies that existed among its subordinate officers. The following lines from the pen of Edmund Clarence Stedman, who contributed many patriotic verses to the cause of the Union, very forcibly convey the feeling of the loyal North at the time:

"Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The capital, making faces wan;
End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a *man*!

Give us a man of God's own mold,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of the politician's pen;
Give us a man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying-cry, and then
Abraham Lincoln, give us a *man*!





FAIRFAX

FIGHT WITH GEN. WADE HAMPTON'S BRIGADE REBEL CAVALRY.

Said to be a war time sketch, but it does not correctly represent the fight on the 27th of June, 1863, which was mainly on the left of the Corduroy road, shown in the picture, where the squadron of Scott's 600, armed with pistols and sabres only, met Hampton's Brigade face to face in its charges instead of exposing its flank to the enemy as shown in the picture. It is regretted that the time and means at the disposal of the makers of this book did not allow them to have a correct picture of the "affair," made that would have done justice to it and to the book.

No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
 And to march and countermarch our brave,
 Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
 And swamp grass covers each nameless
 grave.
 Nor another, whose fatal banners wave,
 Aye, in disaster's shameful van;
 Nor another to bluster, and lie, and rave—
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a *man*!

The Rebellion was now at its flood tide of success. The Union prisoners picked up by the rebels in their unobstructed advance were told, "You have tried and failed to take our capital and now we will take yours." There is little doubt that they confidently believed that they would. For several days previous to the 25th of June, Hooker, whose army was covering Washington (reaching from Thoroughfare Gap to Edwards' Ferry), was uncertain as to the intended movements of Lee. Word reached him on the 25th that Lee, with his main army, was headed for Pennsylvania, while his cavalry, under Imboden and Jenkins, had been raiding as far north as the Susquehanna River, putting the country through which they passed under requisition for supplies

for Lee's army. Hooker, leaving his camps on the south side of the Potomac, on the 25th and 26th crossed the river at the various ferries and fords between Washington and Point of Rocks, and moved north as rapidly as possible to head off Lee in his northern invasion. Stuart, on the 25th, learning of Hooker's movements, decided to pass around the left flank and along the rear of his army, in accordance with instructions and suggestions from Gens. Lee and Longstreet. He was expected by this movement to cut off Hooker's communications and supplies from Washington, and by doing all the damage he could, threaten the safety of the capital, and cause the withdrawal of troops from the army of the Potomac for its protection. He was then to pass as rapidly as possible around the right flank of our army and join Lee wherever he could be found. His junction with Lee's army was delayed by a number of fortuitous circumstances, among which was the fight at Fairfax, described in the following chapter.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet
 And roll of the drum
 And keen ring of bugle
 The cavalry come.
 Sharp clang the steel scabbards,
 The bridle chains ring,
 And foam from red nostrils
 The wild chargers fling.
 Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
 That quivers below,
 Scarce held by the curb-bit
 The fierce horses go!
 And the grim-visaged colonel,
 With ear-rending shout,
 Peals forth to the squadrons
 The order: "*Trot out!*"

One hand on the sabre
 And one on the rein,
 The troopers move forward
 In line on the plain.

As rings the word "*Gallop!*"
 The steel scabbards clank,
 And each rowel is pressed
 To horse's hot flank;
 And swift is their rush
 As the wild torrents flow
 When it pours from the crag
 On the valley below.

"*Charge!*" thunders the leader;
 Like shaft from the bow
 Each mad horse is hurled
 On the wavering foe.
 A thousand bright sabres
 Are gleaming in air;
 A thousand dark horses
 Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
 Of aught may betide,
 Like demons, not mortals,
 The wild troopers ride.

* * * * *

—FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Singing in tune, how the scabbards
Loud on the stirrup irons rang,
Clinked as the men rose in the saddle,
Fell as they sank with a clang.

What is it moves by the woodland,
Jaded and weary and weak,
Gray backs—a cross on their banner—
Yonder the foe whom we seek."

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge;
Forward! Draw Sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge! Like a hurricane, charge!

THE FAIRFAX FIGHT, BY CAPT. DAGWELL, SERGT. HARTWELL, SERGT. MORRIS AND
LIEUT. HOLMES—THREE DAYS WITH STUART'S CAVALRY, BY CAPT. DAG-
WELL—BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM FAIRFAX, BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

BY CAPT. GEO. A. DAGWELL.

ON June 26, 1863, Col. James B. Swain received orders from the War Department to send a squadron of his regiment to Centreville, Va., on a reconnaissance.

The squadron numbered eighty-two enlisted men and five officers. The officers were Capt. Campbell, First Lieut. A. B. Holmes and Second Lieut. Hazelton of B company and First Lieut. G. A. Dagwell of C company, all under the command of Maj. S. P. Remington. The squadron left Washington in the afternoon, crossed the Potomac at Georgetown, and took the road for Fairfax Court House, struck the Alexandria and Leesburg pike at Annandale and arrived at Fairfax about 10 P. M., camped in the court house yard, posted guards, and as we had with us cooked rations we were soon ready to press the bosom of old mother earth in slumber; but it being a very dark night, the large number of fires burning in the deserted camps of the Potomac army, which it had left the day before, attracted our attention more than sleep did. First in one direction and then in another, a fire

would flash up for a moment, as though some unseen hand had replenished it; some of the lads thought it was powder that flared up as the fire reached it. To say the least, it looked weird and uncanny in the darkness, and then, in our imagination, we thought we could see persons flitting by and around some of these fires, but was it our imagination? At 12 o'clock three or four lads and myself went out and visited some of these fires, and found that it was coffee and bacon that was burning, and one of the fires that we had seen imaginary forms flitting around had evidently been very recently disturbed; because when the coffee was first dumped on the fire, there must have been nearly a sack of it, but it had been pretty well burned around the sides and over the top of the pile, and right through the center of it you could plainly see where a stick had recently been run through it and had turned up fresh coffee on top of the burnt portions. We returned to camp and I reported the matter to the major, who decided it was some farmers or the citizens from the town. The guards

were duly instructed to keep a sharp watch on any fire that looked as though it was being disturbed. I did not get more than two hours' sleep that night. The next morning we were early in the saddle and on our way to Centreville. At the foot of the hill going out of the Court House we watered our horses in a small stream that crossed the road, and that takes its rise from springs in a ravine that starts directly in rear of the Court House from a point near the road leading to Fairfax Station, and



GEO. A. DAGWELL, CAPTAIN "C" CO.

Wounded and captured at Annandale after Fairfax fight.

terminates at the west end of the town, where we watered our horses. I am desirous of locating this ravine as clearly as possible because here is where the fighting began later in the day. We soon reached and made a square turn to the left upon the Centreville road and at the foot of the plain crossed a stream that flows in the direction of Fairfax Station, three miles off on our left. We arrived at Centreville about 10 a. m. and found some hospital stores left by Hooker's army; we

took an inventory of them, boxed them up, and left them in charge of a store-keeper of the town. In the meantime we had seen, or thought we could see at different times, mounted men move out and in the woods down at Fairfax Station. It was a long distance away and was lower down than we were, and not having any field glass we could not decide whether it was farm stock, bush-whackers or citizens, but we did decide to move along and get on to the Washington side of the station. When we reached the intersection of the Alexandria and Leesburg pike, our column was fired into from the woods on the left. The major dismounted two sets of fours of Company C, and sent them into the woods; the horse of Tom Noble, one of the dismounted men, got loose and started on a run for the Court House, which could be seen in the distance, three miles away. I immediately started in pursuit and overtook him two or three times before we reached the Court House, but could not capture him; the horse made right for our old camp of the night before. In the meantime, Sergt. Maxted, Corp. McDonald and three men of C company, composing the advance guard, were to the left of the road examining the contents of farm wagons that were being loaded by the citizens with everything of value they could find in the abandoned camps; McDonald met me in the road right at the entrance of our old camp, where the runaway horse had just before entered. I was about to follow and make an easy capture of the horse when I discovered the Court House yard was full of Johnnies. They had been having a target practice I judged by the looks of a piece of paper I could see hung to the shaggy bark of one of the trees. The loose horse had diverted their attention and they were not slow in seeing me when I presented myself. They had the drop on me and called on me to surrender. I judged there were 40 or 50 (there were 65) of them and that they were Mosby's men. I whirled my horse to the right and fairly lifted him off the ground with the spurs, and as they fired I dashed

down the hill across the creek and up the rise on the other side, halted, then signaled with my sabre and halloed for the major and the column to come on until I was too hoarse to make a noise. Sergt. Maxted came to me at this time from the farm wagons to our left, Major Remington and the boys were coming as fast as horseflesh could bring them. The fastest horses reached me first. As quickly as I could I told the major there was a force of Mosby's bushwhackers in our old camp and asked him to let me lead C company up the ravine in the rear of the Court House so as to get between the Johnnies and the woods. I immediately crossed the crest and took the Court House side of the ravine; when we got to the top of the hill we found the Johnnies had not waited for us to get between them and the woods. They were drawn up in line on the opposite side of the ravine. The major, seeing the situation, gave the command "on the right into line," just as I came opposite to the left of the Confederates. While we were going into line they commenced firing; the distance was not much over 150 yards, yet I do not believe there was a man or a horse hurt at this time; some of the bullets would go over us high enough for all purposes of safety, but most of them would strike the ground in front and glance over us; some of these would sing so close that we would dodge in spite of the determination to the contrary. Finally Sergt. John Kerwick had to dodge, and he blurted out in a savage voice, loud enough for me to hear, "Judas, Leftenant! are we going to be left stuck up here like a lot of jackdaws to be shot at by thim dirty divils?" I repeated the sergeant's query to the major; and realizing by the expressions on the men's faces and my own peculiar feelings that immediate action was necessary, I did not wait for the major's answer, but threw up my sabre and gave the order for C company to charge. With a mighty yell that had been pent up for five or six minutes, and which seemed an hour, we went for them; down our side and up their side of the ravine, but they did

not wait for us. They broke into a dead run in the direction of Fairfax Station. Some of them kept to the road (corduroy and pike) others took to the woods. Of the corduroy road I must say a word. It was made by Gen. Sigel in '61 and '62, during the muddy season, and extended from Fairfax Court House to Fairfax Station; and from its long disuse it was in a very dilapidated condition on the 27th day



JAMES S. M'DONALD, SERGT.-MAJOR, AS CORPORAL "C" CO.

Wounded and captured at Fairfax.

of June, 1863. Some of the logs were gone, three or four were in their places, next there were as many more sunk into the earth 12 or 14 inches, some of them broken into two parts and their ends standing at an angle of 45 degrees, making it one of the most undesirable race courses I ever undertook to catch Johnny Rebs on; and then to make it

more aggravating, there was a fine dirt road on the left of the corduroy road, about twelve inches higher in grade. Yet at the breakneck speed we were going we could not get our horses off the corduroy road and on to the pike without stopping, and that we (Lieut. Holmes and myself) would not do, because we were closing in very fast on three of the Johnnies that were on the "cords" with us. When we first struck the road I saw Private Malone of C company chasing one of the enemy all alone across the open space to the left of the road, swinging his sabre at a right moulinet, yelling like a wild Indian and calling on the reb to "Surrender, ye divil, or I'll shoot the top ave the head ave ye." I smile today when I recall the picture of Malone about thirty yards behind his man swinging a sabre in a continuous flashing circle, and threatening to shoot the top of the man's head off. Malone, like a number of other men in the company, had no other arms but the sabre; their six-shooters were either out of order, stolen, lost or—er—sold.

Another laughable affair which I saw, but did not understand until I heard the particulars later, was a reb up a tree, his horse dead by the side of the road, and under the tree was one of my buglers, Josea Silva, a Spaniard; he was trying to make the reb understand that he wanted him to surrender, but Jo could not use the right language. "I shoote de dam head off, shoote de pop dead sickey, vamose piyah carajoe." The reb threw down to the ground two revolvers and a haversack as a token of surrender. Yet he dare not come down because the bugler kept up his menacing chatter and sabre exercise. Silva got off of his horse, and, slapping the ground with his sabre, and ordered him down out of the tree, using the words "vamose," "piyah," "carajoe," and when this didn't bring him, he threatened to "shoote dead." The bugler was fixed like Malone, and did his shooting with his mouth while he threatened with his sabre. The reb, in telling of the affair afterward, said that when he threw his

pistols to the ground as a token of surrender, he was going to follow them, but Silva kept up such an unintelligible chatter and furious pantomime with his sabre, that he thought he was crazy and would butcher him the moment he struck the ground. He and the bugler were relieved from their ludicrous predicament by another C company man going to the rear with a prisoner.

Lieut. Holmes and I were fast closing in our three rebs, that were on our private race course, and we demanded their surrender; but as they made no



JOS. A. SMITH, 1ST SERGEANT, "C" CO., AS
COMMISSARY-SERGEANT.

Wounded and captured at Fairfax.

sign we commenced throwing lead at them, and discovered that it was a very difficult matter, firing over our horses' heads on such a horrible road, to even hit as large a mark as we had in horses and riders. Just as I was about to fire my last load another laughable affair occurred. The rebs were riding in 1, 2, 3, order, one leading the other from ten to twenty paces, the second or middle one was riding a paint or calico horse; he was pushing his horse in

every way he could to get greater speed out of him, when his saddle girth broke, and the horse went clear from under him, leaving him sitting in the middle of the road. Such a ludicrous look as he cast behind him, no man ever saw but once and lived through it. The reb bounded to his feet and passed through an opening in the fence that was made for a small gate, and made for the house twenty-five yards back from the road. This house was in a small clearing on the right of the road going towards the station, and the only clearing and house I remember having seen on either side of the road. Lieut. Holmes fired at him, being on my right; I sent my last shot at the rear man ahead of us, who was a large man with a full ragged red beard. In the meantime Lieut. Holmes' reb kept right on for the front entrance to the house, evidently unhurt by the lead sent after him by the lieutenant, but some one of the lads behind us opened fire on him just as he reached the steps leading up to the door. And I have always thought it was either Sergt. John Kerwick or Tom Clark that opened this fire, because they were both excellent shots with the pistol. At any rate the reb plunged head first against the top step, turning completely over on his back with his heels against the door, dead.

Directly afterwards, the big reb pulled in his horse and surrendered; he was wounded in the left side just above the belt. We soon overtook and captured the other reb, and hastily turning them over to one of the men—a private of B company, I think—we got upon the dirt road, and started anew with all the speed we could get out of our horses to overhaul those of our men who had got ahead of us on the better road. I don't know where I dropped Lieut. Holmes, but when I reached the last clearing on the left, and a point that was about fifty yards to the top of the hill, where the road leads down towards the station, James White, with others that had halted in this clearing, said to me as I rode up:

"Leftinent, don't go over that hill, or ye are a goner."

"And why not?"

"'Cause, sir, there is more then a tousand rebs beyant that hill; the station is *black* with the *gray* divels, and they have artillarary wid them too."

I immediately rode forward to a point where I could see them, and saw that it was a brigade of rebel cavalry two thousand strong at least, and a battery of artillery. They were mounting and



GEORGE RORK, SERGEANT MAJOR,
AS SERGEANT "C" CO.
Wounded and captured at Fairfax.

getting into line with the greatest haste, and everything seemed to be in confusion. I rode back to the opening and sent one of the lads, whose horse looked fresher than the others, to the rear to find and tell Maj. Remington that there was a brigade of rebel cavalry and a battery of artillery at the station, and that they would be on us immediately; also that I would report to him at the rear as soon as our horses would permit in their blown condition. I believe

there were eight men at this advanced point with me, when we discovered that we had driven in the advance guard of a rebel brigade. We supposed we had been fighting and chasing Mosby's jayhawkers. My! but weren't we surprised? Think of eighty-seven cavalymen flushed with victory, and happy in the thought that they had met and downed their enemy Mosby, and run him that long distance, to find themselves in a pocket, with their horses so badly blown that they could hardly be turned in the other direction, confronted by at least two thousand rebs and a battery of artillery, and the rebs within six hundred yards. Great Cæsar! how I wished my horse was fresh! I for one should not have waited on the ceremony of my going; but I did not say so. I got off my horse and led him around a circle of twelve or fifteen yards to get him headed rearward. Poor fellow, his nose was almost on the ground, the sweat lathered all over him; he was panting like a dog, his body and legs in a continuous tremble. Surely he was in a sorry plight to take me out of danger; and a cavalryman depends on his horse when it becomes necessary to run as much and probably more than he does in chasing an enemy. I doubt whether he would abandon his horse in such an emergency as we were in and trust to his own heels; he would rather trust to his horse if he did not carry him a dozen yards, and so it was with the eight men on the brink of capture at Fairfax Station. But our horses were gaining strength in these short and precious moments with every quick, panting breath they drew; and just as my horse had got his head up on a line with his back, the major, who had halted and got the men together, suddenly came in sight with the balance of the squadron, at a swinging lope. I yelled to him that we would all be gobbled up if we did not get to the rear.

His answer was, "What!"

I said, "Turn back, turn the other way and run, there is a whole rebel brigade under the hill."

His answer was, "Front into line—

march!" That settled it, the gallant old boy had blood in his eye, and was always in for a fight whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself, and say d—n the conditions. I shall always believe the major thought at this point of the fight that we were still fighting Mosby. Remington was a brave, dashy soldier, and a loyal comrade all through our term of service, and up to the time of his death in civil life; so you will easily understand why his appearance and dash at this time made me feel as though we could whip



JOHN MARSDEN, SERGEANT "C" CO.
Wounded and captured at Fairfax.

the whole brigade. As I took my place on the right of the line with my company, my horse, though jaded, was in somewhat better shape for business; the men had lost their numbers and sets of fours and were in two ranks, three and four ranks. As soon as they were got into ranks, they counted off, and were ready for further orders. In the meantime the head of the rebel column came up over the hill, and the ball was about to open in earnest. They were mounted on dark gray

horses and came on at the trot, and as they got closer they slowed down to a walk, and when they got within thirty yards of us they halted, and the three officers at the head of the column cursed and ordered with no effect; they evidently did not like the silent and grim appearance of our squadron. Probably the fellows we had driven in on them from the Court House had demoralized them. We faced each other for a space of twelve or fifteen seconds, before a shot was fired; the enemy were in column, that filled the road from the open space that we were in back to the top of the hill. They were coming over, while our squadron stood in line in the open space in the woods on the left of the road, at an angle of forty degrees, waiting.

"The troopers sat in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall;
And they watched the whirl from their breath-
less ranks,
And their spurs were close to their horses'
flanks."

Ah! At last the real ball has commenced. The rebs do not come on, although their officers curse and order them forward; but they have opened fire on us, and looking down our line I just got one fair view of the men's white, set faces, when the major gave the order to charge, and we went for them. Those of us that had loaded pistols used them, and those that did not went in with sabres, and the rebs we did not mow down or tumble over in that charge tumbled over each other to get out of the way in their desperate efforts to get back to the rear. The energy displayed by those still coming over the hill to get to the front caused a jam and confusion that was good to look at, and if we had had a force of anything like equal proportions, or the whole of our own regiment, we could have whipped them in short order. They got loose from their tangle by breaking off into the woods; we followed and pressed them back over the hill, and at this stage of the fight I discovered that I was entirely alone. I dismounted and led my horse around a

tree to face him the other way, and then mounted and rode back to the point that we made the charge from. As I came out of the woods upon the road I saw several rebs either dead or wounded, and on the opposite side of the road at the edge of the woods a reb major. He had struck the ground face down, and his legs were astraddle of



JAS. MOUNT, "C" CO.
Wounded and captured at Fairfax.

a tree. I found Sergt. Kerwick and four men in the cleared ground, and asked where the major and the rest of the men were. Two of them said they saw the major and the men with him dismounted in a hole or pit on our left front, and that they could not get to him because the rebs were between them and the major. They also told me they saw Summers, of C company, killed. Summers was a near-sighted man, and did not know the others had

halted and were retreating. They halted, but he either did not hear or realize his danger, because he kept right on swinging his sabre right up to the enemy's lines, and was shot down.

We could hear firing and yelling away to our left and front, and it seemed to be getting farther and farther away. There was not a live reb in sight when I started with my five men to the rear by the road we had come. As we turned a bend in the road we saw five or six rebs in the edge of the woods, evidently waiting to see who we were. Three of them rode out into the road, and one of them, who had a carbine, dropped it on us and demanded our surrender; we were so close to them that I could see it was a Sharps carbine, and that it used a tape cap, and I could also see that the hammer was cocked, but that there was no tape coming out of the box. My heart went back nearer to its right position, and I jerked up my sabre, which was hanging to my wrist by the sabre knot, and, bringing the old cheese knife to a tierce point, we dashed upon them. The reb snapped his carbine on us and backed his horse on the corduroy and took to the woods; the others followed him. We kept right down the road at an easy lope for perhaps a quarter of a mile, where we found our man with our two prisoners. I asked him whether he had seen any rebs; he said no, and asked for the rest of the squadron. I told him that they were all probably captured or killed; that we had run into a brigade of reb cavalry in camp at the station, and that we had got separated from the major by his swing to the left of the road. When we got to Fairfax Court House, I had seven or eight men and five prisoners. At the Court House we found an unexpected addition to our force in Tom Noble, the man whose horse I chased into the Court House yard at the beginning of the trouble. He had procured a new mount, and a laughable one, too. Tom had found in one of the barns of the town a ring-bone mare; he had her harnessed with

a blind bridle, rope reins, and saddled with a feather pillow. One of the boys loaned him a surcingle to hold his improvised saddle in place. We took the pike for Washington, walking our horses to breathe them, with a sharp watch to the rear.

This fight, so short, sharp and disastrous to our small squadron, was not without compensation to the Union cause. It was another lesson added to several others that month of June, '63, to the Confederate cavalry, that the Union troopers were ready at all times to dispute with them that boasted supremacy they so long had claimed under the leadership of Stuart, Hampton, and Lee. There is no doubt that it contributed to the delay in Stuart's march around the rear of the army of the Potomac, and this affair at Fairfax Court House had its bearing upon the battle of Gettysburg. A comrade, a non-commissioned officer of C company, wrote me that he read some years ago that Gen. Lee laid the loss of the battle of Gettysburg to the non-co-operation on the part of Stuart's Cavalry with his army; and Stuart laid the blame to the fight that he had near Fairfax with a body of Federal cavalry, which prevented him from crossing the Potomac on the afternoon of the 27th of June, as he had planned. Now, as he met none but our command on that date, we must be credited with the delay to his force. Maj. McClellan, the adjutant-general of Gen. Stuart's staff, and the officer who signed the parole papers at Brookville, says in his history of Stuart's Cavalry that "Stuart withdrew from contact with Hancock's corps to Buckland, whence he marched on the 26th of June to the vicinity of Wolf Run Shoals, and on the 27th through Fairfax Court House to Dranesville, which he reached late in the afternoon of the 27th. Gen. Hampton had a sharp encounter near Fairfax Court House with a squadron of cavalry from Scott's 900, commanded by Maj. Remington, which was on its way to Centreville. Maj. Remington and eighteen of his men escaped, but with a loss of eighty of his squadron; this encounter

cost Hampton's Brigade the loss of a most gallant officer, Maj. John H. Whitaker, of the First North Carolina Cavalry, who was killed while leading the charge."

Now our lads in the fight will see that he has got a part of his narrative wrong, where he says we were on our way to Centreville, while the fact was we were on our way back.

A number of years ago an article appeared in a Southern magazine in which a rebel major, commenting upon the rebel and Federal cavalry, said: "I think that without exception the most gallant charge, and the most desperate resistance that we ever met from the Federal cavalry, was at Fairfax, June, 1863, when Stuart made a raid around the Union army just before the battle of Gettysburg. Our squadron in advance, which was commanded by one of our most gallant officers, had just reached the Court House when they were attacked with drawn sabres by a squadron of Federal cavalry mounted on magnificent gray horses, which chased them from the Court House, driving them pellmell back upon the main body. The First North Carolina men moved to their support, and were in turn attacked by the gray horsemen, their front broken, and their gallant Maj. Whitaker was killed at their head. The Federals, though outnumbered ten to one, fought until every man of them was ridden down, shot down, or cut down; none escaped. We ever afterwards spoke of this affair as the "charge of the Gray Devils."

I have a list of the names of the killed, wounded, and prisoners before me, that was made soon after getting back to Camp Relief, which I have embodied in this article. It reads thus:

"List of killed, wounded, and prisoners of C company, Scott's 900 Cavalry, in the Fairfax fight.

KILLED.

"Henry Summers and Thomas McMahon; Henry Kearney died of sabre wound.

WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.

"Lieut. Geo. A. Dagwell, Sergt. Geo. Rorke, Corp. John Marsden, Corp. James McDonald, Saddler James Mount, Privates Wm. Carter, Evan Evans, and Henry Smith.

PRISONERS.

"Coms'y Sergt. Joseph A. Smith; Sergt. John Kerwick; Privates Joseph Burke, Thomas Clark, Patrick Dalton, James Kane, Michael Malone, Thomas Noble, James Orser, Josea Silva, James Schureman, Wm. W. Smith, Thomas Shelton, John S. Walsh, James White.

In Phisterer's "History of New York in the War" we find reported 4 men killed or died of wounds, and 1 officer and 13 men wounded. The officer and 7 of the men wounded and 3 of the killed were from C company; making 3 killed and 8 wounded and 23 captured, or a grand total of casualties in C company of 26 men out of a possible number of 35 men and 1 officer. B company had 47 men, besides their 3 officers. I do not know B company's casualties, but if there were four killed, B company should be credited with one. I remember that B company had one or two men that were shot through the chest and were pronounced incurable by the doctors, but they recovered. The men of Scott's 900 were hard to kill, and were fighters of the first class.

THE FAIRFAX FIGHT.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

Eighty and nine with their captain
Rode on the enemy's track,
Rode in the gray of the morning;
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the woodland,
Lighter each moment the way;
Careless and tearless and fearless
Galloped they on to the fray.

Ah! 'Twas a man-trap infernal—
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

On the 26th of June, 1863, orders were received at Camp Relief, Washington, for a squadron of cavalry to make a reconnoissance in Virginia as far as Bull Run, and details from Companies B and C, of Scott's 900, under command of Maj. Remington, were made for that duty. We left camp at 4 P. M. of that date, crossed the Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown, took



MELVIN HARTWELL, 1ST SERGEANT "E" CO.

the Columbia pike to Fairfax Court House, arrived there at 10 P. M., put out pickets, and camped for the night. Our force consisted of eighty-two men, the major, Capt. Campbell, Lieut. Dagwell, Holmes, and Hazelton. The next morning we proceeded on our way, crossed Bull Run, saw nothing of the enemy, remained there about an hour, then started on our way back. We had just come out of the woods west of Fairfax Court House when we saw a body of cavalry coming on the

road from Fairfax Station; they saw us about the same time and commenced to yell, and the leader formed his men in line on the ridge west of the town.

Maj. Remington formed his men in line and ordered a charge, and at them we went, we supposing they were a body of Mosby's guerrillas. Had we known that we were attacking the advance of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division of cavalry and artillery it is doubtful if even the dashing major would have ordered a charge. We gave them volleys from our revolvers and then drew our sabres, but they seemed to have no desire for a fight, and skeaddled down the road whence they came, leaving five dead and wounded on the ground, and fourteen men surrendered, whose horses had been shot. A halt was ordered, but a number of the men, including myself, went on without orders; we came up to them and let them have it. We kept dropping them from their saddles, and sometimes horse and rider would both go down. Some of them surrendered, but we rode by them, crossed a small field, and then into the woods again, where we struck the main body, and the woods seemed full of them. They gave the rebel yell, and let the balls fly. How we escaped I don't know, for by that time there were but a dozen of us, and every revolver was empty; it was our turn to run, and they were after us. The major heard the yelling and shooting, and knew we had struck something. When we reached the cleared field he was forming his men, and we took our places in the line. The ball opened and we had plenty of partners for the dance. The woods were full of them. As their line came out we charged them with the sabre, then swung our line and charged them on the flank. We drove them from the field, when a fresh line came up, which we charged again. They circled around us, and we had it from in front and on both flanks; the balls were flying thick as hail, and our men and horses were falling fast. The horses of several of the wounded were running across the field, dragging

the men, whose feet had been caught in the stirrups, but we could not help them. We fell back out of the cross fire, and gave them all the shots we had, but they soon had us again in the same fix. The major saw that it was no use to fight them, and that we must either cut our way out or surrender. Somebody must get to Washington, so we said let us cut our way out, and then Lieut. Holmes was told to take the left of the line and charge with the sabre, the right to follow and keep shooting, for we had reloaded our revolvers. We charged on them, then swung around in a half circle, and made for the woods. After going through the woods a short distance I came across Tom Ryan lying on the ground with his dying horse upon him. He cried out, "Sergeant, for God's sake, help me; this horse will crush me!" I threw my right leg across the saddle, preparing to dismount, when I saw the rebs were nearly upon me. I said, "Tom, if I stop they will get me; I think they will help you," and away I went. Looking back I saw some stop for Tom; the rest were after me. I caught up with the rest of our party, and we struck a road leading to the railroad. The rebs were after us, and they had good shooting in the road. They called on us to surrender, and at first I thought that I would; then I thought that I might as well be shot as to starve in prison, so I leaned close to my horse and gave him the spur. The rebs kept firing, but the balls passed over me; two men and one horse in front went down into the brush. We soon struck the railroad, the major ahead, Capt. Campbell next, eight men following, and myself last. A man came out of a log house, and swung his hat, exclaiming, "Bully for our side! Our side has whipped!" I had got three cartridges in my revolver and thought I would fetch the fellow, and I was trying to cap it, but my horse would stumble against the ties, and I couldn't do it until after we had gone by. We went about two miles along the railroad track when we came to a road that led to Annandale on the

Little River pike. We had lost sight of the rebs in our rear, and were congratulating ourselves upon our escape, when we heard a yell on our left, and perceived a squadron of rebel cavalry, their horses on a run, endeavoring to head us off, and it looked as if they would reach the pike first. I checked my horse and finished loading my revolver, intending as soon as we were headed off to go into the woods by myself. But there was a swale between them and the pike, at the bottom of which was a bog, into which the horses plunged and the riders went off, some on their bellies and some on their backs. That stopped the race, and they fired, injuring no one. We soon got inside the line of fortifications, then took it easy to Alexandria, where we got some straw hats, having lost our caps in the brush; then, crossing the long bridge, we rode into camp and formed in line in front of the colonel's tent. The colonel came out and the major said: "We found the rebs, and here are all that are left of us."

Of the 82 men who rode out of camp the previous day 4 were killed; 1 officer and 20 men were seriously wounded and captured; 57 men, including 3 officers, were captured, all of these 57 having had their horses fall or killed, and many of them were also badly injured by being trampled upon by the charging horsemen.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FAIRFAX FIGHT.

BY SERGT. H. O. MORRIS, B COMPANY.

I have a very distinct and vivid memory of the fact that when we wheeled off towards the Station to prevent a new formation of the enemy, who were attempting to form another line near the woods after we drove them from the Court House, my horses' curb chain broke, and I involuntarily led the charge for some time, it being impossible for me to stop him. I was so far in advance that I was soon within a hundred yards of their last man, who was probably in the rear of his column about the same distance. Seeing no help for it, as I was gaining

on him very rapidly, I called upon him to surrender, which he answered by a shot from his revolver, and which I replied to. I had considerably the advantage of him, as I was firing forward and he was firing backward, and it was not until I had fired three shots at him (and he at me) that he pulled his horse up and threw up his hand. His horse was under better control than mine, and when he pulled up I



JUNIUS BEEBE, SERGEANT "B" CO.
Wounded and captured at Fairfax. June 27, 1863.

passed him like a flash. I called back to some of the boys to take his arms away, and kept him covered as well as I could until I saw he was innocuous, when I paid strict attention to my horse, which seemed very anxious to capture the rest of the rebel army. I was not so anxious, as I wished some of the other boys to have some of the honor, and tried in every way to stop him; but it was not until I got him headed for a fence and jumped him over, and made a circle in the field

that I was able to stop him, when he again reached the road, where by that time our boys were drawn up.

It was at this point where we made the second charge on the body of the enemy, who emerged from the woods in front of us, and which we at first drove back; but they being strongly reinforced, we made an attempt to take the back track, when we found ourselves cut off from our line of retreat by a body of the enemy, who had got in our rear. In this emergency, Maj. Remington ordered us into a field at our left where there was considerable of a hill, upon which we took up our position. Here was where we lost most of our men. Poor Eddie Hill was shot through the head, Guthrot through the chest, and Sergt. Beebe through the foot, while they and Fred Flincks, Shuster and myself were rejoining the command, I having been sent by the major to bring the stragglers up. Here it was that Lieuts. Holmes and Hazelton were captured, leaving none but non-commissioned officers under Maj. Remington.

The retreat from that hill was one of the occasions when I would have sold my life cheap. Seeing no other way, we made a dash for our left and rear, where there seemed a chance to get out. We had to jump a brush fence, and as the major had ordered me to lead the way (as I was familiar with that country) I was over first, when I found myself confronted by a platoon of the enemy, who had been sent there to stop us. We broke through their line (at least five of us did) and had gained about a hundred yards, when the major called a halt. I do not think I will ever forget the words the major used. He said, "Boys, I am not going back to camp with four or five men; load your revolvers and see if we can't help some more through that hedge." We then went back and charged the rear of the enemy, who were holding our boys back, and scattered them, when more of our fellows came through. We then made a dash for the railroad track, it being the only chance to get through the swamp, through which

the Orange and Alexandria railroad there made its way. That was a ride over stumps and cord-wood piles that would appal the stoutest-hearted cross-country rider; but we did it, and gained the track ahead of a squadron of the enemy sent to intercept us, and rode over those ties at breakneck speed. How we ever got over is more than I can say, but we "got there"; at least we reached solid ground again, and fired a few shots at the enemy, who had tried to intercept us, they being stuck in the swamp.

Now we thought we were comparatively safe; but we had not ridden far up the hill before we heard the ominous word "Halt!" That was really the first time that I completely despaired of getting away, and I jumped from my horse, intending to shoot him, so that he would not fall into the enemy's hands. While cocking my revolver, Jim Mahan (an old regular soldier, by the way) said, "What are you doing, sergeant; them's only pickets." I did not stop to correct his grammar, and lost no time in regaining my saddle, and we charged the pickets and drove them in. Now again we seemed to have good reason to believe we had overcome all obstacles in our way, but we had scarcely left the pickets behind, and had not advanced a quarter of a mile, when, on descending into a valley, we found the road in front of us blocked up by trees felled across it. This at first appalled us, but we had done too many desperate things that morning to halt now, and we dashed for the trees. My horse was an excellent jumper, and although it was down hill, he cleared the first and second trees, but the last jump was such an ugly one that I was nearly unseated and did not have time to gather him for an attempt at a third tree, which was high enough from the ground for him to pass under, and which he incontinently did, the tree pulling me from his back. The right stirrup leather had caught my foot and held it, and my head was on the ground. Death seemed very near, for if I was dragged in that position down that rocky hill, it was inevitable. I closed

my eyes and waited for what might come, when I suddenly realized that I was not moving. I looked up and saw old Billy, with his feet planted, looking at me and standing perfectly still. I called to him to stand still, and managed to release my foot from the stirrup, when a prayer of thankfulness arose from my heart to the Great Father for His mercy. I was tightening the saddle girth, and had barely finished when I heard a voice from the other side of the trees we had passed, saying, "Surrender, you Yankee — — —!" I had passed through too much not to be willing to take more chances, and I threw my right leg over the saddle and rode Comanche fashion down that hill, fortunately escaping the hail of bullets they sent after me. I then made the best time I could to join my comrades, having a dim consciousness that they had passed while I was on the ground. Hatless, powder stained and bloody, with jacket in rags and flying in the breeze as I rode, I finally descried a few horsemen in front and waved my hand to them. I saw the party stop, and one came back to meet me, revolver in hand. I recognized the major's form, and cried out who I was. You can well imagine the greeting I received. It was as though I had risen from the dead, as none of the boys had expected I could get away. We soon after gained the Alexandria turnpike, and for the time being our troubles were ended.

The comrades who got away at that time, if my memory serves me right, were Maj. Remington, Sergts. Hartwell, Strieby, and Morris, and Privates Mahan, Shuster, Kelly, and two others whose names I cannot now recall.

Another story that we heard immediately after the fight was about a remark said to have been made to Lieut. Hazelton by Gen. Stuart. According to the story the general asked how many men we had when we made the charge. The lieutenant told him, eighty-two. "But where are the rest? Are you not the advance of Pleasanton?" The lieutenant answered that he knew nothing about Pleasanton.

The general is said to have remarked: "And you charged my command with eighty-two men! Give me five hundred such men and I will charge through the army of the Potomac with them."

Lieut. Holmes contributes the following:

Capt. Dagwell has given the initial steps to Centreville and I will not go over them.

At Centreville we discovered a body of cavalry some two or three miles



A. B. HOLMES, 1ST LIEUT. "B" CO.

down the road towards Bull Run. Remington gave me twenty men to go down and see who they were. I found out that they were the enemy, and as they were making preparations to charge us, I sent back a courier to notify Remington to be ready. I found the force in my front was too strong for me, so I turned about and made my way back with the men I had, and the rebels followed us to Fairfax Court

House; here we saw a company of rebel cavalry drawn across the road we had to pass. The major rode alongside of the command, and when he got to where I was he said: "We are cut off; what shall we do?" One glance at the situation was enough to determine what to do, and that was to charge those in our front, which we did. Here is where Dagwell speaks of the loose horse and his following it to the line of the woods and then joining us in the charge. We got fifteen prisoners and put them in charge of Quartermaster Sergt. B. Gray, and as the rebels retreated towards Fairfax Station, and we had not found out their strength, we continued the pursuit until we had gone some four miles; all the time fighting more or less and capturing several prisoners. When we got near the railroad we formed company front, reloading our revolvers, and prepared to make a final charge. We were completely surrounded. I took the right of the squadron, Lieut. Hazelton the center, and Dagwell the left, with Remington as commander in front, and charged. This was the last charge, and where we met our great loss.

Our total loss in this charge was, Company B two killed outright, and three in Company C, and fifteen wounded and the capture of all except Maj. Remington, Capt. Campbell, Sergt. Morris and a private or two; making our total loss five killed and about seventy wounded and captured, out of a total of eighty-seven officers and men. I do not think Dagwell was wounded in this charge, but later. He was a gallant fellow, and I can see him now with his hand raised, shouting "Come on, boys." Maj. Remington did gallant service in this fight by delaying the whole rebel column. When I was taken to the headquarters of the rebel forces, I met Gens. J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee and Col. Chambliss. The rebel force which we charged consisted of 1,800 men with twenty-four pieces of artillery, and they did not succeed in crossing the Potomac until about daylight of June 28th, thus making them one day late

by this little occurrence at Fairfax. I noticed in Gen. Lee's report that he claims if Gen. Stuart's cavalry had not been lost and had joined him at Gettysburg as the programme called for, he would not have met defeat at Gettysburg. So, as the old saying is, "A little always helps," and to Maj. Remington and his gallant little band of Scott's 900 belongs the honor of causing the delay.

THREE DAYS WITH STUART'S CAVALRY.

BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

When we had covered about half the distance between the Court House and Annandale on our retreat from the fight at Fairfax, we discovered a body of mounted men approaching us. They halted, then they countermarched back over the hill, passing out of our sight. I had eight or nine men and five prisoners with me. I sent one man ahead to find out who they were. I think my one man advance guard was one of the many Smiths of Company C. When we got to the top of the hill he was waiting for us, and the mounted party were drawn up in line on the side of the road. There were eleven of them and they proved to be clerks from the quartermaster's department in Alexandria, and had been sent out from Alexandria on a somewhat similar duty to ours. I told them that we had performed the duty, telling them also of the enemy we had encountered and were trying to escape from, and then advised them to turn back and get into Alexandria as quick as they could. One of them turned to me and said that he was captain of, and knew how to take care of his men. At this I turned in my saddle and looked back over our route and could trace the road from Fairfax Station up to the Court House by the long trail of dust rising over the tops of the woods. I turned to this doughty captain and, pointing to the dust cloud, said: "There, Mr. Captain, is a big enough sign for you to read of your danger in that direction if you don't care to take my advice. He said they would take their chances and

asked me to assist one of their number, whom they had left at Annandale, to get a loaded sutler's wagon that they had found there in Mr. Heath's barnyard into Alexandria, and if I would do so he promised to mention me in his report when he got back for promotion. I told him he was quite a big boy and if his growth didn't get checked too often by sutlers' wagons, he might get big enough after awhile to be a soldier, and thus we parted, to meet again twenty-four hours later. They were mounted on government horses, in splendid condition, new saddle equipments, each armed with two army revolvers, and their saddle-bags filled with ammunition. Each one had a small grip-sack with an extra boiled shirt and collar in it.

We arrived at Mr. Heath's house at Annandale, Va., without further incident. And now in order to make our second encounter with the enemy clear, it is necessary to give a description of Mr. Heath's premises. The house is on the corner of the Annandale road, leading down to the railroad, and the Alexandria and Leesburg pike, on the right going south, and at about sixty to one hundred yards from Mr. Heath's on the left going south is the intersection of the A. and L. pike with the road to Washington turning to the left at the corner of a high fence. Mr. Heath's house stands back ten to fifteen feet from the fence on both roads; there were large shade trees inside of the fence on both roads, and the foliage of these trees hung so low that they obstructed a view of the corner from our position at the big double gate to the barnyard. We had halted at this gate to see the sutler's wagon and clerk.

Across the road from this gate was a well without any curb; it was simply covered over with boards, and a long pole with a nail in one end was used for raising the water. The house stood east and west; the barn was a large one in rear of the house, and standing north and south. The south end of the barn was on a line with the fence on the Annandale road, and from the peak of

the roof down to the plate or top of the frame work it was all open; that is, the boards were all gone, burned up by the soldiers probably from the floor up to the plate. This end of the barn was filled with hay. In the north end of the barn were oats in the bundle, in the center of the barn was a large barn floor, and in the northeast corner of the floor was a one-horse treadle power to a thrashing or power machine, all set up. On the east or front side of the barn was a small door and two large double doors, the door sills of which were on a level with the ground. In the rear or west were large double doors, but the door sills were two feet or more above the ground, and there was no bridge. At the north end of the barn and between it and a large pigsty was a roadway leading around to the rear of the barn; the distance from the road gate where we had halted to the barn was probably about 120 feet. Mr. Heath at that time was about forty years of age, about six feet two or three inches in height, and in circumference about as large around as your big finger. Such, in brief, is a description of the second pocket we got into on this fateful day.

My first act after arriving at Heath's was to inspect the sutler's wagon and acquaint the quartermaster's clerk left to guard it of his danger if he waited there for a team to take the wagon into Alexandria, but he was firm in his determination to save that wagon and its contents if it cost him his life (evidently another hero quartermaster's clerk). I found the wagon loaded with several tubs of butter, an expensive luxury in our big private army, and among the many other articles of sutler's supplies were about seventy-five to one hundred straw hats of the coarsest patterns. After my inspection of the wagon I joined my lads at the gate, and my big red-whiskered prisoner asked permission to speak to me. He told me some news of importance. He said in substance that the brigade we had captured him from was one of Gen. Stuart's division of Confederate cavalry, and that there were two other

brigades; also that one brigade was reported the night before to be in the vicinity of Alexandria, and further that he gave me this information because he was tired of his service in the C. S. army, and desired to get into Washington and take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and have his wound properly attended to. From the evident earnestness of the prisoner I was led to believe him. This was important information and startled me not a little, and just at this point in the conversation with the prisoner I saw Mr. Heath come out of his house, pale as, and looking in his slim height like a ghost. He crossed the barnyard and climbed into the pigpen, and Sergt. Kerwick, who was undergoing the arctic part of the chills and fever at that time, called my attention to the fact that there were mounted men at the corner of the Annandale road. I slid down the side of my horse far enough to see that there were fifteen or twenty rebel cavalry on the corner between us and our road that turned off to Washington. I was startled, and I expect the lads comprehended the situation the moment they got a glimpse of my face when I slid back into the saddle, for they changed color immediately. I informed the boys as calmly as I could that we were shut off from getting into the Washington road, and that our only salvation from being hurt unnecessarily was to get across the barnyard unseen, and into the barn as noiselessly as possible, and that there were rebs enough on the corner to stop us, and probably lots more behind to help them. Then it immediately occurred to me that the mysterious actions and frightened looks of Mr. Heath in his trip across the barnyard and hiding in the pigsty were accounted for. I ordered the prisoners, in order to save themselves from injury from either side, to stand fast till we got to the barn. Everything being ready, this was accomplished in a very few moments, the big gate was opened wide enough for us to pass through, and Tom Noble on his blind horse moved forward to open the barn doors, and, find-

ing them firmly fastened, passed around the north end to try the rear doors. I, waiting his investigation, took position between the end of the barn and the pig-pen. The other lads were trying to open the doors already tried by Noble. The enemy, hearing the clatter, soon discovered the cause, and opened fire on us, and as they opened fire Noble appeared at the corner of the barn from the rear and yelled to me that the doors on that side were open. I notified the lads of this fact and they passed by me to the rear. A company B man was sitting on his horse by my side, and on my left, between myself and the firing of the enemy. Suddenly I felt a blow on the back of my neck; there was no one in sight except my B company man, and I could not believe he had hit me. So Mr. Heath, who was in the pig-pen behind me, became, under these mysterious circumstances, a very large sized-suspicious individual. I turned in my saddle, but one glimpse at the long slab-sided, frightened man groveling in the far corner of the pig-pen convinced me that he could not have approached, struck me and returned to his position. My company B man, noticing my actions, asked the cause. I told him in a rather suspicious way, I presume, that some one had hit me across the neck with a club (that was the sensation of the blow I received). He leaned far enough back to look at my back and neck, and said he thought I had been hit with a bullet, because there was cotton batten sticking out of my jacket on my shoulder. I immediately put my hand over the back of my neck and found color. I did not wait for any further notice to "git" but immediately "got," and Woodruff with me. We jumped our horses upon the barn floor, and, standing upon our saddles, we climbed into the hay-mow. In the meantime, while I was directing the men from the front to the rear entrance to the barn, Noble's blind mare had got him into a laughable trouble. When Tom made his entrance upon the barn floor he did so head first over the mare's head. The mare's blindness prevented her from making proper

calculations in the two-foot rise from the ground to the barn floor, and she went in on her knees. Landing on the floor in front of her, Tom scrambled to his feet and ran for the horse-power treadle, with the view of climbing on top of its frame and thence to the oats, and he struck the old thing when she was just in a business mood to receive him. He, as he told of it afterwards, landed with "wan fut on the wooden chain" and as he brought the other one forward he in some manner lost his balance or stumbled, and pitched forward upon his hands; before he could recover an upright position the tread was revolving at such a rate of speed that he had all he could do to keep his feet moving fast enough to keep up, and in his alarm he was yelling like a madman, "Help, help, Mother ave Moses, what devil has got me now, what is the mather wid me any way: Kill it quick or I am dead entirely!" Every one in sight was enjoying the fun and bursting with laughter, when some of the lads stopped the machine by thrusting a fork handle into the gearing. Tom scrambled to the top of the mow out of breath, and, looking down at the "demon" he yelled at his liberator, "And phat is it anyway" and upon being told what it was and that it was harmless, he shouted back: "Harmless! harmless, is it? the kranladed divel came near murdering me after being kilt by me blind mare on the barn floor, and it's harmless!" We had five pistols in the party, and each of those on the straw mow so provided selected knot-holes and large cracks or spaces between the boards on the east side of the barn, to fire on the enemy at the gate. Those on the hay mow, myself included, took position at the opening at the end of the barn facing south. From this point we had a view of the Annandale road for a long distance, and as far as we could see the road was packed with rebel cavalry. The fire of the enemy at this end of the barn became very warm, so much so that accurate shots from us were not very numerous. In the meantime the lads on the straw mow were doing their

best to get in some effective work. Sergt. Kerwick, not being satisfied with his point to fire from, had built a cob-house platform, with bundled straw about five feet above the level of the mow, in order to reach a large knot-hole. The bullets were coming through that side of the barn sufficiently fast to make the sergeant's position an exceedingly dangerous one, and while this was passing through my mind the sergeant suddenly reeled and his cob house slipping out from under him, he tumbled head first into the straw mow. I said to the boys on my side, "There goes Kerwick," but just then he raised up into view, white as a sheet, and I called to him:

"Are you hit, sergeant?"

"No, sir. But it was domb clost."

Some reb had fired at Kerwick's knot-hole, and it was so close to his head that he had dodged, and, losing his slippery foothold, had tumbled.

The rebs were now shoving their guns in on us from the back doors; all we could see was a small part of the barrel. The shots from these were perfectly harmless. They were yelling to us to surrender or they would burn us out, and believing the time had come to surrender, I ordered the men on the straw mow to throw their pistols over on my side. We took the five pistols and, raising a big quantity of hay, threw in the pistols and dropped the hay back on to them.

[NOTE: I will say right here in relation to these pistols that after we had been paroled and were back at Washington, a squad of men was sent out to this barn and recovered the pistols.]

I told the lads the time had come to surrender, and I accordingly showed a rather soiled white handkerchief at the end of the barn, and word was soon passed to other points around the barn. The firing ceased, and those at the back doors halloed to us to:

"Come out yere, Yanks! Come out yere."

We were still in the mows, and I shouted back "Come in, Johnny."

"Have yer surrendered, Yanks?"

"Yes," I shouted, and then they

came in with a rush, selected and took possession of the horses as far as they went, and ordered us down on the barn floor. I slid down upon the saddle of my horse and then to the barn floor. But before the rebs came into the barn I had tucked the slings to my sabre belt inside of my trousers and pulled my vest over it to save it from being taken from me. I did not want to lose it, because it was a relic of my regular army service. My sabre was strapped to the saddle. The moment I struck the floor, a reb ordered me to take off my spurs.

I told him if he wanted my spurs he would have to take them off himself. He looked at me a second and then kneeled down and took them off. Then he demanded my pistol; I told him I had none. He reached for and caught hold of my pistol holster, which I had forgotten to take off of my belt. I knew the next demand would be my belt, and it was. I tried to beg off, but he would not have it so. I might have bought it of him probably, if I had thought of it in time.

We were marched out into the road and Noble took my handkerchief and wet it in the well, and was bathing my neck when the rebel general, Fitzhugh Lee, and staff rode up, and asked if there was a commissioned officer among the prisoners.

Noble replied, "Yes, sir, this is the leftinant, and he's shot, sir."

Lee dismounted and came to me and asked me to stand up. I did so, he examined the contents of my jacket pocket, and then went through my vest pockets, taking everything, watch and money included.

I asked him if he designed robbing me. He put everything back, and said he did not want my money. Then I asked what he was searching me for. He said his search was for the purpose of ascertaining whether I had any public documents on my person, and I told him that I was not the commanding officer of the party. He wanted to know where he was. I then gave him a brief outline of our fight at the Court House and Station.

He said to one of his officers: "Gen. Hampton was camped at the Station last night, and that squad of Federal cavalry that we ran into Alexandria must have been some of the party these prisoners belonged to."

I asked him how many of them there were in the party and what color the horses were.

He said they counted ten men, and every man was bareheaded, and the horses were bay and gray. Then he ordered his surgeon to dress my wound, and looked on while it was being done. In the meantime the rank and file were having a great time going through the sutler's wagon. They had got the butter out of the wagon and were shouting for their friends: "Oh, Bill, oh, Company I, yar's yer Yankee butter," and they would take one of the straw hats and get a lump of butter in it, and ride off to hunt up friends and tell them. One would shout, "Oh, Company I," and another something else, and, the day being very red hot, the butter was melting and dropping through the straw hats, and smearing their clothes, and a few moments later, the butter having all melted, the road was strewn with greasy straw hats.

By the way, I told the reb that captured my horse to take good care of him, as I might ask him to return him in a few days. The reb was one of my late prisoners, and was recounting the affair with a great deal of satisfaction. He said that was the sorrel horse that ran him down, and that he would take care of and hold him for me for a few days to accommodate me.

Gen. Lee ordered an ambulance to be brought to him, and as soon as it arrived he told me to get into it. He gave me a canteen filled with water from the well, and told me to keep the bandage around my neck wet, and when the canteen was empty not to give it to a soldier to refill that did not belong to the provost guard, or I would never see it again. I asked permission for Sergt. Kerwick to ride in the ambulance, as he was sick with fever. The guard helped him in and we started. The column was already on

the road toward the Court House, but must have left the road before they reached that place, for I don't remember passing through it. Our ambulance had two board bunks fastened to the sides and running lengthwise of the wagon. They were about 20 inches above the floor. In the center of the wagon, between the bunks, was a barrel of salt pork. It was dark when we came to a halt in a piece of woods. I was very tired and must have fallen asleep soon after we halted, and when I woke up the ambulance was in motion, but it soon halted again on the banks of a river. I asked the driver what river it was, and he said the Potomac. I asked him what time it was. "One o'clock," he replied. I took a survey of our locality from the back of the ambulance, and decided we were crossing the river at Great Falls or Edwards' Ferry. The rebs had a large fire on the point of the island and another one on the Maryland side, to guide the rebs in fording the river. We were halted right at the entrance to the ford, about a hundred yards above the island. The ford led to the point of the island and landed on the Maryland side about the same distance above the island as on the Virginia side. The artillery was just crossing when I took my survey. As soon as the artillery passed our ambulance was ordered to cross, and when we got down to the water's edge, the Scott's 900 were being driven into the water like sheep; they had to wade across. Two or three of them got hold of the rear end of the ambulance as we drove into the water. One of these men, James White, of C company, or "Whitey," as the boys named him, was short, and a genuine trooper for cuss words. Somebody called to our driver to keep up the river more, and he got too high up. We were moving along nicely, the water about three feet and a half deep, "Whitey" cussing the rebs for making the prisoners wade across the "Pat-ter-mack," when the wagon went into deep water as suddenly as a jump from the bank into the river. The water rose in the bed of

the wagon to within eight or ten inches of the bunks, and "Whitey," who had just let go of the end gate, walked off into deep water and went clear under. When he came up he was choking and puffing and clutching at the end gate. He caught hold with both hands, and holding himself up he burst forth, "Hell to their souls, the murdering divils, is it the drounding of us they want?" I felt very little like laughing, but this ducking and the expression when he caught his breath tickled me all over.

It was 1 o'clock when our ambulance started in to cross the river, and it was after 5 o'clock when the ambulance got across the river and canal, and had come to a halt in a large field where the cavalry had also halted in column of regiments, and the artillery was in park. They crossed the river with eighteen guns, and lost one in the lock in crossing the canal. Our driver had been going in one direction and another trying to find shallow water that would lead back on to the ford, and every few moments he would shout, "Oh! Second North Carolina. Oh! Company I." Finally his mule team refused to go on. He raised up and gave them a terrible cut with his black snake whip, and the mules sprang forward and stopped with a jerk. The driver lashed the mules, but they could not budge the ambulance. I went to the front of the ambulance and told the driver I thought by the way we stopped that the front wheels were against a rock, and the mules were on the other side of it. He pushed his whip down by the side of the toe board into the water, and found that our situation was just as I had stated it. Then the driver went plumb crazy. First he cussed his luck, then he would cuss the mules, and again he would coax the mules, saying, "Come, Boney, good fellow, come Boney," and they would make an effort; but it was of no use. Then he would drop the reins and grasp his hair with both hands and fill the air with selected cuss words, bred and raised in the cultured South. I never heard anything equal to it in

the North, or approach it nearer than a hundred miles.

Cavalry were just crossing, but they paid no attention to our driver's wild antics. Finally a cavalryman came to us, and learning our trouble went back; then another came and said he was ordered to bring the prisoners ashore. He came to the back end of the ambulance and placed his horse sideways for me to get on behind him. His horse was nothing but skin and bone, and reeled as though he could hardly keep his feet with one man on his back; but I got on, and in doing it came very near carrying him off his feet. When we reached the bank we had the worst part of the trip to encounter. It was about thirty feet from the water up the bank to the towpath, and nearly 3,000 cavalry had already crossed, besides the artillery, making the road so wet and cut up that it was belly deep in places with good slippery mud, and my guard had the cheek to ask me to get off and walk up. I told him no; Mr. Horse would have to take both of us up, or both of us would have to walk up. I clasped both arms round the reb, and we started and we got to the top after a hard struggle, covered with mud. I had one ear plugged full, and a nice soft chunk struck me on the left side of the mouth, which plugged my left nostril nicely. I was ordered to get down, and did so by sliding over the horse's tail. When I landed I did not find old "terra firma" until I got through six or seven inches of mud. I had received no directions where to go so to get out of the way of the horses I moved to the side of the road on the river bank, and moved a little too far, and my feet slipped from under me, and I took an unexpected seat in that nice soft mud, up to my waist; this new position was not encouraging, though it was easier than a standing one. While I was sitting there a man, of B company, came to me and told me that he and some more of the lads were going to try and make their escape by wading across the canal and taking the heel path side

to Georgetown, and asked me to go along; but I was too tired, hungry and sore to make the effort, but told him to hurry and make the attempt before it was too late. He bade me good-by. I don't know who went with him, but believe several made their escape, including Sergt. George Rork. Rork either escaped there or with the major and his party that went to Alexandria. Just as the day was breaking the ambulance came up on the tow path, and the captain of the provost guard asked where the wounded lieutenant was. I answered, "Here," and he told me that he had got my buggy out of the river all right, and to come and get in. I did so, and found Sergt. Kerwick inside. We started and our reckless driver did make out to get across the canal lock bridge devoid of railing, without an accident. He had probably been cautioned about crossing the bridge, and told of the piece of artillery that had got off, and had gone to the bottom of the lock. We halted in the lot with the cavalry, but about three hundred yards in advance, and on the rising ground. The rebs had captured some canal boats that were coming up from Washington, loaded with government commissary stores for some points farther up the canal. The rebs had no transportation other than horses, at least I did not see any. This was the morning of the 28th, and I had eaten nothing since the morning before, just before we started for Centre-ville; and when I saw the large quantities of hard tack and other rations brought in, and deposited in front of the different regiments, I realized I was very hungry; I spoke to Kerwick about it, and told him I would like some of those hard tack. We were entirely alone: no guard or driver to interfere with our movements, as they had probably gone to fill their own haversacks from the unexpected windfall. My canteen was empty, and the bandage around my neck was glued fast to my wound. I could not turn my head without causing pain, but my hunger was greater than the pain, so I alighted from the ambulance and

walked down to the first line and was about to help myself out of one of the boxes of hardtack when a mounted reb, with a drawn sabre, shouted to me to keep my hand out of that yer box or he would cut it off. I tried to expostulate with him, telling him we had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and being a prisoner had no other way of appeasing our hunger. He replied that he could not help it, they were not his biscuits, but he was guarding them for the regiment. Now this man had a large gunny sack full of hardtack strapped to the pommel of his saddle. I could see the crackers through the meshes of the sack, so I said "give me some of your own." He replied that he "had not got a darn biscuit." I saw that it would do no good to prolong my interview with this pig, so I pointed to the sack on his horse and said, "Johnny, your gunny sack of hard tack makes a liar of you, I can see them," and I turned and went back to the ambulance. The captain of the provost guard rode up shortly after, and I explained to him our hunger and my attempt to get some biscuits, and the result of trying to supply our wants. He said he would have no better success, as it was not his regiment, but he would do all he could for me, so he produced a corn-dodger or ash cake, about six inches in diameter, and four sticks of peppermint candy. He gave two sticks of the candy and half of the corn dodger to us, and said that he got the eatables of an old "aunty" that he knew, whose cabin was near by. As he rode off he promised to get us some rations. I asked him to send a guard to get my canteen and fill it, and he promised to do so. I divided my rations with Kerwick, and before we had got outside of them we discovered we were as thirsty as we were hungry. I gave my canteen to a reb to fill for me, and who said he was ordered to get us something to eat, and that was the last I saw of man or canteen. Soon after we started, and kept mostly to farm roads through fields. Finally we came out on the turnpike road at a piece of woods, and an officer here

ordered us out of the ambulance, saying they wanted it for their own sick and wounded; so we got out and walked. The captain of the provost guard, finding me walking, put me on a horse behind one of the guards. This kind of locomotion was harder on me than walking, so I soon asked the reb to stop and let me get down and walk, telling him I could not bear the motion, as it irritated my wound. Soon afterwards I was given a sulky to ride in, and a few moments after we debouched upon the Rockville road, and here we first saw all of the prisoners. There were six hundred or seven hundred prisoners, soldiers, citizens, and negroes, picked up along the line of march. I was soon in the center of the crowd and the guard around us were shouting: "Yer comes a circus, with the ringmaster in the center." Here took place my second meeting with the quartermaster's clerks, and a more woe-begone, discouraged, want-to-see-their-mama lot of men I never saw. They were barefooted, their drawers strings were dragging on the ground, their shoes and coats stuffed into their "grips," some of the men bareheaded, covered with mud and dust, and such a oh-I-am-dying look the fearless captain gave me when he asked me for permission to put his grip in the sulky. I asked him if they killed any of the rebs before they were captured. No, he replied, they had stopped at a farmhouse, and were all in the house eating corn bread and milk when the rebs walked in and made them prisoners. "Don't you wish you had turned back yesterday when I advised you so to do." "Yes, sir, I do. I was a fool, and like all fools realize it when I can't benefit or help myself." One by one these clerks came and piled their grips into my chariot, and I could not refuse them, they looked so helpless and friendless, until, as it would seem, the sulky was carrying so much of their misery the axle broke; so they shouldered their grips, and I took up the weary march again on foot. Soon afterwards we entered Rockville, Md., eleven miles from Washington, the

prisoners were all put into the Court House yard with a guard over them. Here we received a surprise in the shape of an eight-quart pan full of hot biscuits, sliced ham and a big pitcher of hot coffee. This was from a gentleman that I had arrested twice on suspicion of giving information to the enemy, but I was acting under orders when the arrests were made. His name was Judge Dewey, and, although his sympathy was with the South, he was an honored neutral. But didn't we enjoy that feed, boys! While we were in Rockville the rebs passed through toward Washington, and went near enough to see the dome of the Capitol, and captured two government wagon trains of thirty or forty wagons each, escorted by a squad of regular cavalry.

About 4 P. M. we started for Brookville, and at a cross roads there stood a two-seated standing top wagon, with three men in it. They had come out to see their friends and have a look at the Yankee prisoners. The captains of the provost guard ordered them out of their carriage, as he wanted it for his sick and wounded. They didn't want him to take it, as they were friends of the cause, and Gen. Stuart would not allow them to be robbed in that way if he were there. This controversy over pressing this vehicle into service had stopped the column behind us, and Gen. Stuart, being within viewing distance of the road, came riding across the field with his escort to ascertain the cause for the halt, and, upon learning the particulars, told these Maryland friends that if they were the friends they claimed to be, they would help now, while the opportunity was right at their door, and then he ordered the captain to take the wagon, and if the gentlemen resisted to take them out and fall them in on foot with the other prisoners. The men protested, but got out just the same, and then the captain told me to get in and drive, and not to let any one but wounded or sick men get in.

Corp. John Marsden was the first one to get in, and then two others got in on the back seats; thus we were full.

We had got within a mile of Brookville when a C company man came alongside of the wagon, whining and crying that he could not walk any farther, his feet were so sore. He was a man old enough to be my father, yet he had taken off and was carrying in his hand the easiest walking shoes in the land, to go barefoot. I stood his begging as long as I could, and, as there was no vacant seat, I handed the reins to Marsden and got out and let him have my place. It was 8 or 9 o'clock when we halted in Brookville, and at 11 or 12 o'clock that night Gen. Stuart sent for me and told me he was going to parole the prisoners, and, learning that I was the ranking officer of the prisoners from "Scots 900," he proposed that I should take the parole for all of them. I refused to accept the parole, because it was not in accord with the last cartel; he was paroling prisoners inside of the Union lines, that were captured inside of them, and for the purpose of hastening his connection with Gen. R. E. Lee in Pennsylvania. We in a measure could understand this at the time of the parole, but at this day we can see the great importance of getting rid of us, and the delay we were causing Gen. Stuart and his command, who were anxious to join Gen. Lee in Pennsylvania, and know now the great bearing Stuart's failure to form a junction with Lee had on the battle of Gettysburg.

During this conversation with Gen. Stuart he asked me if there was an officer of our party by the name of Campbell?

I replied that there was.

"Is he a prisoner?"

"No, sir."

"What are the names of the other officers among the prisoners?"

"Lieuts. Holmes and Hazelton."

He then told me that one of his men had reported to him that a Capt. Campbell, of the Federal squadron, had advised his men to kill the reb prisoners, and he said that if he ever captured Campbell, he would hang him as high as highmass. Then he ordered me to go into the guard lot, where the pris-

oners were, and get all of "Scott's 900" together, as they would be the first paroled.

Soon afterward we were paroled through a major that belonged in the war department at Washington, I have forgotten his name [Maj. Duane, of the Engineer Corps], who signed the parole on the part of the United States government, and Maj. McClellan, Gen. Stuart's chief of staff, on the part of the Confederate States. We were then told to go back into the lot and lie down and sleep, and not to leave the town in the morning until their rear guard had passed through. We therefore retired to the lot and picked out the softest place of ground we could find, then, with Mother Earth for a feather bed, and heaven's blue canopy for a blanket, we were soon dreaming of a turkey dinner or Libby Prison, according to our make-up.

I was the first to arise next morning, and a few feet from where I had been lying I picked up an old-fashioned English bull's-eye lever watch in double cases, that some of the reb guard had probably lost out of his pocket, and, leaving before daylight, had unwittingly left there. The boys were soon awake and up, and, as there was no reb to be seen from our point of view, we moved out to the road; then we saw an officer's horse tied in front of one of the houses up the street in the direction we were going. When we arrived at the house we asked to see this officer, who, coming to the door, we asked of him whether Stuart's rear guard had passed through the town. His reply was, oh, yes, some time ago. He also directed us to the right road to Washington. We soon turned to the left, and, just before entering a piece of woods, we met a reb lieutenant on a poor old mule and two soldiers on wretched-looking horses. They stopped us, and, on learning that we were paroled prisoners, the lieutenant told us to tell "Old Abe" that they had been near enough to Washington to see the Capitol. I told him he had better hurry and catch up with his friends, or he would be in the Old Capitol prison

before night, and we parted; and about a quarter of a mile farther on we met a first lieutenant and twelve men of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry (Col. Lowell), who asked whether we had seen any rebels this side of Brookville, and I, all eagerness, and unmindful of the parole not to inform on the enemy, told the lieutenant that there were a rebel lieutenant and two men not over a quarter of a mile up the road, and their horses were all played out. In a short time the lieutenant returned with the three rebels. I told the rebel lieutenant that he could deliver his message to President Lincoln himself. Yes, he replied, and you have "broke" your parole. About a mile from this point we found the balance of the Second Massachusetts under Col. Lowell, mounted and in line. Three of us had been riding the prisoners' animals, and, as the prisoners were stopped here, we had to dismount and continue our journey on foot, but we were inside of the boundary of that county in Maryland noted for its patriotic farmers, and we were washed, and fed, and loaded into wagons, and taken into Washington, right into old Camp Relief. The name of our camp was very appropriate to our needs, and we found the relief we needed in a plenty of everything necessary to a soldier's comfort. Our own Col. James B. Swain was as pleased as a boy to see us back in camp again, and C company and their lieutenant were surely as well pleased to see their "Uncle Jimmy" again, and our trials were over for that occasion.

The second or third day after we got back to camp word was brought to me that the Harris Light Cavalry (Second New York) had captured the Second North Carolina Cavalry, and one of the prisoners sent the information that I could get my horse by applying for him at the Harris camp. I never applied for him, but I did make a claim against the government for horse lost in action, and so did Lieuts. Holmes and Hazelton. I was allowed, and collected, \$150; they got nothing.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM FAIRFAX.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

From the men who were made prisoners it was afterwards learned that the men who were killed in the fight were buried by the rebels. Some of the wounded were taken to a house at Fairfax Court House, their wounds dressed, and two well men left to take care of them. The other prisoners were taken with the rebel column, marched with them for two days with scarcely anything to eat, and then were paroled.

We who escaped learned from the men when they returned to the regiment that we had been fighting and charging into Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division of cavalry, and that the enemy were about bringing several pieces of artillery to bear on us when what was left of us broke away. The rebels would not believe that our body numbered but eighty-two men, and said we had given them a better fight than a brigade did a week previous.

Several days later, while we lay at Arlington, one of the men who were left in care of the wounded came in and reported that the men wanted to be brought into camp; there was no surgeon to dress their wounds and they had nothing to eat but what they could beg from the citizens. I volunteered to go and four men were detailed to go with me. I shoved a 44-caliber revolver in my boot, and a smaller one in my shirt pocket and with my men, without arms, reported at headquarters. The officer in charge inquired if we were going after the men at Fairfax. I told him we were. "Where are your arms?" he asked. I replied that I thought we were going under a flag of truce. He said: "No, you want your arms. Take a hospital flag to let them know what business you are on." He believed Mosby with his men was there and we would need our arms. We got our sabres, carbines and revolvers and reported again. Presently an ambulance arrived. I inquired if that was the only one we were to have; that it

would take six at least. He said, "You will have to press some wagons; you may get ambushed, but don't get captured." With four men and one ambulance to bring in twenty wounded, to fight Mosby and capture means of transportation!

Well, we started; two men in advance, two in the rear, and the ambulance driver and myself for the main body. The day was hot and we moved slowly. At Bailey's Cross Roads we saw an old man leaning on a gate. I said, "Old man, have you got anything to drink?" "Only some hard cider," was his answer. I said, "bring out a pail," called a halt and waited. The old man brought the cider. I motioned for the rear to come up; they drank all they wanted and relieved the advance, who got filled up and took the rear. I paid the old man, and we proceeded, feeling somewhat better. I could see the men felt anxious, as I did myself, for I did not know what moment we might get a volley from guerrillas in ambush, for it was their delight to catch a small body with a wagon train.

I instructed the advance if they saw any troops to stop and swing their hats. The road was hilly and we could not go off a walk. It was getting late in the afternoon and I was afraid we would have to remain all night. The advance were on top of a hill when I saw them stop and swing their caps. I told the driver to return to the top of the hill from whence we had just come; if he heard four shots to go back like the devil and told the rear guard to go with him. I rode up to the advance and saw a body of cavalry coming out of Fairfax with several covered wagons. They were so dusty I could not tell the

color of their uniforms, and I thought all our army was in northern Maryland. The advance stopped to water their horses in a stream; the rest kept coming; there must have been a thousand of them. Of course we couldn't fight them and I didn't want to run until I knew who they were. I told my men to advance their carbines and I would ride on and see what they were. If they fired at me to shoot back and fire low, then run, and if I escaped I would overtake them. I rode toward the advancing column and, when within hailing distance, asked who they were, and the answer came, "Fourth Rhode Island—what are you doing here?" I replied, "after the wounded of Scott's 900." The wounded men who were in the wagons heard me and cheered, and I felt relieved. I called to my men to come on and rode ahead and introduced myself to the colonel. I told him I had four men and an ambulance over the hill.

They had our wounded men; there were eight ambulances with from two to four men in each. I asked the surgeon if I could give the men some whisky that I had in my ambulance. He said, "yes, except to those who are injured in the head." I gave the lads the whisky—they were overjoyed to see me and I to see them. Some of the wounded were in a terrible condition. Private Guthrot's wounds were alive with maggots. Nearly all recovered, but many were unfit for service and were discharged. We all came back together, arriving at Arlington about 10 p. m. I told the surgeon of our regiment that I used the whisky up on the "boys" and he replied "all right."



GEO. W. RICHARDSON, MAJOR.

JOS. C. KENYON, MAJOR.

S. PIERRE REMINGTON, MAJOR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn
moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleam-
ing.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
tread,
As he tramps from the rocks to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as
then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured
vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun up close to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of
light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the
leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looks like a rifle—ah! "Mary, good bye!"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the
dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

—ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

EVENTS FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1863—DIARY OF EVENTS, BY SERGT. MILLETT—
PRISONERS OF WAR—"GARIBALDI," BY CARMAN A. ROBINSON—A TERRIBLE
NIGHT ON THE PICKET LINE.

DURING the last half of the year 1863 there were many expeditions, the dates of which have been forgotten, and which resulted in nothing but hardship and hard riding. In this book it is impossible to give the details of these affairs, because a record of them was not kept. A number of sketches are given in different chapters of the book, which will, in a measure, illustrate the nature of the work the regiment was engaged in while located in the vicinity of the national capital.

A record of a few events occurring between July 2d and December 13th follow:

July 2nd—Men wounded in the Fairfax fight brought to Washington.

July 11th—Moved into the new barracks.

July 14th—Lieut. McKenzie went to New York for drafted men and, returning with them as recruits for the army of the Potomac, was wrecked on the Atlantic coast.

August 16th—Companies E, F and

I returned to Camp Relief after an absence of eight months.

August 17th—The twelve companies were in camp for the first time in fourteen months; had dress parade of the full regiment and inspection by Lieut. Whiteside of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry on the following day.

August 20th—Company C went to Warrentown, Va.

August 22d—Companies A, B, D and K went to Edwards' Ferry.

In the latter part of August, 1863, the detachments of the regiment guard-

noitre. His advance guard of four men encountered the enemy and was captured, and Capt. Hallock and his men were compelled to retreat from the large force of the enemy that confronted them. At the same time the camp at Edwards' Ferry was attacked, and defended with spirit by the reserve, several of the enemy falling before their fire; but, being greatly outnumbered, the reserve retreated to the camp of Capt. Campbell at Muddy Branch, and the force, numbering about 100 men, was formed in line awaiting an attack; but the enemy withdrew across the river.

The rebel force was commanded by Maj. Elijah White and was composed of his regiment, the Thirty-fifth Virginia Cavalry and Col. Mosby's men, and numbered about 400. Several of the enemy were killed and two men captured, one of the prisoners being the guide who had piloted Stuart's cavalry into Maryland before the battle of Gettysburg. Our loss was two wounded and fourteen taken prisoners.

September 1st, Capt. McCallum, with his company (F), crossed the Potomac at White's Ford and marched to Leesburg with instructions to ascertain if the place was occupied by the rebels. When near Leesburg the rebel pickets were encountered and driven into the town, and several hundred rebel cavalry were discovered forming in line; the company fell back, closely pursued by the rebels, and crossed the Potomac near the Monocacy without loss.

September 17th—Enemy crossed the Potomac and attempted the capture of Gen. Heintzelman, who was at our camp at Offutt's Cross Roads.

Sept. 22d—A detachment had a skirmish with the rebels at Rockville, Md.

October 14th—Skirmish firing across the Potomac; one man of Company H wounded.

November 12th—Camp at Seneca Falls attacked; our pickets were driven in, and canal boat captured. Lieut. Holmes, with thirty men, drove the enemy across the river.

December 4th—Skirmish at Seneca Falls; one man wounded.



SAMUEL H. WILKESON, LIEUT.-COLONEL,
AS CAPTAIN "C" CO.

ing the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and the fords of the Potomac were in command of Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson, with headquarters at Edwards' Ferry. About 1 o'clock on the morning of August 27th, a large force of the enemy crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, captured two of the men who were on picket, one of whom, Alonzo Picket, of Company D, was seriously wounded. The alarm was given to the detachment at Edwards' Ferry, and Capt. Hallock, with sixteen men, went out to recon-

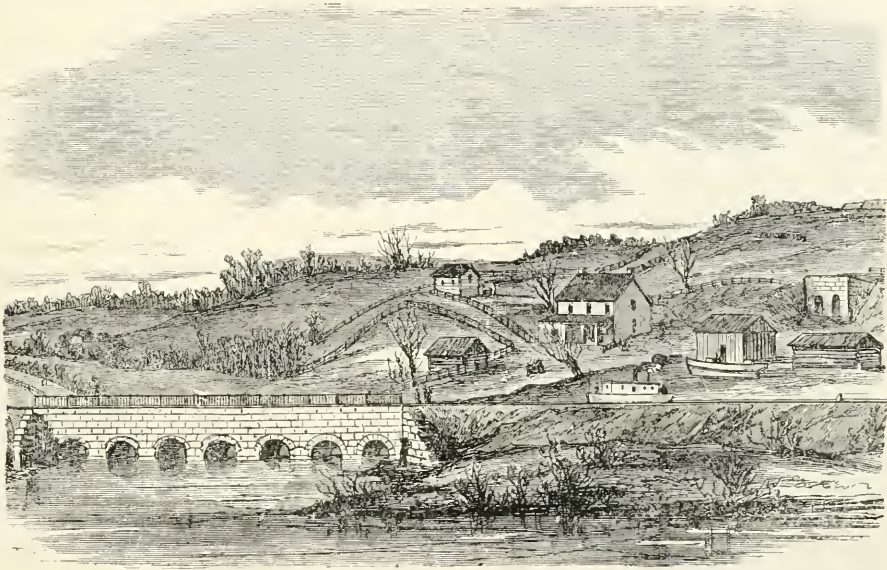
December 13th—Lieut. Gipson, with a detachment from Company H, attempted to cross the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, but was prevented by the enemy and the high water in the river.

Since the 6th of January, 1863, Companies E, F and I, under command of Maj. Kenyon, had been guarding the fords of the Potomac, with headquarters at Poolesville, and outposts at Edwards' Ferry and White's Ford. They patrolled and picketed the roads and

in command of Sergt. Leonard of Company F, had a skirmish with the enemy near Sugar Loaf Mountain, and Leonard was wounded.

On the 24th of June, the brigade, consisting of the Tenth Vermont and Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry, the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, and companies E, F and I, and one company from the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, broke camp and started for Maryland Heights to join Gen. French's division.

On the morning of the 26th it arrived



POTOMAC RIVER NEAR MOUTH OF MONOCACY.

guarded the Chesapeake and Ohio canal as far north as the Monocacy river, and made frequent reconnoitering expeditions across the Potomac in the vicinity of Leesburg, Va.

On the 11th of June, two companies of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, stationed at Seneca Falls, Md., were attacked by the rebels and five of their men were killed; the remainder were driven in upon our camp at Poolesville.

The latter days of June were days of excitement at these posts; reconnoitering expeditions reported the presence of the enemy and an attack was daily expected. One of the scouting parties,

and encamped on the heights. From the moment of its arrival our command was almost constantly employed in scouting and picketing the roads in Maryland and Virginia. Milroy had been defeated at Winchester, and the presence of the enemy at Harper's Ferry was momentarily looked for.

A pontoon bridge connected Harper's Ferry with the Maryland shore, and on the night of the 29th, a detail from "Scott's 900" and the Sixth Michigan cavalry crossed the bridge and established a line of videttes about a mile back of the village, from the Shenandoah river, across the Winchester pike,

and over Bolivar heights. The reason of placing this line of pickets at night is not apparent, for they could not detect the approach of the enemy in time to be of any use to the troops on Maryland heights, and as Harper's Ferry had been evacuated, there was no need of them for the security of that place.

However, whether of use or not, there they were; and on the morning of the 30th about two hundred and fifty men of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, who had managed to get inside the

was some distance away, observed the commotion at the reserve when they were captured, and alarmed the pickets on the mountain side. Private Patrick Gallagher of Company F, who refused to surrender, was killed. Brown, Bennett, Robinson, Pounding and Clark had a running fight down the mountain with half a dozen rebels who took after them. When they got down the heights one man turned upon their pursuers and emptied two saddles; the Confederates then turned about and retreated up the heights. The men who escaped from the picket posts attempted to reach the pontoon bridge, but were cut off by a large rebel force and took a position behind a deserted house and fought the enemy until they were surrounded, when, finding there was no chance for escape, Corporal Brown surrendered his little force.

Lieut. Von Weltzein and fifteen of Scott's 900, and a smaller number of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry were captured, taken to Winchester, thence to Richmond, with a part of Milroy's captured army.

Lieut. Von Weltzein and a Brooklyn major escaped from Libby prison in a clever manner. They told the rebels they were tailors and offered to make or mend their uniforms; they were given two uniforms to repair and at the first chance put them on. The Brooklyn major assumed to be a Confederate surgeon and walked past the guard with a note-book and some papers in his hand, while Von Weltzein meekly followed after, carrying a big bottle under his arm. They reached the Union lines after much suffering in the Chickahominy swamps. The rest of the prisoners were exchanged and returned to the regiment about four months later.

The three companies of the regiment assisted in the destruction of the vast quantity of stores on Maryland Heights and went with French's army to Frederick, Md., arriving there on the 1st of July, and had a skirmish the following day.

Regimental Commissary Sergeant Charles A. Millett kept a diary of events of that summer campaign, which



J. IRVING LEONARD, REGIMENTAL QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT, AS SERGEANT "F" CO.

lines, were seen approaching. The enemy had on light blue overcoats and were mistaken by the pickets for Union cavalry coming to their relief, and several posts were captured before the mistake was discovered by the others. Corporal Brown and Privates Bennett, Robinson and Pounding of Company E, and Privates Clark and McDonald of Company F of Scott's 900 were stationed on the mountain. McDonald was captured when he thought he was being relieved. Corporal Brown, who

are herewith given in lieu of a further account by the historian.

Wednesday, June 24th—Companies E, F and I, "Scott's 900," Eleventh New York Cavalry, under command of Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson and Maj. Kenyon, were brigaded with the Tenth Vermont and Twenty-third Maine Infantry and Tenth Massachusetts Battery, and one company Sixth Michigan Cavalry, all under command of Col. Jewett, Tenth Vermont; marched from Poolesville, Md., this date, at 6 P. M., our objective point being Maryland Heights. That night we halted near the mouth of the Monocacy river and threw out videttes quite close to us. It was afterwards learned, though we did not then know of it, that there was a rebel force of 300 cavalry, four pieces of artillery and a regiment of infantry, close by.

June 25th—Reveille was sounded at 3 A. M.; breakfast over, horses were fed and men aligned. Soon after daybreak we crossed the Monocacy river, in which position we were seen by the rebel pickets. At 8 A. M. we halted for rest. About 5 P. M. we passed through the village of Petersville. Owing to information received in Petersville, Col. Jewett determined to halt for the night rather than proceed in the darkness. Rain was falling steadily, and our bivouac that night was without shelter from the inclemency of the weather. I was fortunate in getting a share with others of an old wagon cover, under which we crawled, and with our ponchos and blankets, passed a fairly comfortable night.

June 26th saw us on Maryland Heights, with the forces under Gen. Tyler. From our camp we distinctly saw the enemy's pickets on Bolivar Heights in Virginia. We sent our patrols to watch and seek for information, also posted videttes.

Saturday, June 27th—Gen. Hooker passed through our camp with part of his army, leaving orders to evacuate Maryland Heights and destroy the commissary and other stores. Gen. French superseded Gen. Tyler in command, and the detachment of "Scott's 900"

was placed under the chief of cavalry, Col. McReynolds.

Sunday, June 28th—All the cavalry was drawn up in line of battle, with two feeds for each horse, and otherwise in light marching order. It was thought that a battle would take place at or near the old battlefield of Antietam, and that we would come in for our share of the work. We waited for some time for the arrival of another regiment ordered from Monocacy, but the order was countermanded and we returned to quarters.

Monday, June 29th—The rebel pa-



WM. H. SLAUSON, CAPTAIN "1" CO.

trol chased our scouts from Bolivar Heights, but fortunately with no other damage than two or three slight wounds received by some of the horses by the grazing of the balls; some of the men showed bullet holes through their clothing.

Tuesday, June 30th—This day it was more serious. Our picket party, consisting of a commissioned officer (Von Weltzein, E company) a sergeant, three corporals and twelve men, was attacked by the enemy and captured, with the

exception of one man of F company, named Gallagher, who, upon being called upon to surrender, replied that he was "there to fight and not to surrender." He was instantly shot through the lung. Strange to say, the rebels did not rifle his pockets, and no indignity was offered his body. A citizen, finding the remains, procured a wagon and reverently brought them into camp, where we buried them, the grave being dug on the north side of an old cherry tree, nearly opposite the middle road up the mountain. While digging the grave all the troops were under arms.

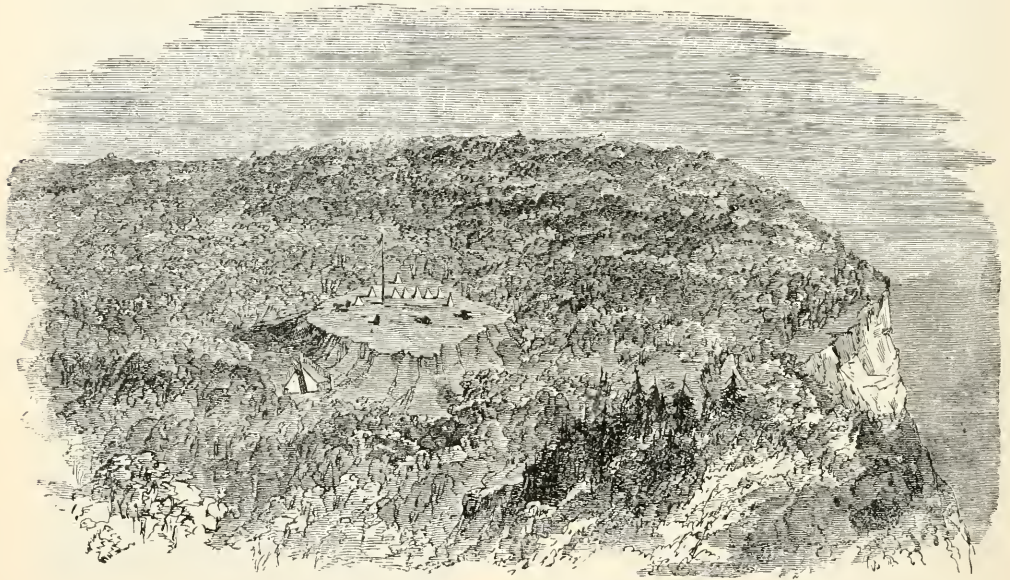
down the evacuation was complete. After a few hours' march we came upon the main body of our troops, and bivouacked for the night.

July 1st—Early in the morning we took up the line of march, passing through Knoxville, Petersville and Jefferson; at sunset we arrived at Frederick, made forever famous by Whittier's—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.



MARYLAND HEIGHTS, COMMANDING HARPER'S FERRY.

The time had come to evacuate and the work of destruction had already begun. The detachment of "Scott's 900" formed the rear guard. As the column extended over several miles, it was not until 10:30 a. m. that we marched off the grounds. As we passed the quartermaster's depot stores of all kinds were being destroyed; coffee, sugar, tea, etc., emptied on the ground and kicked by men's feet until mingled with the dust. Barrels of pork and beef, sides of bacon and boxes of hardtack were piled up and burned. At sun-

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach trees fruited deep.

Fair as the Garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Fredericktown.

* * * * *

June 2d-3d—We had camped outside the city. We now moved and took up our quarters at some little distance on the Gettysburg side of the town. Pre-

vious to our move we were inspected and reviewed by Col. McReynolds; the inspection had reference to the condition of both horses and men and for encounters with the foe. In this respect we passed muster.

Weather was showery, heat very great; our only shelter such as could be devised by placing a blanket over a ridge pole and stretching the four corners by means of stakes to the ground; at night we spread talmas and blankets

their way to Frederick, the more so if their pontoon bridge at Williamsport had been destroyed by our forces, as was intended.

About 1 o'clock the order came, "Saddle up, the rebs are coming." It ran from camp to camp like wildfire; in a few minutes the men were in the saddles. An officer rode up and ordered out the first company that was ready to make a reconnoissance on the Harper's Ferry road. Company E being ready



WALTER TULLY, FIRST-SERGEANT "E" CO.



ISAAC HOWELL, SERGEANT "E" CO.

on the ground, using overcoats and horse blankets for coverings.

A detail was made daily for picket and outpost duty, the fatigue of which was mitigated by the friendliness and hospitality of the farmers.

July 4th was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the discharge of fire arms; weather still unsettled, heat preceding wet and wet following heat; most unpleasant to men camped in a field surrounded by rank vegetation. We were aware of the battle of Gettysburg and the defeat of the rebels. It was thought that possibly they might seek to escape from Meade and find

was ordered on that duty, but as our camp was further from the quarter where the rebels were seen than that of some other cavalry E company was forestalled in its desire to get the advance. It was not from want of trying that we lost the post of honor, for we galloped through the city like mad. We rode for several miles past Jefferson and through it, the country people telling us that the rebs were not far off. It finally proved that sixteen or seventeen rebs had been bold enough to come as far as the end of Church street on the border of the city and capture nine horses from a blacksmith shop.

We took four prisoners and one reb was shot by a trooper of the First Maryland cavalry. Fearing the bold advance of so small a force was a ruse to draw the



JAMES JOHNSON, LIEUTENANT "F" CO.

Union cavalry from Frederick while an attempt was to be made to capture the city from some other direction, a sufficient number was sent out in pursuit, while the bulk returned to camp.

July 5th—A detail of fifty men from our command under the captain of F company, made a reconnoissance to the town of Mechanicsville; were out until 10:30 that night, and ascertained that a rebel force was there that morning of 2,000 cavalry and a few pieces of artillery, going towards Williamsport. It was feared that they might take one of the mountain roads that would bring them upon Frederick. We learned that Gen. Stuart was only eight miles distant with a large force of cavalry. Pickets were doubled, horses unbridled and girths slackened, but saddles were not removed. We slept "under arms" all night.

July 6th—The night passed quietly;

Stuart did not come, so in the morning we unsaddled. The excitement to-day was the hanging of a spy, Wm. Richardson, who for some time had been known in our camp as a peddler. During the day Meade's army marched upon Frederick and camped in our vicinity; we slept more tranquilly, owing to the large force around us.

July 7th to 13th—The past few days have seen us constantly on the alert, making frequent marches and ever expecting to move into the brunt of battle. On the morning of the 9th we reported to Gen. Pleasanton at Boonsboro and were brigaded with the Thirtieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Gen.



MICHAEL KERWIN, MAJOR 13TH PENN. CAVALRY.

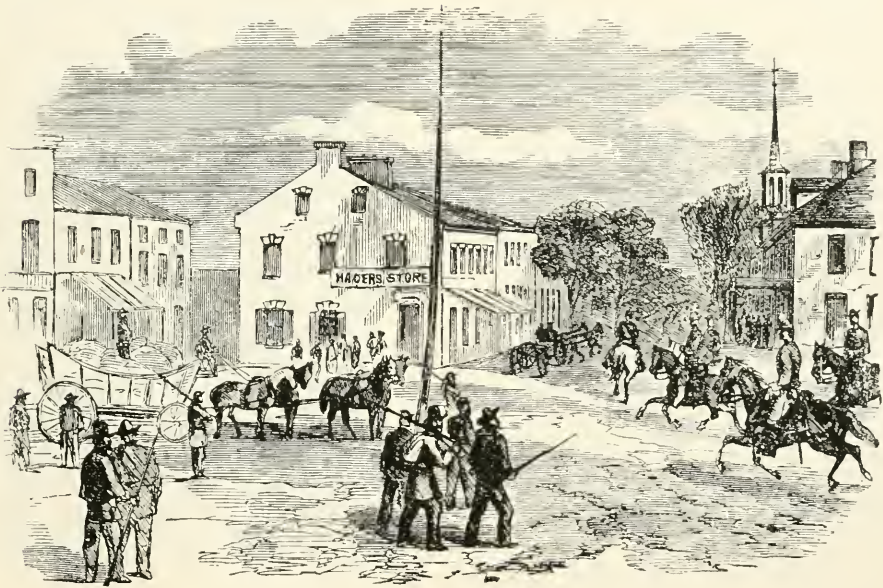
Gregg's division, Pleasanton's Corps. In company with a large force of cavalry and artillery, we went into camp about 9 o'clock.

On the 10th we were ordered into

line for inspection by a general officer; at 11 A.M. we were on the march, with rations for five days; wagons were left behind in camp. As we moved out of Boonsboro our column had the good wishes of the people, who suspended Union flags and saluted us as we passed. Taking the road to Hagerstown, we heard firing in the front and on the left; some of our men who were on scout were engaged. Diverging from the turnpike road, we took a less frequented one to the right. We halted about four miles from Boonsboro, picketed our horses to the fence, and rested ourselves beneath the shade of trees.

aidedly uncomfortable, as the only shelter we had was improvised by making shelter-tents of blankets, talmas, and ponchos.

July 14th—Ordered to move at 7 o'clock. We soon had everything ready, but it was not until 8 o'clock that we formed in close column by companies, then broke by fours for the road. Each man had two days' rations and a feed for his horse. Our column consisted of two batteries and 1,500 to 2,000 cavalry. We took the road to Harpers' Ferry, arriving soon at Sandy Hook. Rickett's Battery shelled the rebel pickets from Bolivar Heights. We



HAGERSTOWN, MD., WAR TIME SCENE.

Saddles were not removed during the whole time we remained in the vicinity of Boonsboro, which was until Sunday afternoon. Our camp was near a little place called Smoketown. We then returned to Boonsboro to rejoin the division under Gen. Gregg. Lee's army was reported penned up between Hagerstown and Williamsport; a fight was expected, and our cavalry force of some 14,000 held in reserve until some decisive action had taken place in front. Rain set in and our position was de-

crossed the river on a pontoon bridge and went into camp that night on Bolivar Heights, and had some skirmishing with the enemy.

July 15th—At sunrise were again in the saddle; marched some two miles and halted, delay caused by a fight the night before between the First Connecticut Cavalry and Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, in which our men had to fall back, bringing the colonel of the Virginians with them. As it was supposed a large force of rebels was in our vi-

cinity, a reconnoissance was made, Gen. Gregg proceeding toward Shepards-town to capture it. Our detachment and the one from Thirteenth Pennsylvania were left behind under Maj. Kenyon to hold Halltown. We had some fighting, took several prisoners, and held the town all day. At night-fall we threw out additional pickets and used every precaution to be warned in time of the enemy's approach.

July 16th—Roused by the officer of the picket at 3 o'clock: we formed line and stood to horse, expecting an attack, as firing had been heard near by since 2 o'clock.

Gen. Gregg had not returned. We had orders to hold Halltown, and we held it; though out of rations and the prospect poor for a fresh supply.

July 17th and 18th—Learned that Gen. Lee had recrossed the Potomac, Gen. Meade being one day too late to capture him. Intelligence more nearly concerning us came in; Gen. Gregg had been fighting at Shepards-town nearly all day; his cavalry were dismounted and were making what defense they could against the rebel grape and canister. We were ready for a movement from Halltown, so that when the scouting party came in to say that we were cut off from Gen. Gregg, we were not slow to put ourselves in position to meet the enemy, should he approach. Horses had not been unsaddled since we left Bolivar Heights, and men had just had their scanty supper, when our small party fell back a little from the town and formed again in order of battle. Here we threw out pickets and waited for dawn. At 2.45 A.M. rations were served for two days.

In the rain, wet and cold, protected only by greatcoats, we waited for orders. In the afternoon shelter-tents and canteens were served out to us and arrangements were made to supply us with underclothing and boots. It was not until Saturday morning that we were allowed to unsaddle, so that our horses had borne their packs nearly eighty hours. Clean straw from a field near by furnished our beds, and a good sleep put us in good humor. Without

breakfast, dinner or supper we waited. The army was crossing the bridges and occupied the entire means of transit. We felt rather rusty at not having our rations, but, upon learning the cause, felt reconciled.

July 19th—No rations having arrived, recourse was had to "private foraging." Sundry hogs surrendered their lives by execution with a sabre, and the miller of Halltown generously furnished us with flour. Rations reached us about noon. Soon after orders were given to march, and we turned our



JOHN WESLEY SMITH, "F" CO.

steps toward the Potomac. Descending from the "heights," we followed the Shenandoah on its left bank as far as the bridge. Crossing it, we traveled in company with the broader Potomac. A ride of twelve miles brought us to Lovettsville, where we bivouacked for the night.

July 20th—Our march this day was through Leesburg, a place we had visited on previous occasions. This vicinity has witnessed many a struggle in the present war. We moved quietly

through the town, camping that evening on Goose Creek.

July 21st and 22d—Leaving Goose Creek, our march was still southward. The afternoon saw us at Centerville Heights. Through Centerville we marched to Manassas Junction and camped for the night.

Manassas Junction was left in the rear of our column next morning, we camping on the evening of the 22d at Bristoe Station, close to the railway. We remained there that day and the next (23d), recuperating men and horses.

July 24th—Called upon to move at once; in half an hour we were on the move; followed the railroad to Catlett's Station; at noon, after watering horses, we took the road leading to Warrenton Junction, and after a short march we turned into a grove and camped.

July 25th and 26th—Had a quiet morning. In the afternoon the bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles," and we were soon on the march again. At Bealton Station, some six miles from our last camping place, we halted for the night. Early in the morning we were again on the march, still following the line of the railroad, and halting on the margin of the wood that fringed the road. Our squadrons were here broken up and sent in different directions to picket the fords of the Rappahannock River. The rebel pickets were on the opposite side, but by agreement there was no firing.

July 27th—Our sole duty was picketing the river. This day our hearts were made glad by the arrival of the mail, the first we had received in a month.

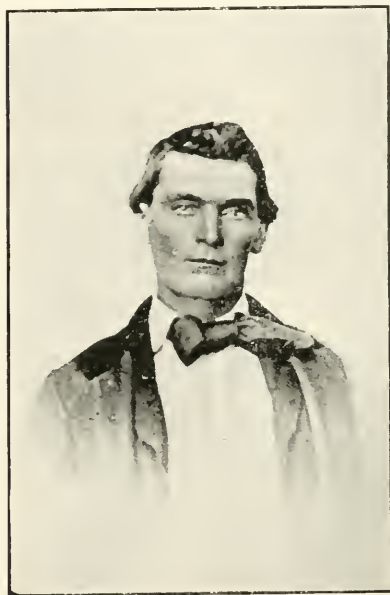
July 28th and 29th—Roused at 5 o'clock by the bugle call "To horse"; pickets were called in from Norman's, Beverly and Kelly's Fords, and joined us about 9 A.M. at Bealton Station. We left Bealton, a whole division strong, to look after the "rebs." Late in the day we approached Warrenton. Gen. Meade's army was encamped in the vicinity. About two miles from Warrenton we halted and bivouacked.

July 30th—Early on the move.

Slowly we marched and in the afternoon reached a little hamlet named Waterloo. Later in the day we crossed the Hegeman River, a deep stream. Some of the boys were wet to the middle—top boots filled with water. That night we halted at the village of Amissville, built fires, and dried our clothes.

July 31st to August 3d—Days of idleness, improved by all by doing a large amount of sleeping. At Amissville; everything quiet; nothing to do.

August 4th to 9th—This morning the



CHAS. CARROLL SAWYER, "F" CO.

trains were ordered back to Warrenton. Gen. Gregg evidently feared an attack from the rebels, who were in force in our front, where we had some skirmishing. I was ordered by Maj. Kenyon to go with our wagons to take charge of them; to bring out to our detachment forage and provisions. Almost every day saw me on the road between Warrenton and Amissville, keeping our detachment supplied with forage for horses and "grub" for men. On the 9th the division moved back to Jefferson and Sulphur Springs.

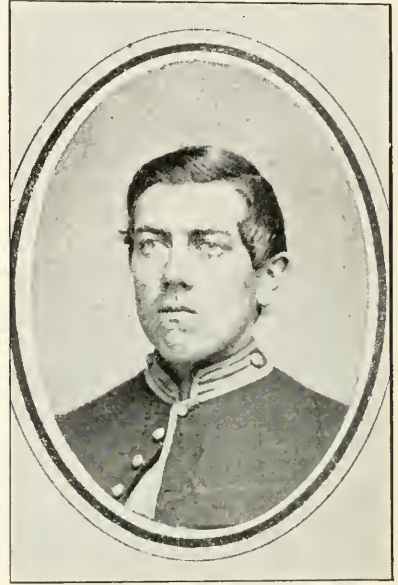
August 10th to 16th—Still at Sulphur

Springs, doing picket duty. We here came across the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, which formed part of our brigade at Poolesville. We last saw them at Frederick. We were all glad to meet again. Many changes had taken place in the battery, some gone to Richmond, some to their last home; many familiar faces were missing.

On the 14th our detachment went to Little Washington and Flint Hill on a reconnoissance, with orders not to bring on an engagement unless we got into a tight place and had to cut our way through. We found the "rebs" in force at Little Washington, and they attempted to cut us off, but we returned to camp late in the night, after slight skirmishing, with the information sought for.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 15th Maj. Kenyon received an order to report in Washington with the detachment. Saddles were packed in a hurry; by 10 o'clock all was ready, and, bidding our comrades of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania good-by, we started on our march for Washington. We knew that Mosby was operating between us and our destination, and were in hopes of having a chance to wipe out his gang. We marched until 9 o'clock that evening, and camped that night at Bristoe Station. At daybreak next morning we were cooking our coffee and pork, and, as soon as this was over, we resumed our march. At noon we halted at Centreville for rest and dinner. Here we found some fifteen sutlers waiting for an escort into Washington, they being afraid of Mosby. They fell in behind our wagons, making quite a train. Dividing our force into an advance and rear guard, we took up our line of march. We kept out flankers and were on the alert for Mosby, but he kept out of the way and we saw nothing of him. About 6 o'clock, from the top of a hill near Falls Church, we got a view of Washington in the distance. At last we reached Long Bridge, and crossing this were in Washington, which we left nearly eight months previously. Reaching Camp Relief about 9 o'clock, we found no provision had

been made for our accommodation. We were all tired out, so, wrapping ourselves in blankets, we made a bed on the parade ground, thus ending our campaign in the army of the Potomac.



KING S. ROOT, CORPORAL "E" CO.

My name it is Charlie MacDonald,
I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;
I ha'e follow'd our banner, and will do,
With my dirk and my claymore in hand.
When rankit among the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava';
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Drummond is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;
An' I, their gude brither MacDonald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray.
—OLD SCOTCH SONG.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Carman A. Robinson, of Company E, who was one of the men captured at Bolivar Heights, gives the following account of his experiences as a prisoner of war:

After our fight on the morning of

June 30, 1863, and our ineffectual attempt to escape from the comparatively large force of Confederates by which we were surrounded, we were taken by our captors to Charlestown, Va., dismounted, and started on foot toward Winchester.

Our guard treated us well, but, as they had nothing to eat themselves, they could give us nothing. There were plenty of cherries all along the route, and the column stopped several times and we filled our stomachs with the fruit.

We arrived in Winchester about 6 o'clock that afternoon, and were placed in the jail, given some hard tack, and told that it was our rations for two days, but we thought, as the quantity was so small, we would be sure that no one would get it from us, so we ate it all for supper.

The next morning we started for Staunton, guarded by a company of infantry; about one hundred more prisoners were added to our number. Our guard, who were old veterans, treated us well. The first two days' rations were scarce, but after that we had plenty; but we bought them ourselves. The captain would let some of us go away from the turnpike under guard every day, and we returned with bread, pie, cheese, etc. On the 4th of July, while we were resting under the shade of some large trees, two mounted rebel dispatch carriers came along, going up the valley toward Staunton. The captain asked for the news from the front, when they told of a great rebel victory, and that the Confederate army was either in Philadelphia or Baltimore, perhaps occupied both cities. Charles McDonald, of Company F, known as "Garibaldi," called them "damned lying rebels" and other hard names. The couriers drew their sabres and started for "Garry," who stepped up to the captain and begged him to lend him a sabre, saying that he would fight them both at once; but the captain ordered him to go and sit down, and directed the two rebels to go about their business. The captain took quite a liking to "Garry," for after that he

walked many a mile with him and talked much more freely to him than to any other person.

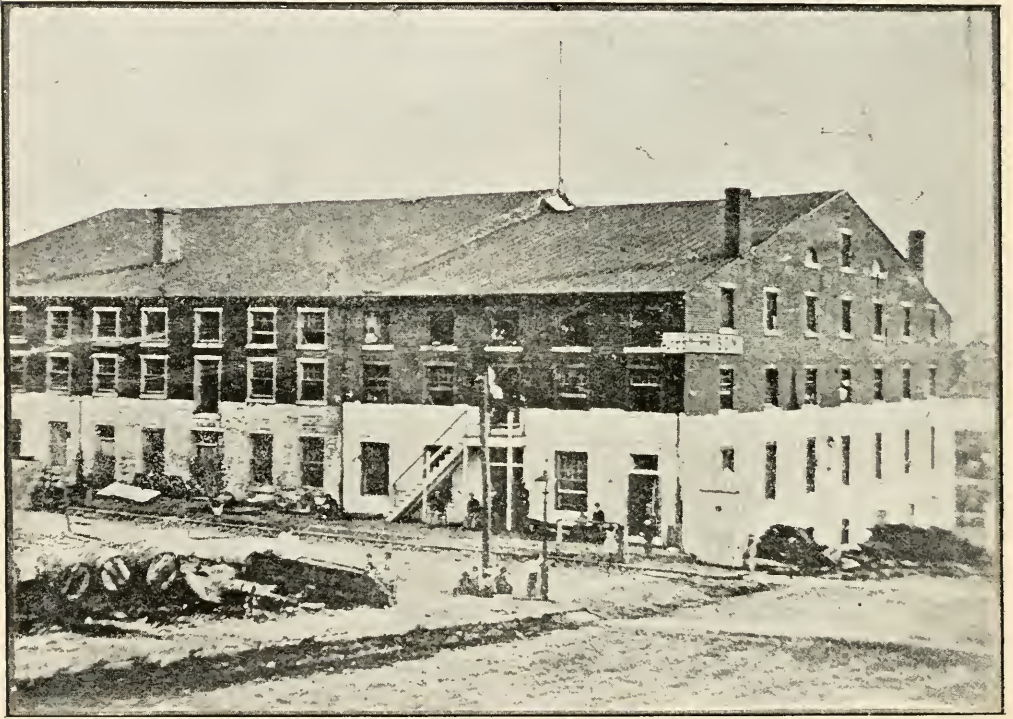
There was another incident on that same 4th of July, which was very pleasant to me. When we camped for the night and had taken a bath and eaten supper, the captain, some of the guards, and quite a number of the prisoners went a little way from the camp to a house where several young ladies were singing rebel songs. We sat down on the grass and listened until they were done, when a prisoner—one of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry—remarked that he knew a Southern song, written by a Southern man many years ago, a much better song than their "Bonnie Blue" one, and, if they liked, he would sing it for them. Then loud and clear on the still evening air floated with faultless, rhythmic cadence the beautiful words of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Never before or since have I heard it sung so well. All listened intently, and for several minutes after the song was finished not a word was spoken; then the rebel captain said, with a sigh, "Well, boys! I reckon we'd better go back to camp."

We arrived at Staunton on the night of the 5th, and the next morning took the train for Charlottesville and from there to about five miles from Lynchburg, where we had to leave the cars on account of the tracks being washed away. We arrived in Lynchburg about midnight and were turned over to the Home Guards, a different class of men from the fighting rebels we had been with. We were placed until 10 o'clock next day, when we were started on a ten-mile march down the river to take the train for Richmond. When about half way to the train I heard loud talking in the rear, and, turning round, saw one of the Home Guards and a number of prisoners having a quarrel; "Garibaldi" (Charles McDonald) was the leader of the prisoners. The captain, and in fact all of us, ran back to see what was the matter. It seems that one of the prisoners, a mere boy, had become lame and could not keep up with the column,

and the guard had prodded him with his bayonet, was seen in the act by "Garibaldi," and had saved himself from a beating only by keeping "Garry" and the others away with his bayonet. The captain ordered the prisoners to fall in, but "Garry" told him that if that lame boy was touched again, he had men with him who could throw him and his guard into the river, and that they would do it if half of them

colonel, who was an inmate and had recognized some of us. We entered the prison, were searched and sent to the top floor, where we occupied our time principally in catching and killing graybacks, playing cards, telling stories, and making the small amount of food we received last as long as possible. Then we were paroled, took the train for City Point July 14th, and went on board the steamer New York



LIBBY PRISON, FROM A WAR TIME CONFEDERATE PHOTOGRAPH.

died in consequence. The captain said that no prisoner should be ill treated again, and the lame boy was helped along until we reached the train.

We entered Richmond on the morning of the second day after taking the cars, as the train did more standing than running. On arriving at Richmond we were marched to Libby Prison, and, while standing in the street in front of the prison, were hailed by Col. Cesnola, formerly our lieutenant-

under the stars and stripes. As soon as all were on board the steamer started for Annapolis; the men were told to fall in, in single file, and get something to eat, and you never saw any of "Scott's 900" fall in quicker in your life, than did the small contingent there represented. We passed into the cabin and the first man we met gave us a quart tin cup; the second, a large half loaf of bread; the third, two pounds of good boiled ham, and the fourth

filled our cups with good coffee, sweetened and with *milk* in it. We went to the upper deck, and very soon we were outside of all we had been given. We then joined the line again and received the same amount, went to the upper deck, ate all we could, and went to sleep. I woke up about midnight, and "Shorty" Pounding asked me if it were not supper time yet. I told him I thought it was, and we woke up the rest, and finished what we had left, with three cans of sausage, which I had bought before going to sleep. We arrived at Annapolis the next day, drew new uniforms complete, went to the river, took off our old clothes, and sent them floating down stream. We went into the water and scrubbed each other, and had a good swim for an hour, then we dressed and went to look for something to eat, of which we found plenty. The next morning we went to the parol camp and were assigned to tents.

A few days after arriving in the camp we were given two months' pay, and soon after that Sergt. Ryan and "Shorty" Pounding started for home. They arrived all right. "Shorty" stayed until exchanged in the fall, Ryan stayed for good. A short time afterward we heard that our companies had returned to Camp Relief. I proposed to Corp. Edgar that we rejoin the boys there, and he agreed. We started before daylight the next morning (Sunday), and tramped until near noon, when we passed a church. Tied to the fence along the road were a dozen or more saddle horses, and they looked so tempting that I told "Bob" that, as we belonged to the cavalry, we should not walk; so we mounted the best two horses and sent them over the road at a lively gait for about ten miles. Then we dismounted, gave the horses a good crack with our whips, and sent them back to church, and we resumed our tramp.

We had no trouble dodging the railroad guards until we reached Bladensburg Creek, where we found that all the bridges were guarded, so we went into the bushes about half way between two bridges, undressed, and

tied our clothes in a snug bundle, put them on our heads, went into the creek, and were climbing up the banks on the opposite side when discovered and ordered back by the guard. We ran naked about half a mile into the woods, put on our clothes, and, when the sun was low in the west, passed over the hill behind Camp Relief, crossed the creek where we used to water our horses, were discovered by some of the boys, and escorted to the barracks and given a good supper. "Old Joe" Hyatt (my particular friend) interviewed me something like this:

"Ho, ho, ho, by the gods, Robinson, you here? Report to the colonel immediately."

I told him that I was a paroled prisoner, and that it was my intention to report when I got ready.

As soon as I thought the colonel was at liberty, I got "Bob" and we went over to the headquarters and reported our safe arrival from Annapolis. The colonel and adjutant told us that we would have to go back. I told them that we had been homesick and lonesome at Annapolis, and we would not stay there, and if sent back we would go home to Long Island. They laughed, and the colonel said that he could draw no rations for us, but we told him if he would allow us to remain we would find plenty to eat. This he consented to do. I asked him for a furlough, so he made a note of my application, and in the latter part of October, when I was exchanged, he sent for me, handed me a furlough, told me where to go to get transportation, asked me if I had any money, and, when I told him I had none, he gave me \$2, told me I was a good boy and a credit to the regiment. When I returned from furlough I handed the colonel the \$2, but he would not take it. I went on duty the next day, and continued in the service with the old regiment until the rebels ended my fighting career in an engagement in Tennessee, in 1865.

In the summer of 1863, when a detachment of the regiment was returning from a reconnoissance in Virginia, it was met by the Forty-seventh New York

State Militia, drawn up across the road to Fairfax. Each party mistook the other for the enemy. The Forty-seventh had, I think, gray uniforms, and our men believed that they had been cut off from Washington. A charge through the line was immediately ordered. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, although some of the militia boys were knocked down by the horses, but most of them managed to get out of our way, and they discovered the blue jackets on our men before much firing was done.

Sergt. Ellis, of the Second United States Cavalry, gives an interesting sketch of a meeting with our regiment in upper Maryland, and of another bloodless encounter between friends who thought the other side were foes.

(From the Portland, Me., Press.)

SCOTT'S 900 AND THE 2D U. S. CAVALRY.

A Terrible Night on the Picket Lines.

A Cow Caused a Fight Between Federal Companies.

Extraordinary Results of a Picket's Mistake—He Shot a Cow and Precipitated a Pitched Battle Between Federal Companies—Miraculously, Only the Cow was Hurt—Sergt. Ellis' Interesting Narrative.

At a meeting of Bosworth Post, Mr. Hiram Ellis, of South Portland, read the following interesting paper:

In October, 1863, after the great flanking march of the army of the Potomac, the regiment to which I belonged—the Second United States Cavalry—was sent into Maryland to get necessary supplies and relieve our horses from the hardships of the campaign that had rendered them almost useless. We passed through Leesburg, crossed the Potomac at Young's Island, followed the tow path down to Seneca Locks, under the canal through the culvert, and went into camp near the main or river road. We had hardly got settled for the night when the patrol, that was always marching up and down on the towpath, reported that an important post of the pickets a few miles down the river was without guard.

And it was afterward found that the patrol on its downward march had reported the same to Scott's 900 Cavalry, a regiment stationed a few miles further down and to which the patrol belonged. Upon the receipt of this report our colonel issued the following order:

"Send a company to that point to guard it for the night, to place one sentinel at the mouth of the culvert, and two others at his discretion."

At that time I was first sergeant and temporarily in command of the company. The sergeant-major brought the order to me, saying that my company was detailed for that duty, and gave me directions how to find the place. We saddled up at once and set out, arriving at the place just after dark, and posted the sentinel according to orders. In order to make my story clear I will make this explanation:

From the main or river road to the canal it was about twenty rods by a small road or bypath, surrounded with sparsely growing shrubs and small pines. This path had a slight rise for about half the distance, then fell off sharply to the bottom of a ravine, this ravine running parallel to the river. The path here made a slight turn to the right, continuing to the bed of a stream that flowed through the culvert, beyond which was a ford of the river. Directly across the ravine, on a slight bluff, stood a block house or "bomb proof," and I must describe this, as it has much to do with my story. It was built by putting two rows of timber like a stockade, one outside the other about seven feet apart, the space between filled with earth, the top covered with heavy timbers, and then with earth to the depth of about seven feet. The only entrance to this block house was through a hole so small that only one man could get through at a time, and on his hands and knees at that. While the sentinels were being posted, some of the men investigated this hole, got inside, and built a small fire so that the inside of the place could be seen. It looked like a good place to spend the

night. Our horses were ranged along the bottom of the ravine and fastened to trees and bushes that grew plentifully on one side.

Upon getting inside the block house it was found that, while a good place to spend the night, it would be a bad place in case of attack, because one man armed with a piked stick could hold us all prisoners or starve us to death. It was therefore ordered that if attacked every man should get out and get to his horse as soon as possible. I will say here that I had posted sentinels as follows: One at the mouth of the culvert, one on the bank of the canal farther down stream, and one at the highest point of the bypath already mentioned. We had hardly got ready to spend the night in the block house when the sentinel posted up the road challenged and called out the guard. We got out through that unfortunate hole as quick as we could, got into line, and, after a parley, allowed one of the party to approach and give the countersign. It was then found to be a company of "Scott's 900" sent there with orders almost identical with mine. It was under command of a lieutenant, who at once took command of the whole. He looked at my orders, and together we rode around and visited my sentinels, who challenged sharply and required the countersign in good style.

He approved of what I had done, and suggested that, as his orders required him to post sentinels, he would take two men from his company and three men from my company, and for the relief three men from his company and two from mine, and so on till morning.

One of these men was posted south of the block house, on high ground, and the others to the north on what would be a continuation of the ravine, or what we supposed was a cropping of ledge slightly higher than the surrounding intervalle. It was afterward found to be on a direct line with the culvert. These sentinels were posted without saying anything about it to the others. Then our troubles began. The night was very dark, the stars could be dimly seen through the haze,

and the atmosphere was in condition to transmit sound to a long distance. No wind was perceptible. We had scarcely got inside the block house when a shot was fired, immediately followed by others, and a general uproar outside. We all made a dive for that confounded hole and got out, and there was trouble enough. The sentinels on the low ground were chasing each other round, challenging and shooting right and left, and those on the high ground were firing and calling out the guard. And then all made a break for the block house. After much confusion order was restored, and, as no enemy was found, the sentinels were returned to their posts. Then the lieutenant and myself investigated. We found that the last sentinel posted had fired first, and he explained that he had heard something and seen something move, and had challenged and threatened and then fired; but admitted that he snapped four times before his gun went off, but since returning to his post had seen nothing. I had posted at the mouth of the culvert Frank Kelly, as good a man as I had. He explained that he had heard men talking at the further end of the culvert, and after a few pistol shots had been fired, a whole battery of artillery fired, and, seeing the flash of a gun up in the field, felt sure we were attacked, and made all the noise he could. A further investigation showed that the echo in the culvert would account for all the noise he had heard.

We then returned to the block house, and the lieutenant decided to relieve the guard then, and start new so as to avoid any further trouble. The detail was made and we crawled out of that miserable hole and made the rounds systematically, relieving the guard and leaving everything in good order. As the night was chilly, the lieutenant and myself crawled inside once more and had scarcely got in when shots were fired, and all hands got outside of that infernal hole, and found that the shots we heard were from some party up in the main road, and that a regular battle was going on up there. We felt

sure that the enemy was round, and made a disposition to give him a warm reception as soon as he came within range. Our whole force was drawn up across the path at the bottom of the ravine. Our carbines were fully charged and every man was instructed just what to do. Soon the firing died out and we could hear a parley going on, and, after considerable loud talk, the whole party seemed to be coming toward us. The lieutenant placed one of his best men at the post on the top of the hill with positive orders to challenge before he fired. True to his instructions, when the party got near enough, he sung out, "Who comes there?" fired, and then scampered down the hill to where we stood in line of battle. The forces approaching, then knowing that it was the enemy, opened on us with everything they could, and we, knowing that it was the enemy, returned the compliment in kind, and together we filled the sky full of bullets for a short time. But our fire soon slackened, and the enemy appeared to have retreated. We began to look around to see if any of our men were hurt, when a voice was heard asking what troops we were.

After a long parley he was allowed to come in, and we found that he belonged to our regiment, and that the whole crowd were United States troops sent to our relief. It seems that when we had our first scrimmage the noise we made was heard up in our camp and reported to the colonel that Sergt. Ellis was attacked, and he at once ordered out a company to our relief. The noise was also heard down at the camp of "Scott's 900," and a company was ordered out to their relief. These two companies meeting, where they had no right to expect any troops, naturally mistook each other for the enemy, and pitched into each other and had a regular fight, but after a while found out their mistake and joined together, but were unable to account for the first firing they had heard. They approached our position, and the reception we gave them led them to believe that the picket was in the hands of the enemy, and had therefore opened on us with all

their might. About this time it began to grow light, so the pickets were called in and each party prepared to return to camp and report, but first the ranking officers wanted to find out how the row began.

The man who fired the first shot was found and taken to the place where he was posted to explain how it was. He insisted that he had seen and heard something that would not answer his challenge, and sure enough on the low ground, right in front of where he stood, lay an old cow, dead, the blood still oozing from a bullet wound that had been given more by a blunder than anything else. We then started for camp. When we got up in sight of the main road we saw down on the right a line of skirmishers, and upon the left a line of skirmishers, all coming towards us, and all wore the blue, and behind each was the rest of their regiment in all the pomp and circumstance of war.

As soon as we were near enough to understand the case each line involuntarily halted and looked at each other. Then the commander of each regiment, seeming to comprehend, rode to the front between the lines and went at each other, and if you had never heard a wordy war you would have heard one then. It did seem as if blood would be spilt then if not before. But their ammunition was soon expended, and more explanations followed, when it was found that when our second and third fights were going on it was reported to our colonel, "Sergt. Ellis is having another fight down there," and to the colonel of "Scott's 900," "They are at it again up there;" when each colonel called in all the force he could raise and came to the rescue, as I have described. After the investigation had all been gone over again, without much satisfaction to any one, each regiment started for its own camp, when a broad smile came over all that had not been actually engaged; but to us who were there it was a serious affair. We were all badly frightened and much ammunition was expended, but the only thing wounded or killed was that old cow, and she was a non-combatant.

CHAPTER X.

APPLICATION FOR FIELD SERVICE—DEPARTURE OF COLONEL SWAIN—THE NEW COLONEL—ORDERED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF—FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE "E. Z.," BY MAJOR ELLSWORTH—THE HORSE MARINES, OR CAVALRY ON SHIPBOARD, BY SERGEANT MONTGOMERY—CAVALRY AT SEA ON THE "PRESIDENT FILLMORE," BY SERGEANT HARTWELL.

THE following correspondence relative to field service as a regiment will explain itself:

"Headquarters Scott's 900, U. S. Vol. Cav., Camp Relief, Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1863.
TO THE HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

"SIR—I beg leave respectfully to solicit permission from the War Department to recruit and organize a battery of light howitzers, to be attached permanently to this regiment, and earnestly request that the regiment may be permitted at the opening of the spring campaign to take a united part in active operations before the enemy.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obdt. servant,
JAMES B. SWAIN,
Colonel commanding Scott's 900, U. S. V. Cavalry."

The foregoing was endorsed, "I do not think it advisable to raise batteries in this way. I see no objection to putting the regiment in the field.

"S. P. HEINSELMAN, Maj.-Gen."

"Camp Relief, Seventh street, Washington, March 17, 1863.
MAJ.-GEN. BURNSIDE.

"SIR—I respectfully solicit that you will apply to the War Department for permission to attach this regiment to your command.

"I have two motives for the request, first, a desire to serve in your command, and in the locality which it is expected will be your department; and second,

a wish to be relieved from my present duty, and with a united regiment to be engaged in more active service.

"The regiment now has 884 enlisted men. The surgeon's report of this date shows but thirteen men in the hospital, and but nineteen excused from duty on account of slight indisposition.

"The regiment has been employed under the military governor for the past ten months. It is now doing picket duty from Point of Rocks to Leonardstown, Md.

"The men were mainly recruited in Northern New York. They are intelligent, well ordered and well instructed. With two weeks' drill as a regiment, they would, I am confident, prove as efficient as any regiment in the service.

"If you will favor me so far as to make application, and permit me to be the bearer of it to the general-in-chief, I am very hopeful that it will be approved. Respectfully,

"JAMES B. SWAIN, Col. Scott's 900."

The foregoing application is endorsed, "Dear Col., I have just received my orders and find that I am going where it would not be possible to get them to order your regt. I am very sorry, as I would be glad to have you with me. Yours truly,

"A. E. BURNSIDE."

Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield, in a letter to Col. Swain, dated April 7, 1864, says: "While Gen. Hooker commanded the army of the Potomac, an application was received at headquarters of that army to have your regt. ordered

into the field. The application was made by yourself, or at your instance."

Hon. R. H. Duell, member of Congress from the Twenty-first district, N. Y., wrote a letter dated October 20, 1863, requesting the appointment of Dr. Sidney a surgeon of the regiment, as follows:

"Should any question arise as to the status of the regiment, I beg to add that it was decided by the War Department that the regiment was independent of the State of New York."

Throughout the winter of 1863-4, the



ALBERT B. KIRTLAND, REGIMENTAL QUARTERMASTER.

regiment was employed in picketing, scouting, patrolling and reconnoitering in the vicinity of the capital. The men who had served two years in the regiment were granted the privilege of re-enlisting, and thus securing a furlough for thirty days and the government bounty, as well as the state, county and municipal bounties that were being paid at whatever place in the State of New York the soldier might select to receive the credit of his re-enlistment. Many of the men re-enlisted.

On the 12th of February, 1864, Col. James B. Swain was relieved from duty as commander of the regiment, and was subsequently appointed engineer-in-chief on the staff of Governor Fenton, with the rank of brigadier-general.

On the 1st of March Maj. John P. Sherburne of the regular army was appointed colonel, and all the companies and the men on detached service were directed to assemble at Camp Relief, for the regiment had been ordered to the Department of the Gulf.

In the latter part of the year 1863 the men unfit for active service were discharged or transferred to the veteran reserve corps; the regiment was recruited up to its full number, and on the 27th of February, 1864, the day before the first transport left for New Orleans in charge of Maj. Richardson, the tattoo roll call accounted for 1,152 men.

The regiment left Alexandria, Va., by squadrons on transports at different dates during the months of February and March, 1864. The voyages on the steamships were agreeable diversions in the life of a cavalryman. A pleasant trip down the Potomac and the Chesapeake, passing Mount Vernon, Fortress Monroe, the Rip Raps and other places of note, then out upon the Atlantic; a pleasant voyage along the coast, stopping for a day or two at Key West, Fla., enjoying the delightful climate and the many attractions of that—to us—wonderful place.

Then to sea again, across the Gulf of Mexico, then up the Mississippi river to New Orleans, La.

But all the companies did not have such a pleasant voyage; some of the troop ships had dangerous and exciting times.

The sailing ship "E. Z.," with companies A and G, in command of Capt. Ellsworth, had a particularly hard voyage, suffering the dangers of storm and mutiny, losing many horses, and meeting with disasters seldom or never before encountered by troopers at sea.

Herewith are given accounts of some of the sea trips.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO NEW ORLEANS ON
THE "E. Z."

BY MAJOR ELLSWORTH.

I have often been requested to tell the story of the eventful voyage of the "E. Z." from Alexandria to New Orleans, and have as often declined for various reasons, chief among which was that I felt myself unequal to the task. And now, after the lapse of over thirty years, I attempt it only because of the desire I have with other comrades of the old regiment to present as well as lies in our power the events that befell us during our long term of service.

There was much of incident and adventure happening during the stormy life of Scott's 900, which, had it been chronicled as it passed, would now be eagerly read by the soldiers at home, told at the camp fire, and by all who love to know and read of the times when the nation was a camp and its men were soldiers.

Scott's 900 had long had its camp in Washington, and though from the day in May, 1862, when it took possession of it, until March, 1864, the squadrons of the regiment picketed and patrolled all upper and lower Maryland, and scouted and skirmished in Virginia, yet its home was at Camp Relief, out on Seventh street, and whatever of hard luck, long marching, short rations, or the other discomforts of soldier life might betide, our spirits always rose when we turned our horses' heads towards Camp Relief, for remounts, good rations and clothing, we knew, awaited us there, for Col. Swain took the best of care of his regiment.

There had been trouble for a long time between the colonel and the authorities at Albany and Washington. At the outset the regiment, though recruited in New York, had mustered directly into the U. S. service as regulars, under the direct authority of the Secretary of War; consequently no muster rolls had been filed at Albany and the regiment was not recognized as one of the New York regiments. As another consequence, during the first

two years of service, and more, no officer was commissioned until November or December, 1864.

But finally, in February, 1864, the pressure from the State of New York and other influences proving too strong for the colonel, and it appearing that he would be obliged to file the rolls of the regiment at Albany, he resigned.

Within twenty-four hours after his resignation the regiment was ordered to the Department of the Gulf. And so with the departure of Col. Swain the



HORACE D. ELLSWORTH, MAJOR,
CAPTAIN "G" CO.

ties that bound us to Camp Relief were broken; the old associations were severed; the regiment was Scott's 900 no longer, but with the filing of the muster rolls at Albany became the Eleventh New York Cavalry. And one after another, as fast as transportation could be procured, the various companies of the regiment embarked at Alexandria for New Orleans, leaving the gravelly roads of Virginia and Mary-

land, their cool springs and pebbly runs, for the unhealthy swamps and the deep, dark bayous of Louisiana. This is a long introduction, perhaps, to the trip of the "E. Z.," but recalling one event brings up another, and when once under way, as we become reminiscent, and the life of the regiment passes again in review, we grow talkative; but this is another story, as Kipling says.

On the 8th day of March, 1864, Company G and a part of A company were ordered to embark at Alexandria on

the commanding officer will report to Maj.-Gen. Banks. The quartermaster's department will furnish the necessary transportation.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Halleck.

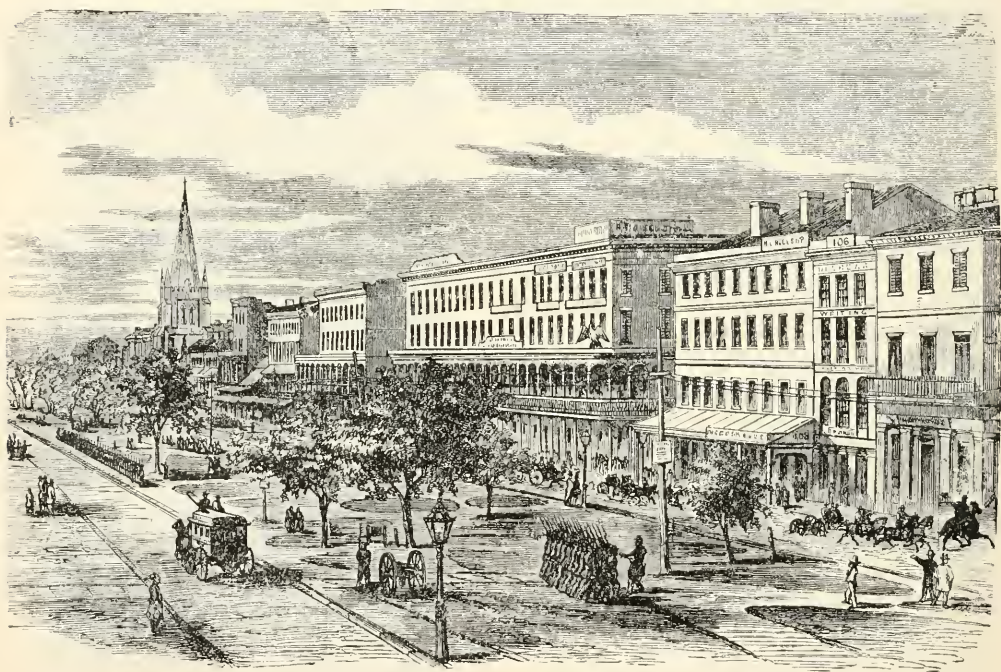
(Signed) E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official.

(Signed) R. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official copy.

AUGUST B. HAZELTON,
Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant.



CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA., WAR TIMES.

the "E. Z." As a part of the history of the regiment, the orders may, perhaps, be inserted.

Headquarters of the Army,
Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, February 13, 1864.
Special orders No. 73.

"Scott's 900 Cavalry," New York Volunteers, is hereby relieved from duty in the Military District of Washington and will be placed en route with the horses, without delay, to the Department of the Gulf. On its arrival

MAJ. VINCENT
For C. O. of Regt.

Through Headquarters Military Dist.,
Washington.

Ass't Quartermaster's Office,
(Forage and River Transportation)
Seventh Street Wharf,

Washington, D. C., March 8, 1864.
CAPT. A. C. KING, A. Q. M.,

Department of Washington:

SIR—I have the honor to inform you that the sailing ship "E. Z." will be

ready at Alexandria at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning to receive on board one hundred and twenty-six (126) men and horses of Scott's 900 Cavalry.

Please have the troops ordered to Alexandria at an early hour in the morning.

Water and forage will be on board of the vessel; rations must be provided by the commanding officer of the detachment, who should provide his command with sufficient lamps and oils for lights, buckets for watering the horses and brooms for cleaning the vessel.

Very respectfully,

Your Obt. Servant,

E. S. ALLEN,

Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.
Official.

AUGUST B. HAZELTON,

Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant.

Headquarters Scott's 900 N. Y. V. C.

Washington, March 8, 1864.

CAPT. H. D. ELLSWORTH, G. C.

SIR—In obedience to instructions received from Headquarters, Department of Washington, you will proceed tomorrow with your company to Alexandria, Va., and embark with a detachment of A company on board the sailing ship "E. Z." for New Orleans. On your arrival at the last-named place you will report to Maj.-Gen. Banks.

I am sir, respectfully,

S. P. REMINGTON,

Major Commanding.

On the evening of the 8th we were towed down the Potomac river, and on the 9th stood out to sea.

The "E. Z." was a sailing ship of about 900 tons, and before the war was in the Liverpool trade, one of the line owned by the house of Zeraga of New York. Capt. Sherry, her master, had sailed her for some years for the owners. The crew were—well, they were the kind we read about in sea stories—and the following lines very aptly apply to our crew:

"A Yankee tar is a soaring soul,

As free as a mountain bird;

His energetic fist should be ready to resist

A dictatorial word;

His nose should pant, and his lip should curl,

His cheeks should flame, and his brow should furl,

His bosom should heave, and his heart should glow,

And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,

His brow with a scorn be wrung;

He never should bow down to a domineering frown,

Or the tang of a tyrant tongue;

His foot should stamp, and his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl, and his face should scowl,

His eyes should flash, and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude."

and it was. There was trouble from the start going down the river the first night, the second mate got into trouble with one of the crew, and the captain struck the sailor with a missile of some kind, laying his head open. On the next night, dark and stormy, with a rough sea, the second mate, in working the ship during the captain's watch, was stabbed in the abdomen by a sailor -- the mate was literally cut open.

The writer, with the captain, helped the mate into the cabin, and, there being no medical man aboard, we bandaged up the man as well as we could, and, to the surprise of all, he lived; but during the entire voyage he lay helpless in his berth. The man who did the stabbing went forward among the soldiers, who concealed him for several days. The weather was rough from the first, and we were no sooner off Hatteras than it began to blow heavily; as a result we were blown far out to sea and out of our course. The ship was short handed, being deprived of the second mate and one man, others of the crew became mutinous, being to a large extent encouraged by the soldiers, who were incensed at the treatment the crew constantly received from the captain and mate.

It was a word and a blow, and the blow usually came first. Finally the feeling grew so intense that the captain of the ship became afraid of the soldiers; so much so that he would not go forward unless accompanied by the commander of the detachment. The sailors and the soldiers quarreled among themselves, but both made common

cause against the officers of the ship. Finally, the captain decided that, in order to maintain discipline among his crew, the man who stabbed the mate must be produced on deck. Admitting the soundness of the captain's position, I enforced the command that the sailor be produced. There was a moment when I feared the men might refuse; but discipline prevailed, and the seaman was brought on deck to me by the soldiers, and I turned him over to



JOHN T. MOONEY, FIRST SERGEANT, "G" CO.

Capt. Sherry. For a few days after, comparative quiet was restored.

But the captain of the ship would not go forward after dark, fearing the soldiers might throw him overboard. Although Capt. Sherry adopted the harshest measures with his crew, yet he seemed in mortal terror of the soldiers. The methods of discipline on board the ship were so different from what the soldiers had been trained to, that the captain and mate were cordially detested by the men of the detachment.

For the first ten days out the weather had been rough, at times blowing a gale; still we managed to hold together. I should, perhaps, have mentioned that a portion only of the horses could be put below decks, and temporary stables had been built on deck. The middle portion of the ship was practically housed over, and some thirty-eight horses were stabled on deck, but the ship was stanch and she weathered the Atlantic gales in good shape; but many of the men were sick and as the ship entered a more southern latitude the crowded condition of men and horses became most disagreeable.

The horses, after being blown about for ten days, did not stand it well; some of them got sick and some died, and it was hard work for the stable guard to keep the ship clean.

After making the Bahamas the wind fell, and, passing "the Hole in the Wall," we lay under Great Abaco in a dead calm. We were in the Providence channel, and to the south of us Nassau could plainly be seen. During the day we lay becalmed in sight of this rendezvous of blockade runners. I remember the lively interest I felt as I looked down the channel, fearing each moment that the attention of some rebel cruiser might be attracted to us as we lay helpless and unarmed within sight of Nassau.

The place was not well adapted to the evolutions of a squadron of cavalry. However, toward evening a breeze sprang up, and we lazily skirted the Islands of Eleuthera, the Isaacs and Bemini on our lee, the clear water revealing the coral beds we were sailing over.

We made slow progress. The captain pointed out where Havana lay, and Key West was a long time in sight. We got little wind and progress was slow; meanwhile the heat grew intense, and the horses shut up in the dark recesses of the ship suffered terribly and began to die. Getting them on deck and overboard was tedious work.

After we entered the gulf we made but slow progress for several days.

Just about this time our troubles commenced indeed. A gale of wind sprang up from the southwest, which increased in volume to a tornado, lasting several days. The captain became much alarmed, fearing that we were liable to be blown upon the western coast of Florida. We were for a couple of days or more constantly drifting to the eastward. It rained in torrents almost continually. As the tornado reached its height the stabling on deck began to go, and a short time after the hurricane struck us, the temporary structure was peeled off like paper. The horses were swept overboard, uttering frightful shrieks that could be heard above the roaring of the wind. Some of the poor animals would be hurled from one side to the other of the ship as she tumbled and pitched them against the masts and the capstan, breaking their legs, which, with their frightful cries, added to the terror of the scene.

There were about, as near as I can recall, 138 horses on the ship, of which thirty-eight were on deck, and all of them, save one or two, were swept into the sea. The night of that terrible gale on board of the "E. Z." was never forgotten, I am persuaded, by any one who was there.

The four big grays of the wagon of Company G were the pride of every member when we left Washington. When the gale had subsided one of them was found in rather comfortable quarters. He had been thrown down the companionway, I think they call it—the narrow passage with staterooms on either side leading to the cabin—and stood wedged there, where he could neither advance nor retreat, with his head in the cabin, looking contented indeed, and he stayed there until the partitions were removed, and he could be let down below. How he ever got there almost passes the power of imagination.

For several days after the hurricane the men were kept busy removing the carcasses of the poor horses that had been thrown by the pitching of the vessel into all parts of the ship's hold. The details of our sickening situation

need not be told, but with the thermometer at about 100 degrees, it can be imagined that there was great need of freeing the ship.

Many a trooper, with tears in his eyes, saw his beloved horse dragged to the hatchway, hoisted on deck, and, with little ceremony, committed to the waves with a "Good-bye, old Jeff," or some equally endearing expression from his sorrowing owner.

To add to our discomfort, our pro-



HEMAN FLINT, CORPORAL, "G" CO.

visions now began to run short. We had been out more than twenty days and the larder began to run low. Rations were shortened and we made slow headway. Murmuring and grumbling increased as the rations diminished.

At length all hearts were gladdened as the word went about one night that we were approaching the passes of the Mississippi.

About 2 o'clock one morning we sailed up the Southwest Pass and dropped anchor near Balize. Early that morning I took a boat's crew, and

started for the telegraph station some four miles up the river.

Reaching the station, I telegraphed to the quartermaster at New Orleans, stating the arrival and the condition of the command and asking that a tug and provisions be sent at once.

The quartermaster expressed some surprise when told who we were, but I paid little attention to it.

At the telegraph station Capt. Jones' wife and daughters had prepared us a good breakfast; the pleasure of it can only be imagined by one who had been thirty days on the "E. Z."

Pulling back to the ship we found that some provisions had been put aboard by a passing vessel during our absence.

During the day the tug came down with provisions, and, making fast their hawser, towed us up to the city. All that day, we sailed up the Mississippi, viewing the plantations behind the tall levees, back of which were the vast marshes, lakes and bayous of southern Louisiana.

We tied up at the levee about four in the morning of the thirtieth day of the voyage, but no sooner was the ship alongside the levee than a tackle was rigged, and the first horse (my roan) was swung out, and as he struck terra firma his heels flew up like a colt's. This was the morning of the thirty-first day that he had stood in the cramped stall of the ship.

Inquiring of an orderly the way to headquarters, I mounted "Old Roan" and started for the headquarters of Gen. J. J. Reynolds, commanding the district. I entered and reported to the officer in charge, who, as soon as he caught the letter of the company, called to the general in an adjoining room, saying, "Here is Company G of the Eleventh New York." As the general came out, I saluted, and the general exclaimed, "Then you are not lost." "No," I said, "Not a man, but many a poor horse."

It seems that we were reported lost for a number of days, but I told the General I hoped Company G would live

to do good service yet. Riding back to the levee I found the horses coming out fast, and in good shape. As soon as they were landed the column was formed and the company took possession of a cotton press which had been vacated by some of the companies of the regiment that had gone forward. There we rested about a week, when two squadrons of the regiment were ordered to Thibodeaux under my command, and so ends the story of the eventful voyage of the "E. Z."

Around the camp fires of Company G the incidents of that voyage formed the subject of many a story, and the experiences of it will linger to the last in the recollections of its survivors—now, alas, too few.



A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore;
O give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest roar!"

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave."

CAVALRY ON A SHIP, OR THE HORSE
MARINES AFLOAT.

BY SERGT. MONTGOMERY.

On or about March 28, 1864, agreeably to orders issued from the War Department, viz., that the Eleventh New York Cavalry (Scott's 900) report to Gen. Banks at New Orleans, La. L, the last company, left at the head of Seventh street, Washington, D. C., broke camp and moved to Alexandria, Va., where it embarked on the good ship Mountaineer for the above-named cotton port.

When all were safely on board the "muster" showed 133 men fully armed and equipped, and 136 horses. The excess over the "constitutional limit" is accounted for by the fact that a large proportion thereof were men who had been on detached service, and had reported to First Lieut. Jas. R. Wood, commanding, as per orders to them issued by proper authority, and the company being the rear guard, had the usual complement of stragglers. Our transport was a full rigged ship, by custom house management, 900 tons burden; and, as usual in cases of such accurate manipulation, this vessel could carry a cargo of 1,200 tons; perhaps the tonnage was given in compliment to the regimental number, "900." A captain, two mates, sixteen sailors before the mast, and two Chinese cooks constituted the working force of the ship, generally known as the crew.

One of the "John Chinamen" was very seasick when we entered Chesapeake Bay, and was never seen again after leaving the Capes of Virginia; I have always entertained a lurking suspicion that we must have eaten him when short of fresh meat.

On the evening of the day of embarkation, the vessel was moved out into the river, anchor dropped, and everything made snug for the night.

It was a wise move on the part of the captain, although Lieut. Wood had probably exercised his authority as a government officer and had ordered the ship so moored.

We were very thankful for the action

above mentioned, as it abolished guard duty; but were exceedingly wroth on the other hand because sundry plans for a "lark" on shore, on our last night in Northern latitude, had been nipped in the bud. We went to bed—no, I forgot we were "Horse Marines"—we "turned in," like good fellows of Neptune, and drowned our disappointment in sleep.

On the next morning an attempt was made to commence our voyage; orders



JAMES R. WOOD, ADJUTANT,
AS 1ST LIEUT. "L" CO.

were given to "man the capstan," but the crew, for reasons real or imaginary, mutinied and refused to do anything until the matter had been adjusted.

Company L was ordered under arms, and the odds, 133, reinforced by the captain and two mates, were too great to be offset by sixteen men with belaying pins. The mutineers decided that they had better wait until seasickness had reduced the cavalrymen to something like a fair average, as compared with their number.

Why these men attempted such a caper within hailing distance of the shore, two gunboats at anchor near, and 133 armed men on board, is an inexplicable mystery. After the malcontents had submitted to the constituted authority, the anchor was raised from its muddy bed, the ship was put under the fostering cover of two improvised tug boats, one a very ordinary ferry boat of the East River, N. Y., type, and the other—well, it looked something like a steamboat, with iron on each side; and in the warm embrace of both the memorable voyage was commenced.

A stiff northwest wind prevailed, which added to the horse power of our tugs.

Our passage down the river was uneventful with one exception; our ship, after having obtained momentum by tugs and the wind, did actually draw the tugs after her. So in our passage down the "glorious old Potomac" we drew everything with us, and entered the Chesapeake in fine style. The ground swell was so heavy that our would-be propulsionists were unable to make "good weather" of it and dropped "us," and fled back to the sheltering arms of the river that we had just left.

Here our "mud hook" was once more dropped, the ship swung slowly around until her head came into the wind, and we were left to our own reflections; which were interrupted by the advent of that salt water "initiation," viz.: seasickness. On the forecastle deck, leaning over the bulwark, every place occupied, were noble cavalymen paying tribute to Neptune. Our good ship did not pitch and toss, but simply rose and fell with a rhythmic motion and majesty indescribable, but always maintaining an even keel, which motion is so trying to the ordinary landsman.

Our ship, in the high wind then blowing, tugged at her anchor as though trying to pull up the bottom of the bay, and sometimes would bring her starboard side to the windward. It was during one of these erratic movements of the boat, and just at the time

that our "Horse Marines" were giving an extraordinary heave, the captain came on deck and received a very liberal supply of the "tribute" then cast forth, which the unruly wind had prevented going into the sea. He was a very irascible man on any occasion, and at this particular time he shouted out, "Here, d—n you, puke to the leeward, you are ruining my quarter deck."

A seasick man (or woman either, for that matter) doesn't care a rap for dig-



CHAS. H. DAVIS, "L" CO.

nitaries or their orders; and our men gave their undivided attention to old Father Neptune and his requirements. They painted that ship aloft and below, and then wanted to die.

Barney McGinley, of L company, was very sick, and the sailors, probably in commiseration with his sufferings, told him to get a small piece of pork, tie a string to it, and swallow it and then pull it up again, and he would then be cured. Barney literally followed the advice, and was cured; but was very sick in the first stages of the treatment.

The men suffered more from the ridiculous malady at this time than any other period of the voyage. The writer hereof fortunately escaped, and as a natural sequence put on lots of airs; this will account for the fact that mention is herein made thereof.

The next day, to resume our voyage, March 31st, the anchor was brought up, catted, and fished for good.

As the tugs refused to venture out sail was made and we went forth on our own merits; had a partial view of Fortress Monroe and other points of interest, passed the Capes, and were on the broad Atlantic. On April 1st, being well out to sea, the sailors mutinied again, and L company mustered some twenty-five men on the quarter deck, as a reserve in the fight between the captain and his mates on one hand, and the crew on the other.

The moral effect of Uncle Sam's soldiers won the battle. One-half of the crew were put in irons, and it was necessary to fill their places from the ranks. The cavalymen were equal to the occasion and proved good sailors.

We were now near Hatteras, and, although going towards the south, the sailors entertained us with the following refrain:

"If the Bahamas let us pass
Then look out for Hatteras!"

We did look out for him, and when found he was in a very ugly mood. The vessel plunged and thrashed about for four days and nights, and seemed to me to be like an unruly colt who could not determine what particular part of his anatomy should be uppermost.

The captain didn't say, as is usually reported by travelers, that it was the worst storm ever experienced by him; but I can truthfully say, as this was my first voyage, it was decidedly worse than I had ever seen. And certainly the discomforts were amplified and magnified to the highest degree.

On deck it was impossible to stand up without holding on to something stationary; no, that is not the term, because everything was under motion; but to some part of the vessel. Water

came from above in shape of rain, and over the side of the vessel in spray; if you remained on deck you would get wet to the skin; if you went below, oh, the horrors of that hole! The effluvium that there assailed the nostrils was beyond description; the bilge water, mixed with horse urine and the usual filth of the seasick, will give a faint idea of the odors of this delectable place. This, mingled with the prayers of those who wanted to die, and those who were afraid they would be lost, together with profane expressions of the reckless, was too much for me. I preferred



JOS. B. ROSE, CORPORAL, "L" CO.

the milder influences of the old-fashioned northeaster raging on deck.

All things have an end, and about midnight of the fourth day of the turmoil the storm broke up with a thunder shower, and I was rewarded for the vigil I had kept on deck to avoid the terrors of our cabin. My eyes were greeted with a beautiful sight. When on the sea, and out of sight of land, the vessel appears to be on a flat surface (to be sure, at this particular time there were some big hollows and hills in and on it), and the heavens like a huge dome that meets the sea all

around. After the thunder and the lightning played their part, it appeared as if a straight line had been drawn from the horizon on each side across the zenith; and the heavens were divided—on one side the moon and stars were brightly shining, and on the other it was as black as night. These luminaries, together with St. Elmo's fire, which shone forth brightly from the end of every spar and rope on the ship, lightened up this wonderful scene. The black waves would roll, and then they would be crested and combed over with virgin whiteness, and then, under the effects of the illumination, the spray flashed into the likeness of myriads of bright-colored crystals. It was magnificent beyond description, and I stood entranced by the beautiful vision.

Lieut. Wood appeared on deck at this time, and made query as to my presence there. I told him that extremes had met in our quarters, and I preferred to remain where I then was. He gave me an invitation to occupy a spare bunk in his stateroom. I accepted, promising myself some sleep; but the bunk had been made for a much larger man than myself, and whenever I closed my eyes I found my corporation on the cabin floor.

This storm cost us six horses that were injured by the breaking down of the stalls between decks; they had to be killed and thrown overboard.

The day following was bright and clear, but with a head wind, which was the occasion of considerable merriment among the soldiers and sailors.

Sergt. Manning, one of L company's "duty sergeants," was a good well-meaning sort of a man, but withal sported considerable dignity and was very proud of his rank. He on this particular day was reclining on the forecastle deck on his blanket, enjoying the genial rays of the sun. The two wheelmen had marked him for their prey, and waited for the "old man" (the captain) to order "About ship." When this command came, these jokers at the helm kept the ship "off," giving her a "rapping big full," and then let her luff sharp; by so doing the

ship's head came rapidly into the wind, her bows striking the waves. A perfect Niagara of water poured over her bulwark, almost drowning poor Manning, sweeping him and his blanket without ceremony into the scuppers. During the afternoon the ship "E. Z.," with a company of Scott's 900 on board, passed us. This ship sailed faster than the "Old Man of the Mountain," and we were in the second place. We finally sighted the Bahamas, and sailed eastward to Great Albaco, in full sight



HENRY D. ELTING, "L" CO.

of the famous "Hole in the Wall," made by the waves dashing against the rock. With New Providence on our left we passed through the islands. How beautiful they appeared clothed in green, which made a beautiful contrast with the dark blue of the sea! After passing these gems of the ocean, we continued our way south, headed for the Straits of Florida. Vessels were occasionally seen, as were long black lines on the edge of the horizon to eastward, betokening steamers burning bituminous coal. Flying fish were

all around us, also the Portuguese men-of-war.

In due time we entered the Gulf of Mexico, which we crossed. While in the Gulf we were "struck back," that is, the wind suddenly changing from a fair wind to one dead ahead, we found ourselves sailing backwards at a rapid rate, but were finally extricated from this perilous situation, as I have since learned, although I was happily ignorant of it at the time.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth day out from the Chesapeake, the captain informed us we should soon see the Mississippi River. A sharp lookout was kept by everybody, and finally there appeared upon the waters of the Gulf a line like a segment of a circle, extending as far as the eye could observe; showing great difference in the color of the water there and that we were sailing in. This we were informed was the mighty Mississippi, and its waters refused kinship with the ocean. We finally entered upon this new fluid, and observed further on another line, equally marked, and then the third, which was at last passed, and we were afloat in fresh water, although still in the Mexican Gulf. Early in the afternoon we sighted the famous mud banks and lowlands of Louisiana, anchored just below the bar, and waited for a pilot.

"In a ship as big as a town we sailed,
In every hole and corner stuffing us;
To get out of the cold, we went down the hold,
By the powers! it wouldn't hold half enough
of us;
We were smothered to death for want of
breath,
And bursting with hunger, which didn't
much charm me,
We were ordered to land, and make a brave
stand—
Faith, you might easy say stand to a hungry
army."

—OLD SONG.

VOYAGE ON THE TRANSPORT "PRESIDENT FILLMORE."

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

At last the rumors that had been floating around Camp Relief about the regiment being ordered to the Depart-

ment of the Gulf proved true, and we were directed to report to the headquarters of the Nineteenth Army Corps, at New Orleans, La. The regiment went on several different sailing ships and on two steamers. The men who went on the ship had a rough time of it, and the purpose of this article is to tell about the voyage of the "President Fillmore," which had on board, among others of the regiment, about fifty men from Company B.

We left camp and marched to Alexandria, Va., in the snow. When we got to the ship we discovered that we could not go aboard until the following day; this was rather bad news for us, for the weather was very cold and all the rations for men and horses were on the ship. I managed to get a box of "hard tack," which was very slim rations for so many men, but it was the best that we could do. We went to some old sheds near the slave pen for shelter; we got some wood and made fires, and as long as we could keep them burning we were reasonably comfortable. We fell asleep, the fires went out, and we began to freeze. Each man hoped that some one else would get up and replenish the fires, and so we stood this freezing condition of affairs as long as possible, when about half of the men got up, renewed the fires, and made the rest "turn out." Then we all sat around the fires until morning, when we returned to the ship. We got our horses aboard, which was rather slow work, for they had to be put in slings, hoisted aboard the vessel and lowered into the hold, or between the decks, one at a time, until those places were filled; the rest were put in stalls on the deck. The horses were boxed in closely, so that they could not lie down.

As soon as we got aboard a tug made fast to the ship and towed her down the Potomac, passing Mount Vernon and our old camping grounds at Chapel Point, Goff's Landing, near Leonardtown and Point Lookout.

We came to anchor for the night at Fortress Monroe. About 10 P.M. the ship "E. Z." anchored near us with the

men of Company G and others of the regiment on board.

The next morning the sails were set and the sailors commenced to "weigh" the anchor. Our men watched the sailors marching round the capstan, droning a sort of song; but they were too slow for us, and our lads took hold of the bars with them, and we soon had the big anchor "catted," and we were out upon the Atlantic before the "E. Z." got under way. We had head winds and therefore stood out to sea; the "E. Z.," keeping to windward, was in sight all day. The weather was fine and the boys kept on deck enjoying the sail, which was the first on the ocean for many of them. We saw flocks of sea gulls and schools of porpoises leaping out of the water; they looked like black hogs, and it seemed as if they dove under the vessel and came up on the other side.

For two days we had fine weather, but as we got near Hatteras the wind and the waves grew larger and our lads began the payment of their "tributes to Neptune." Out of the whole command I had but seven men fit for duty; the officers were unable to leave their staterooms, and the seven men had all the work to do of watching, watering and feeding 150 horses. I stationed four men between deck and three men on deck, with instructions to watch the horses, and if any broke loose to put them back in their stalls, or if they could not do that to tie their legs together and fasten them some way until morning.

The next night I remained on deck until 10 o'clock; black clouds were coming up from the west and a severe storm was threatened. The sailors were busy reefing the sails when I went to my stateroom, climbed into the upper bunk, and fell asleep. The next thing I knew I was sprawling on the floor. I dressed hastily and went on deck, was pitched from side to side, and beheld a sight that is still fresh in my memory. The flashes of lightning seemed incessant, and the heavy peals of thunder were deafening. The ship was rolling in the trough of the sea,

and the yards at times seemed to touch the water; my men were holding fast to the rail as if for life, the sea was boiling, and above the din could be heard the voices of the mates swearing at the sailors who were trying to take in the sails, but who seemed to have all they could do to keep from being hurled overboard themselves. Some of the ropes were cut, and the sails were soon blown into ribbons. Three horses broke loose and floundered about the deck in the water; they could not get on their feet, and were pitched and tossed from side to side. Wave after wave went over us, and I made up my mind to say good-by to earth, thinking at the time it was a strange death for a cavalryman, but it might be better than being shot or starved in prison, and I remember taking some consolation from the thought.

A few sails were set and we managed to get steerage way and out of the trough of the sea, though a great wave broke over the stern, which I thought must founder the vessel. By hard work another sail was set, and we managed to keep ahead of the waves that seemed trying to engulf us, although the ship was in danger of going end over end.

When we got a chance we tried to secure the horses, and slid with them first to one side and then to the other; we got two of them fastened down, but the third one had his leg broken. Daylight had come and we pitched the horse overboard, and when he went over the side one of his shoes caught in my blouse and I went over with him; but in doing so I grabbed a rope and went out into the raging sea. I went so far out I thought the rope was not fastened; I gave up for lost, when I felt a jerk of the rope and knew I was safe, and the lads soon hauled me on board.

The horse we threw overboard followed in the wake of the vessel, swimming toward us as if trying to overtake us. We watched him for a long time, and my conscience smote me for not having shot the poor brute before throwing him into the sea.

One of my men had his ribs broken, which left me with but two men to look after the horses on deck. We were kept busy in looking after the stalls, but did not feed or water the horses for three days, for the hatches were kept battened down to prevent the ship from foundering.

No fires could be kept in the galley, and the men had to go without food, but it made but little difference with most of them, for they were too sick to eat and cared but little whether they lived or died.

We passed the Bermuda Islands in the storm. The captain had lost his reckoning and we had not seen the sun for a week. When the severest part of the blow was over we took off the hatches and gave the men and horses below some fresh air, of which they were much in need.

The water for the horses was kept in casks in the hold, and with so few men for duty it was a hard job to pump the water out of the casks; but we gave each animal a pailful, which was taken with great relish. The lads crawled out on the decks and sat around in the sun, and began to feel better.

Sergt. Morris was leaning over the rail on the forecastle deck when the man at the wheel changed his course, and the ship went about. Morris made a dive over the rail, and, but for a man standing near, who grabbed him by the legs, he would have gone into the sea. It was a close call, as it was. To cap the climax of our troubles, two men were taken sick with the small-pox; we put them on the galley deck with a sail to cover them, and an old sailor who had had the disease took care of them.

We passed a small island without any vegetation; it was the home of penguins and albatrosses; there were thousands of the birds on the island; there were paths going into the water, and others that crossed at right angles, forming squares; there were nests with young birds in them, and there were great birds sitting on their tails, or where their tails ought to have been; others were wading in the water, and

some seemed to be catching fish; the penguins cannot fly, being as badly off for the want of wings as for tails.

We passed south of the Bahama Islands and saw the "Hole in the Wall," a passage in a ledge of rocks where the waters had washed through. We were told that a slave schooner had escaped from a man-of-war by sailing through this "hole."

We saw coral reefs of all shapes and colors that came almost to the top of the water. Two vessels had been wrecked on these reefs in the last storm. We could see them, but no one was on board. We passed the island of Cuba near enough to see Moro Castle, a fort near the harbor of Havana. The captain wanted to stop at Key West for repairs—we had lost our foretopmast—and laid his course for that island.

The next day we landed at Key West, twenty-three days out, and we were mighty glad to get ashore.

We wandered around the town looking at the sights. The island was low and sandy; the houses and stores were small, mostly but one story high, and built of wood; palmetto trees lined the streets; there were orange, lemon, and cocoanut groves; the cocoanuts did not grow on the branches, but around the trunk of the tree under the branches. Cigar making and turtle hunting seemed to be the principal occupations.

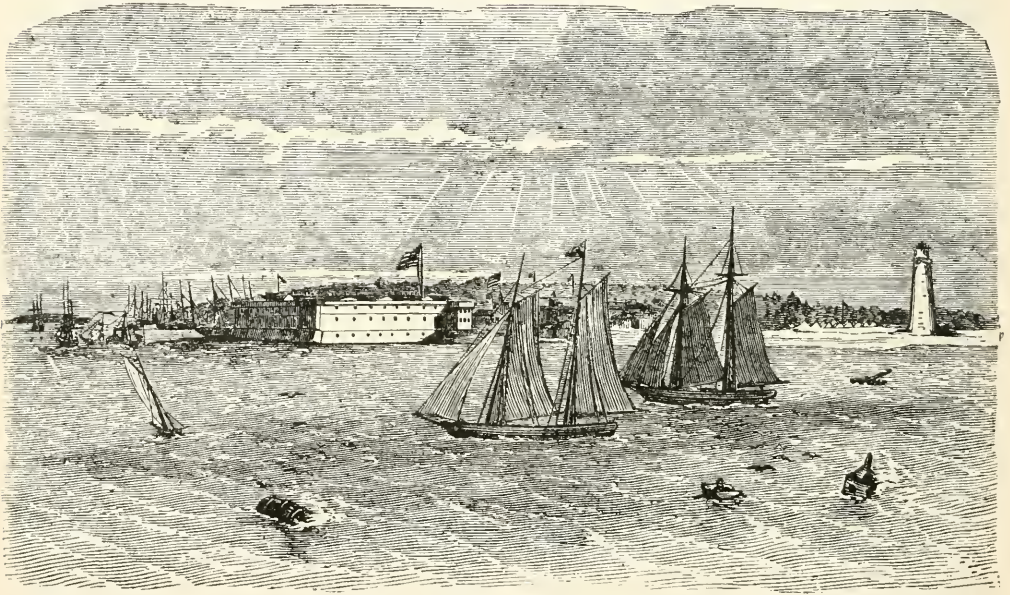
When the tide was out and the turtles on shore, men would take poles, and, if they could get them under the turtles, would turn them over on their backs. It was lively work, for the turtles were not slow, and would make for the water when alarmed. The men would not try to catch the big fellows, for they were too old and tough. We were told that some of the large turtles would weigh a thousand pounds. When the men had caught all they could they would put them in a pen made of poles driven in the sand near the dock, and would then try to sell them to vessels going north. We dug some turtles' eggs out of the sand; they were about as large as goose eggs, and were covered with skin.

There was a large stone fort on the island mounting four tiers of Parrott and Columbiad guns.

We remained at Key West two nights and a day, then put to sea again. Sixty-one miles west we sighted Dry Tortugas. Fort Jefferson covers most of the island. It was built of stone in 1847. A great many prisoners were sent there during the war. We could see cocoanut trees, grass, and beds of flowers, and the island did not seem as desolate as its name implies.

The weather was fine. We could see

tions for several days. We hove to and sent them a barrel of pork, some boxes of hard tack, rice, beans, etc. They had been in the same storm that we were in, but had a much harder time. The men were sick, the horses broke from the stalls eight or ten at a time and went floundering across the decks, broke open the cabin doors, and were hurled into the cabin, smashing tables and doors and wrecking everything they came in contact with. Sometimes a great wave would sweep over the vessel and lift the animals over the rail



FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

the "Portuguese men-of-war" or nautilus sailing on the water. They are a sort of shell fish; the shell is shaped like a boat, they have two bones or spines on each side of the back, jointed near the body; these bones are connected by a skin, which they raise when they want to sail and lower when they want to go under the water.

When three days from Key West we sighted a ship flying a signal of distress, and when we went to it we found our old companion, the "E. Z."

Our lads on that vessel had had a fearful time, and had been out of ra-

and into the sea. Their whole deck-load of horses was lost, and our voyage, with all its troubles, was as a Sunday-school excursion compared to theirs.

Long before we could sight land we could see the yellow waters of the Mississippi forking out into the blue waters of the gulf.

When we arrived at Southwest Pass we cast anchor, sails were lowered and stowed away, yards were tilled, and we waited for a tug.

A tug came and fastened to us, and towed us up the river. Pilot Town, a

short distance from the mouth of the river, is built on piles, houses close together; there is one street, and if any one wishes to cross it he must go in a boat.

We passed Fort Jackson and Fort St. Phillips, mounted with heavy guns, and we saw the wrecks of vessels lost in Farragut's great battle.

We were stopped a few miles below New Orleans, at quarantine, a surgeon came aboard and took off the two men with smallpox; the rest of us were well. We arrived at New Orleans, about 120

miles from the mouth of the river, at 8 A. M.

The horses were unloaded one at a time, and the men stood ready to claim their own as they were lowered from the vessel.

We discovered that the regiment had left New Orleans, and we were sent to join it and received a joyous welcome.

The scenes of the voyage from Alexandria to New Orleans will never be forgotten by the men who went on the "President Fillmore" or the ship "E. Z."



U. S. SLOOP OF WAR "HARTFORD," FARRAGUT'S FLAG SHIP.

CHAPTER XI.

IN LOUISIANA.

"Without a hillock stretched the plain;
For months we had not seen a hill;
The endless, flat Savannahs still
Wearied our eyes with waving cane.

One tangled cane-field lay before
The ambush of the cautious foe;
Behind a black bayou, with low
Reed-hidden, miry, treacherous shore.

A sullen swamp along the right,
Where alligators slept and crawled,
And moss-robed cypress giants sprawled
Athwart the noontide's blistering light.

* * * * *

Once more the march, the tiresome plain,
The Father River fringed the dykes,
Gray cypresses, palmetto spikes,
Bayous and swamps and yellowing canes.

With here and there plantations rolled
In flowers, bananas, orange groves,
Where laughed the sauntering negro
droves,
Reposing from the task of old.

And, rarer, half deserted towns,
Devoid of men, where women scowl
Avoiding us as lepers foul
With sidling gait and flouting gowns."

—J. W. DE FOREST.

Thibodeaux, La.

IN LOUISIANA—SERVICE ON THE PLANTATIONS—IN LOUISIANA SWAMPS, BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

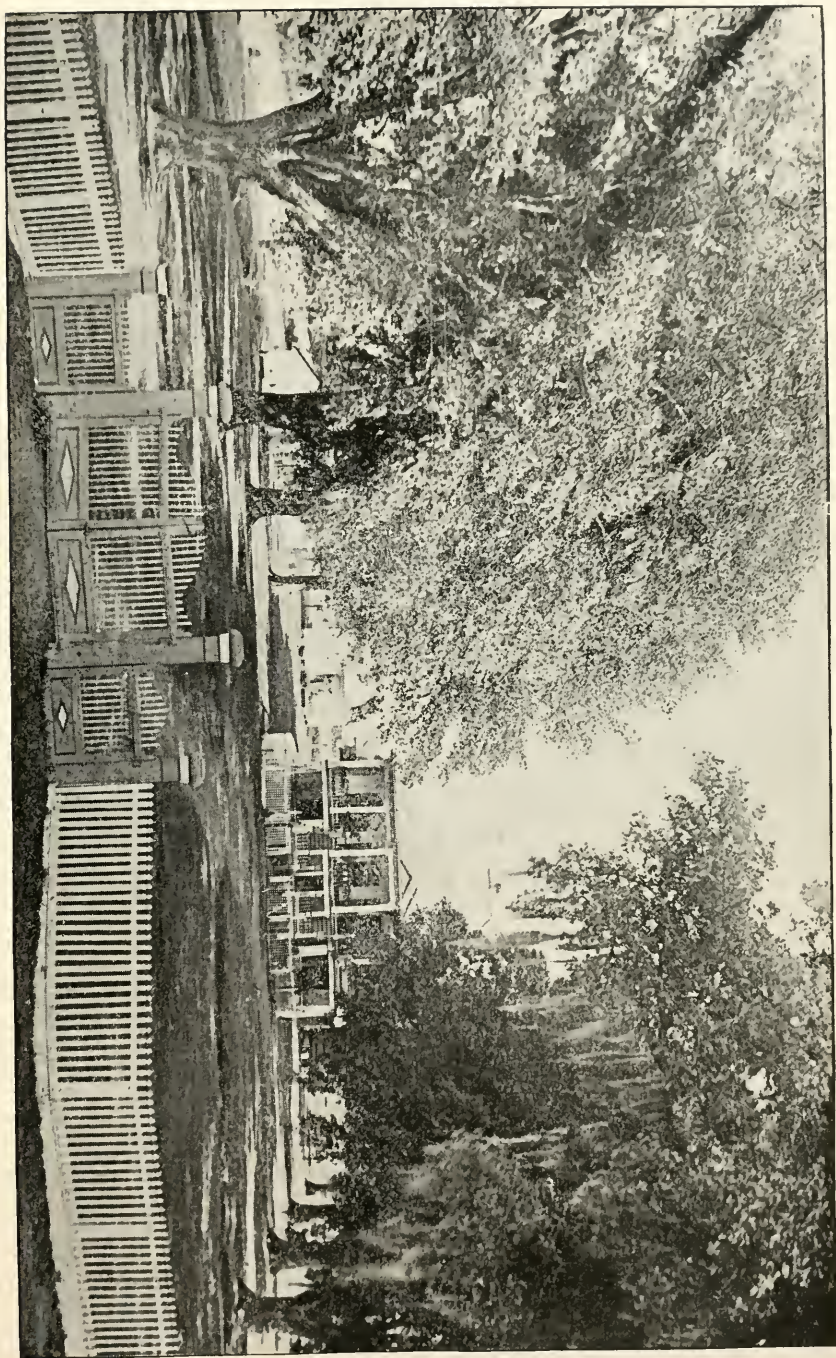
WITH the exception of the men on the "E. Z." and "President Fillmore," who were reported "Lost at sea," the regiment assembled at New Orleans and was quartered in the Pica-yune Cotton Press. The men enjoyed a couple of lively weeks in the city, and then were again assigned to active mounted duty. A detachment was sent up to the Red River with the Banks expedition; six companies were stationed along the Mississippi River in Ascension Parish; several companies were sent to Thibodeaux and were employed in scouting in the La Fourche country. Early in the summer the detachments west of the Mississippi were relieved and joined the regiment on the eastern shore, where it was engaged in picketing and patrolling from Doyal's plantation on the north to Whitehall on the south, a distance along the river of twenty-five miles. Between these points were Creole settlements, and large sugar plantations known as The Hermitage, Manning's,

Burnside and Orange Grove. The companies were quartered at Doyal's, The Hermitage and Manning's.

The locations of the encampments were low and malarial. The planters' houses fronted the levee road; they were large edifices, and on the ground which surrounded them grew magnolia, fig and wild orange trees. In the rear of the planters' houses, at the head of the low whitewashed cabins of the slave quarters, was the residence of the overseer, in front of which was the bell which called the negroes at day-break; beyond the negro quarters were stables, barns and other buildings, and then the brick sugar houses, which were used for manufacturing into sugar or molasses the cane raised on the thousands of cultivated acres.

Dividing and subdividing the plantations were great ditches, and in the fields and grounds were treacherous quagmires.

Bordering the cultivated grounds were bayous, lagoons and pools of stag-



MANSION, MANNING'S PLANTATION, LA.

nant water, in the slimy depths of which dwelt alligators, moccasins, great frogs, turtles, venomous snakes and reptiles.

Along the borders of the miasmatic waters, where grew thickets of blackberry bushes, rose myriads of mosquitoes, gnats and other stinging insects, while on the low branches of dead trees were dozens of buzzards so fully gorged with reeking animal matter that they could hardly flap their wings and move uneasily on their perches when disturbed.

A mile or so from the Mississippi River, growing in the black mud, were dense cane brakes; beyond these were swamps where grew great trees, fringed with bunches of Spanish moss, and festooned with tangled vines, low palms and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Through these swamps were narrow paths used by Unionists and rebels in the partisan warfare in which we were engaged.

Beyond the swamps were the New River settlements, which were often the objective points of scouting parties, and were a rendezvous for jayhawkers. Beyond the New River, on the banks of which Capt. Hallock received his death wound in a skirmish on the 15th of April, was the Amite country, all of which we learned to know by reason of frequent scouts and marches.

Such was the country of our summer campaign, as level as a floor, and where stones were unknown; low, humid, swampy and malarious; where the hand of death was laid on one man in every four and where scarcely a man escaped the fever. Although the bullet claimed but few victims in that campaign, the remains of nearly three hundred men of the regiment, the victims of disease, lie in those swampy lowlands.

From the time of the organization of Company F, until 1864, a period of more than two years, there had been no loss in the troop by death from disease; but as was the case with all the companies of the regiment, the strength of which it boasted in Virginia was

rapidly reduced by disease and death in the lowlands.

I can give the summer's death list of but one company, the one in which I served, and with which I was most familiar; but the experience of one company was very similar to the experience of all.

Company F was stationed at Manning's and subsequently at Hermitage plantations. Louis Dimmick, a private, was the first one attacked by a serious illness; he staggered around the company street for a day or two and was found dead in his bed at Hermitage on the 1st of August; two days later Bugler Jennings died, and before the month was half gone the bunks of many a tent were empty, and the hospital cots were full. When the regimental hospital could take care of no more the sick were sent to hospitals in New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Some of the sick, possessed of exceptional vitality, recovered and joined the company again in the fall; but Corporals Farrell and Reddman, Farrier Wallace, and Privates Ayres, Berlitz, Clapper, Hemmerdine, Meyers, Stevens, Schiemack, Dick Smith, Bill Smith, Wells and Wisewell died before the year was out of disease contracted on the plantations, and Saddler Curtis, Privates Chase, Dutcher and Lehmkuhl, who were sent north from the hospital at New Orleans, were drowned at sea while on their way home.

This is the record of but one company; others suffered more severely, and when the regiment was assembled at Baton Rouge in September there was but the skeleton of the once proud organization.

Many men were discharged as unfit for further service, and it is believed that hundreds died within a few years from diseases contracted in the lowlands whose names do not appear on the death list of the regiment.

In the regiment were many excellent marksmen. The writer, with kindred spirits of Company F, used to roam over the fields seeking adventures, where everything was game from a moccasin to a "jayhawker." Return-

ing from a trip back of Manning's, a long, thin snake was observed, coiled up in the pathway some thirty feet ahead. "I'll bet," said Sergt. Barker, "that I can cut off the varmint's head with a pistol ball." Taking aim, he fired at the swaying head, and a headless snake was before us. A negro, observing the remains, said: "Deed, mas'er! but you've killed the king snake—dat feller could have licked all the moccasins in dese yere parts."

To the poor marksmanship or the in-



BENJ. F. WISEWELL, "F" CO.

competency of the enemy many of Scott's 900 men owe their lives. As an evidence of this fact can be cited the affair at Doyal's on the 5th of August, when the command, though surrounded by ten times their number, cut their way out under a heavy fire in front and flank, with but the loss of Capt. Norris and several men and horses wounded, while the rebels had a cannon planted where it might have raked the charg-

ing column, but they were not ready to fire it until after the troopers had passed by them.

Below Manning's half a dozen men of the reserve picket were seated on the levee, their forms outlined against the sky, when a band of guerrillas crept through the ditches unperceived by the vidette and opened fire. D'Arnou of Company F, who was on post, had his horse killed, but not a man was hit.

Throughout the summer the men fit for duty were almost constantly employed scouting, skirmishing and hunting jayhawkers, and the country from the Mississippi to the Amite rivers became as familiar to them as to the natives.

While realizing that no pen could fittingly describe the experiences of the regiment in the lowlands, Capt. Dagwell has attempted to give an idea of our situation while stationed at the plantations.

"Only a private—and who will care
When I may pass away,
Or how, or why I perish, or where
I mix with the common clay?
They will fill my empty place again
With another as bold and brave;
And they'll blot me out ere the autumn rain
Has freshened my nameless grave."

—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

IN LOUISIANA'S SWAMPS—SICKNESS MORE TO BE DREADED THAN BATTLE—EXPERIENCES OF "SCOTT'S 900" IN THE SWAMPS, AS TOLD BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

Without describing our trip up the river in the spring of 1864, from New Orleans to Donaldsonville, on the west bank of the Mississippi, where we met the advance of the returning army of Gen. Banks from the Red River country, and helped the Eighteenth New York Cavalry to lay the pontoons across the Bayou Lafourche, and where for several weeks we did duty over a large district covering Napoleonville and Thibodeaux, I will endeavor to give a short sketch of our introduction to the disagreeable and unsatisfactory duties of guarding the sugar plantations and patrolling and scouting the back country east of the Mississippi River.

Our guard duties covered twenty-eight miles along the Mississippi; the telegraph station opposite Donaldsonville being the center. Besides this, the large district back and above these plantations had to be scouted and patrolled daily, a district covering many miles of territory of dense canes and woods, tangled from the ground to the tops of the trees, with immense vines, which spread in a spiderweb-like form over the tops of the trees; from the limbs dangled great bunches of the long fibrous moss, that in the North is used for making mattresses and upholstering purposes generally.

The sun finds very few places in these gloomy woods where it can pene-

leading to the New River country. The atmosphere outside would be bright and balmy, but, after penetrating these swampy woods a half mile or more, I would experience a cold, clammy feeling that would cling to me for a long time after getting out into the broad light of the sun. During the heat of the afternoon, when one would naturally suppose these dense woods would be delightfully cool and a precious refuge from the hot sun, I have returned to camp over this same road; but the heat and closeness were almost suffocating. Now, all of us from the Northern country hailed the shade of the green woods with delight in the high or dry timber land. But into



BAYOU LAFOURCHE, AT DONALDSONVILLE.

trate and cast its purifying rays on the poisonous swampy soil. Here, in the deep shade, were poisonous vapors that helped to make that particular portion of Louisiana more deadly to the Northern soldier than constant exposure to the shot and shell of the enemy in Virginia; debilitating and disqualifying the men for all kinds of service faster and more permanently than did the prison pens of the Confederacy.

I have passed over the road leading from the rear of Manning's plantation in the morning, first through the belt of tall canes, and then on through the dismal woods several miles in length,

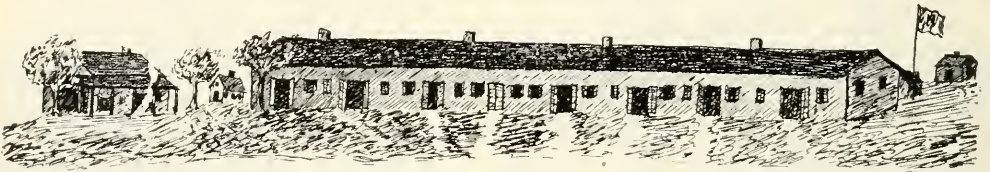
these dark, swampy woods of the lowlands, where the reeking soil never saw the sun, and where all kinds of slimy and hideous reptiles abounded, we entered with horror. Disease and death lurked in every stagnant pool—from which we could see a vapor arising. Not a breath of air stirred the rank and poisonous vegetation, from which sweating and dripping, there fell large crystal-like drops of poisonous matter through the action of this hot, steaming atmosphere. It was a delight to get out of these woods. It never was a delight (after the first experience) to get into them, neither in the cool or heat of the day; but our

duty compelled us to go, and we suffered in consequence. Disease and death lurked everywhere in the foul swamp; in the ditches that surrounded the plots of cultivated ground, and in the immense growth of vegetation around a great pile of building bricks; these bricks would get so hot under the burning sun that I could not hold one in my hand; then they would throw off a heat that would steam to death the rank vegetation growing amongst or around them. Disease lurked in the mule stables that we used for quarters; in the water we drank; and disease and death we found in the hogshead of claret wine the sutler was allowed to sell to the men to mix with the impure water. Shortly after the men commenced using this mixed beverage for neutralizing the deadly effect of the water Dr. Campbell found that the

daily; then the sun came out and the black earth steamed and dried and cracked; the canes in the brakes were scorched and shriveled with the heat, and when ignited exploded with a noise like musketry.

Now, looking backward and meditating on the situation of our regiment at this time, it fills my heart with sorrow for the many comrades left in that horrible district. I say we left them, I cannot say we buried them; we would make a hole in the ground, and, when the comrade's body was deposited in it, the hole would be half full of water, and frequently the corpse, wrapped in the soldier's blanket, would have to be kept submerged with our sabres while the black mud was being thrown upon it.

Our regiment was peculiarly unfortunate in being detailed for this duty.



BARRACKS AT DONALDSONVILLE, LA. DRAWN BY D. F. M. STONE, CO. "E."

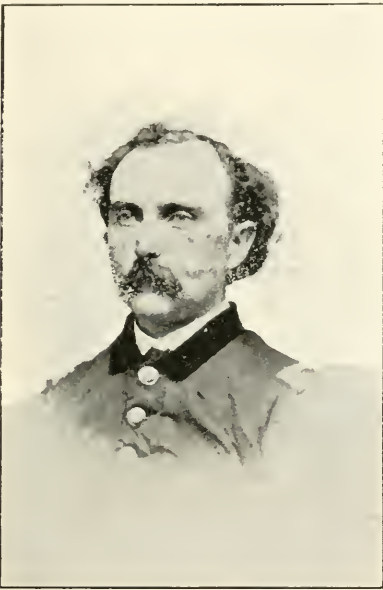
sick men were not being benefited by the treatment as was expected, but on the contrary they were getting worse, and the daily sick report was increasing at an alarming rate. A quiet investigation was made by Dr. Campbell of this claret wine, and he found that a half glassful of the stuff, after being allowed to settle for twenty-four hours, produced a sediment of logwood at the bottom of the glass nearly one-eighth of an inch in depth. The hogshead was immediately knocked in the head (so to speak), and the liquor left in the cask was allowed time to settle, and when the doctor measured the sediment he estimated that there had been more than a half bushel of the macerated logwood in the cask to color the vile liquor. A great portion of the logwood was too coarse to pass through the faucet.

For weeks in May it rained almost

First, we were unfortunate in being a strong, fully equipped, well-disciplined regiment, and for this reason it was thought that we could cover the ground of two ordinary regiments. Secondly, it was thought that our ambition and newness to the enemy and country would produce better results than had been realized from the regiments that had preceded us. Thirdly, because of the splendid mounts of the regiment, we were thought to be the only single regiment capable of performing the duties over so large a district.

We did perform these duties acceptably, as the reports show; but to my view of our situation then, when sunstroke, swamp fever, diarrhea, bloody dysentery, epileptic fits, and heart failures were reducing our companies by disease and death at an appalling rate, it seemed to me that some authority was to blame for this wholesale murder.

I know that Dr. Campbell did everything in his power to bring about a better condition in his department. I know that Dr. Lewis, a resident and native of that district, and a physician of prominence, but who had given up practice in the profession, took hold with Dr. Campbell at this awful time, and not only advised us but helped to check the scourge of climatic diseases that was decimating our regiment, in every way he could. He was a Union man, at least he was a Union man in his professional capacity. He did every-



ALEX. W. CAMPBELL, ASST. SURGEON.

thing he could to bring about a better condition of the sick, and his advice and counsel with Dr. Campbell in regard to Southern climatic diseases was undoubtedly valuable. I know that he recommended the use of the best brandy in the diarrhea and dysentery cases. Dr. Campbell could not furnish anything but hospital whisky, so Dr. Lewis furnished the finest French brandy from his own private store until it was exhausted.

This liquor at the time in the North was worth \$20 or \$25 per gallon, and

must have been worth double in Louisiana; and I don't think its quality could be procured outside of the private stores of those old families of wealth and standing. So I have classed Dr. Lewis not only as a Union man, but as "one of God's noblemen."

As sick reports, like all other reports of the regiment, were forwarded to the proper department at headquarters in New Orleans, through the office of the surgeon-general of the department, and our condition must have been known, it seems to me that, if the office had been faithful to its trust, our terrible sick and death list would have been reported to the department headquarters, which would undoubtedly have caused us to be relieved from duty at this point, and sent to the highlands of Baton Rouge, where we could have recuperated and avoided in a great measure that awful siege of sickness and death. We were a new regiment in this climate, and all things considered—our large number of men and fine equipment—we should have been protected from too long a contact with the deadly fevers of this lowland country, until, at least, we had become acclimated. And it would have been better generalship to have changed the forces on this duty every two months, whether they were acclimated or not. I claim that, if we had been properly protected and cared for, we would not be compelled to-day to chronicle the sorrowful and terrible record of double the proportion of death by disease in our regiment, as against other cavalry regiments, and of more deaths by disease than by wounds and killed in action. Wherever the blame lies for the terrible suffering and loss we encountered, surely it does not lie with the regiment. I don't pretend to know where to place the blame, but I believe it either lay in the chief of cavalry's office or in the surgeon-general's office of the Department of the Gulf. In meditating about the fearful experience of the regiment, it seems to me, first, that our colonel, who was chief of cavalry of the department, and through whose office our reports were

forwarded, should have had interest enough in his own regiment to look at the reports once a month at least, to see what the standing of his regiment was; he would not dare to avoid this duty in the regular service; he would be obliged to make personal inspection of men and quarters every Sunday morning if he wished to retain his position, and I am free to own I was disappointed in John P. Sherburne as a regular. I expected better field service for our regiment when he was selected as our second colonel, and prob-



CHAS. LEBER, SADDLER "K" CO.

ably no officer of the regiment had more friendly favors from him before he became our colonel than I did, yet I never liked him after we left New Orleans, because of his indifference to the welfare of the regiment.

Now as to the surgeon-general's office. If this office had been watchful of the rapid decrease of the strength of the regiment, by the terrible record of the situation shown in our sick report, proving our inability to protect the district, and a very important district at that time, our condition would

have been reported to general headquarters, and some kind of relief given us.

Now it seems to me—with my knowledge of and confidence in the soldierly abilities of my own company, and of the fine lot of lads that made a splendid whole—if we had been properly officered, that is, with all of our field officers present for duty, from the colonel to the third major, as a regiment like ours should have been, we would have passed from the State of Louisiana into Tennessee with a record of services equal to any, and superior to many; for our service in Louisiana, until disease and death wasted the regiment away, was equal to the many requirements made upon it.

After the regiment took this duty in the lowlands, our services were better in every way than any other regiment that had preceded us. Of all the duties the soldier had to perform, the guarding of plantations was the most unsatisfactory, yet some regiment had to do it, and our regiment was unfortunate in being able to fill all the requirements of the post.

Comrades of "Scott's 900"! It is said of a man when he has said or written a good thing, that he is peculiarly fitted for that work. I cannot claim to be so fitted, but I wish I was, for the interest and good of the regiment as a whole. You understand that what I have attempted to portray is from the standpoint of company commander, responsible for the welfare of his own company. I have been asked to write something covering the terrible epidemic of Southern climatic diseases which decimated our regiment in the lowland district, and if I have failed to properly and fully set forth all the actual, sorrowful truths, it is from my inability to do justice to honest facts. I feel and realize my inability to properly describe the awful situation at that time; but above all things we should be thankful for the moral courage and discipline of "Scott's 900," which prevented demoralization when disease and death were busy in thinning the ranks of our regiment.

I did not intend to write so much upon so sad a subject. Our secretary asked me to write about it, and, although I said I could not, somehow I drifted into it, realizing at the same time that no tongue nor pen could fittingly tell the sad story. In order to give some idea of the character of the men of the regiment I will tell you of our first service on the plantations, and our first patrol in Louisiana.

If my memory is not at fault, Capt. Chesbrough, of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, was in command of the post at the telegraph station, when our regiment relieved the Fourteenth. Now, for obvious reasons, I will not attempt to give an exposé of the situation of this district, and the condition of the

derous character of the enemy, including Doyal's guerrillas, and the notorious King and Young Doxtator, who shot Capt. Hallock. We were informed that they were so desperate and ferocious that they had terrorized the whole district; and, by the stories these soldiers unfolded to us, we concluded this terrorizing power had extended to them, or else we had surely dropped into this district just at the right time to get hold of the wrong end of the alligator. That is, according to their stories, we would get the same cleaning up that they had experienced if we ventured as far away from our base as the Dutch Stores. Now, one of the stories told us of the cunning and desperate nerve of these terrorizing bushwhackers was



CREOLE SETTLEMENT, LA.

forces we relieved, but it will be necessary to touch on some things in order to show why it seemed necessary for us to call for volunteers in sending out this our first patrol on the east bank of the Mississippi.

During our first day at our new post of duty, we put in the time gossiping with the officers and men we had relieved, trying to learn the habits and tactics of the enemy, and the roads and bypaths leading to their lurking places; and I must say we learned very little, if anything, in regard to the roads that led to any point, except the road up and down the Mississippi; nor could we get hold of any kind of a map of this district; but we were fully informed as to the desperate and mur-

derous character of the enemy, including Doyal's guerrillas, and the notorious King and Young Doxtator, who shot Capt. Hallock. We were informed that they were so desperate and ferocious that they had terrorized the whole district; and, by the stories these soldiers unfolded to us, we concluded this terrorizing power had extended to them, or else we had surely dropped into this district just at the right time to get hold of the wrong end of the alligator. That is, according to their stories, we would get the same cleaning up that they had experienced if we ventured as far away from our base as the Dutch Stores. Now, one of the stories told us of the cunning and desperate nerve of these terrorizing bushwhackers was

this base as far as the Dutch Stores as it was to stay and hug the base. Maybe I did not see the matter in the same light as they did, that is, "the terror light," for somehow the story had too many "fish" in it; and, though I was not particularly anxious, I was ready and willing, when called on, to take charge of the first patrol. After a conference of the officers as to which point it was best to send this first patrol, and after getting all the information of the roads and points of the country that we could procure for marks and guides,



JAMES E. JONES, PRIVATE "K" CO.

it was decided, in view of the disquieting stories that had been told us, to call for volunteers; the patrol to consist of forty men, and to be counted from the right of the line as fast as they fell in. Lieuts. Gipson, Goodale, and myself volunteered, and the men were counted off up to forty, leaving a big overflow that wanted to go; in fact, every man at the station not on duty was anxious to go and see for himself what kind of men they were of whom they had heard such wonderful stories. A conspicuous feature of this patrol was

the large number of sergeants and corporals it contained. By virtue of their rank they fell in on the right of the line, and thus crowded out the privates. After counting them off it was discovered that there were more "non-coms." than privates in the patrol, and that there were many privates that wanted to go and had to be left. The matter was reported to the major, and he decided that the patrol, being a volunteer force, the "non-coms." had a right to go as privates if they chose, and then Lieut. Goodale put his clinch on the matter by remarking that if we got ambushed by the guerrillas the privates that had to stay behind in camp might get promotion.

Our orders were to go to the Dutch Stores, supposed at that time to be the most dangerous lurking place of the enemy; where they could always be found in strength. We got on the march, and, getting well on the road, put out an advance guard of two privates (with chevrons on their coat sleeves), who were kept far enough ahead to uncover any suspicious point, and boldly demand (at every opportunity) from residents, white or black, the direct road to the Dutch Stores. We did not hurry nor straggle, but kept closed up and ready for business. Our road was a good one for that country, and was correctly pointed out to us by those asked to do so. We finally reached a point in the road where it makes a square turn to the right, and from this point it was a straight road, heavily timbered on both sides, to the Dutch Stores. When you reach the Stores the main road makes a square turn to the left. Now, when the advance reached the turn to the right, they halted. Goodale and I rode up to the advance, who told us they could see horses among the trees, at what appeared to them to be the end of the road. I rode out far enough to see for myself, and saw what looked like a number of horses tied to trees, about a quarter of a mile away. I rode back to the column and made it known to the boys that the Dutch Stores were near at hand, and that the enemy was

probably there, for we could see a number of horses tied to trees; but, to make the matter certain, we were going to move down there and see. I arranged with Goodale for him to take charge of the second platoon, and I would take the first, Gipson to go with me, and, if the enemy was there and came for us, we would get into platoons of ten files front, which the road would admit of nicely, and see which would do the first running, the rebs or we. This being understood, we moved on and around the turn, the advance half its first distance in the lead. Directly we saw men leading those horses among the trees farther into the woods and out of sight. One rider dashed out into the road, taking the turn to the left, and disappeared. When he first dashed out into the road directly toward us, I thought we were in for a brush with them sure. We moved on down to the opening on the right, and there were the famed and dreaded Dutch Stores, shut up tighter than a block house; in fact, they looked very much like one. We tried the doors and board window shutters; we halloed, knocked, and kicked, but it was no use—everybody had skipped or was in hiding. We could see where many horses had been recently tied to trees, and near the outbuildings; but they had "puckacheed." But the why of it we could not understand at that time; but a few days afterwards an "underground mail bag" was captured, and the contents of some of the letters disclosed their perfect knowledge of our arrival, and the relieving of the Fourteenth New York, mentioning the large size of our regiment, and our fine horses, the gray horse companies being especially mentioned, probably because their color was more noticeable in a body.

We returned to the station with a feeling of disappointment and relief, very natural to the occasion. I don't think there was any bragging indulged



ALEXANDER GERO, "K" CO.

in after we got back, but there was a good deal of chaffing with the Fourteenth New York over the affair; and, taking the affair in its entirety, I believe it produced good results all around. It did the Fourteenth some good; it had a moral effect on the district, as the mail bag proved; it gave us a good footing at department headquarters, and last, it gave old and new "Scott's 900" a certain confidence in themselves that they never let go of.

CHAPTER XII.

We lifted him up on his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;

And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart blood red.
—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

OPERATIONS IN LOUISIANA—THE DEATH OF CAPT. HALLOCK—THE HUNT FOR KING, BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

A DETACHMENT under Capt. Hyatt was stationed at Donaldsonville, employed in scouting and reconnoitering in the vicinity of that city, but was soon relieved and joined the regiment at the plantations.

The detachments under Capt. Ellsworth at Thibodeaux and Napoleonville were employed on the daily picket, patrolling and scouting duties. Expeditions were made in Lafourche, Assumption and Iberville parishes; the one to Lake Verret is remembered by the many alligators that were there seen. No detailed record of the events of this service has been preserved.

The detachments at the plantations under Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson were kept busy from the moment of their arrival. Companies E and M were the first to leave New Orleans, on March 29th; the others followed in a day or two. March 30th, reconnoissance was made at Bayou Conway.

On the 2d of April the country for thirty miles around Manning's was reconnoitered. On the 5th the whole force was on scout. On the 6th there was a general reconnoissance under Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson, and a skirmish at New River, where a rebel lieutenant, four men and several horses were captured.

On the 7th, a scouting party captured five rebels near the Amite river, and paroled them upon their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.

On the 13th, the whole force went on an expedition, returning on the 14th with some prisoners.

On the morning of the 15th of April,



WINFIELD S. TAFT, SERGEANT "F" CO.

the early morning scouting party, commanded by Captain Hallock, while reconnoitering along the New River, was attacked by the enemy in ambush

on the opposite bank; Capt. Hallock and two men were wounded.

A dash across the river was made by Sergt. Taft and a few men at a lower ford, but the enemy had escaped, leaving two horses saddled in the woods.

Capt. Hallock died of his wounds at a hospital in New Orleans a month later. One of the men who was wounded in a manner somewhat similar to the captain recovered after long suffering; the other man was but slightly injured.

As soon as the news was received in camp the whole force at Manning's was ordered out, and the country from the New River to the Amite was reconnoitered; but the enemy had escaped into the almost impenetrable swamps. Capt. Dagwell has contributed an article entitled "A Coward's Shot," relative to this service, which is herewith given:

A COWARD'S SHOT; OR, DEATH OF
CAPT. HALLOCK.

At Manning's Plantation, La., April 14th, 1864, I was detailed for officer of the day. When the picket guard was mounted, I rode over to where they were being formed and inspected them, Long Dave Smith being the sergeant of the guard. Now, Dave was a new recruit, and, although he had served as adjutant of the Twenty-sixth 'New York Volunteer Infantry, and had ridden a horse before he joined Scott's 900, he had not, up to this guard mounting, learned how to handle the cavalryman's weapons, and, as a consequence he came near ending my term of service then and there. As the officer of the guard had not yet inspected them, I asked the sergeant if himself and men were ready for inspection; he said they were. I told him I would inspect them, and gave the command, "Inspection of arms." The inspection, in so far as the guard was concerned, was correct and satisfactory; but Sergt. Dave (the infant, as the boys named him) was not up to the manual of arms. He brought his sabre to a present all right, but in the second motion of in-

spection of sabre turned his hand and blade the wrong way. I corrected this and passed to the next man and so on until I got around to the sergeant again for inspection of pistol; whether Sergt. Dave was rattled because of the sabre inspection, I can't say, but when he came to the position of raise pistol he could not revolve the cylinder. I told him what to do—that is, to place the hammer at half-cock, and present the pistol directly in front of the right shoulder, right side to the front, muzzle up. I was sitting on my horse directly in front of him, showing him with my own revolver how to execute the whole movement. He dropped the main barrel into his bridle hand, muzzle in a line with his horse's head, trying to half-cock it, and before I could call his attention to the proper position for half-cocking the pistol it went off, the ball passing so uncomfortably close to my head that I could hear the swish of the air. Sergt. Dave for a few seconds was the worst scared man I had seen for some time, he just fairly rolled off his horse, rushed up to me and gasped out, "My God, Lieutenant, did it hit you?" "No, Sergeant, but it was a narrow escape." "Lieutenant, I ain't fit to carry a pistol, put me into the ranks until I learn how to do so." "Get on your horse, Dave, and take your place on the right, and when you are relieved, or at any opportunity you have, practice the inspection of arms with sabre, pistol and carbine." With tears showing in his eyes he said, "But suppose I had killed you." "Well, you did not, so it is all right."

Sergt. Dave became proficient in the manual of arms very soon after that scare, and became a good cavalryman. He died in the year 1893, at Bridgewater, N. Y., of paralysis of the heart.

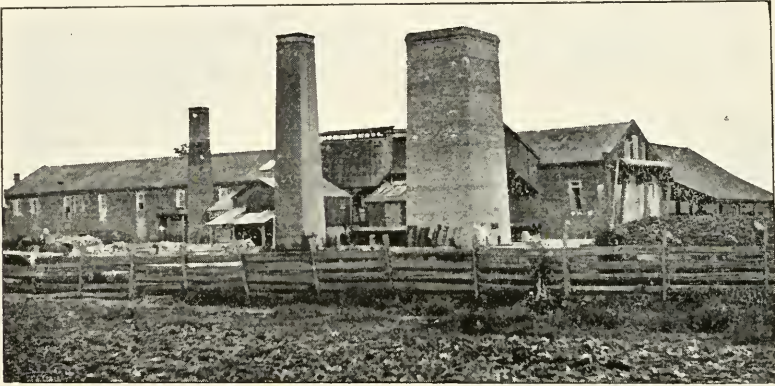
That night, April 14, a patrol was ordered out to the New River country under command of Capt. Hallock, K company; it was to start before day, so as to get to the New River at daybreak. After the inspection of the picket guard I rode over to Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson's tent (the lieutenant-colonel had left his quarters at the Mansion house and

moved into a tent, so as to be nearer the boys) and met Capt. Hallock, who was to command the New River patrol ordered on duty for that night. I told the captain I hoped he would bring back with him old King, the bushwhacker. The captain replied in his incisive manner (as though the words came through tight-shut teeth): "If I find him I shall bring him in dead or alive." And he meant every word he said; he was always in dead earnest in such matters.

Now, before I narrate the events that happened after the starting out of this patrol, Capt. Nicholetts will, in his own words, describe the extraordinary

the ball or buckshot entering on the left side of his head. He lingered for some time, and finally died at the hospital at New Orleans. This was a curious premonition, or rather a dream of events that were about to happen to him."

I will now return to my story. Capt. Hallock, some hours before day, moved out with his patrol and took the long, dismal road through the wooded swamps of the New River country. The camp settled down to its habitual quietness, and the night passed away with no break until 2 A. M., when clear and distinct came from the New River road the clattering of a galloping horse,



WESTOVER SUGAR HOUSE, SOUTH OF ORANGE GROVE, LA.

premonition of death that happened to Capt. Hallock:

"My tent was next to Capt. Hallock's on the night of April 14th; several of the officers had gathered in the quarters to play cards; about midnight we heard a most unearthly yell from Capt. Hallock's tent, and we all rushed in to see what was the matter. We found Hallock in his night clothes standing in the middle of the tent with both hands clasped to the sides of his head, and moaning out, "Oh, my head! my head!" He was fast asleep; we roused him and got him back to bed and returned to my tent, thinking no more about the matter. That morning before daybreak, on the New River Capt. Hallock was shot by bushwhackers,

and then the challenge, perfectly distinguishable in the quiet, cool, clammy air, "Halt! who comes there?" Everything was quiet for a moment, and then the noise of a swiftly moving horse, and directly the horse and rider came into view from behind a huge pile of building bricks. Wonder and conjecture were printed on the faces of the few men that had gathered at the entrance of our barrack and stable, as the gallant trooper galloped up to us and asked for the lieutenant-colonel. I told him I was the officer of the day and if he had a message or dispatch I would take it to the colonel. He said he had come through from the New River patrol to report that the patrol had been fired upon on the New

River road and that Capt. Hallock had been killed and one of the men wounded. We were as though thunder-struck for a moment, then (speaking for myself) a feeling came into my heart that boded no good for any of the devilish gang of bushwhackers, if they ever fell under my scant authority. I went with the brave lad that had ridden alone over that dark, dismal swamp road at that hour to make his report to the lieutenant-colonel. I don't remember this comrade's name, or the company he belonged to; I wish I did, as it would add interest to this sketch, and an honor to any of the companies that had the right to claim him.

The lieutenant-colonel had heard the commotion outside, and when we entered his tent he was sitting up in his bunk. Lieut. Nicholetts, if I remember correctly, came into the tent directly after us. The lieutenant-colonel was made acquainted with the affair, and here we learned that the captain was not dead when the courier left the patrol, but had been carried into a house near the road in an unconscious condition—the wounded man also.

The lieutenant-colonel appeared to be struck dumb over the sad affair; I felt ugly, and only waited for an opening for an opportunity to let my feelings loose; it came when the lieutenant-colonel observed that something ought to be done immediately towards getting Capt. Hallock and the wounded man into camp. Some one suggested that an officer ought to be sent out to take charge of the patrol. The colonel turned to me for advice. My opportunity had come. I said: "Colonel, if you will allow me to advise you, I believe you ought to turn out every man that can ride, leave the camp in charge of the guard, send a courier to Doyal's Plantation ordering Major Remington with his force to meet you at the intersection of the New River road and the swamp road from Manning's, and together scour the New River country through to the Amite River, and if possible catch these cowardly devils and kill them." He replied, "Turn out the men." Lieut. Nich-

oletts scooted for his company's quarters, and as I was leaving the tent the lieutenant-colonel, who was getting into his soger clothes, said excitedly: "We'll hang 'em, Dag—we'll hang 'em."

After I left the tent he called for Lieut. Nicholetts, and the colonel, still much excited said: "Lieutenant, those bushwhacking devils have shot Capt. Hallock—Lieut. French is a fool! You gallop out to New River at once, take command of the patrol and hang every man you can find in that coun-



THOS. TOWNSEND BARRETT, SERGEANT "D" CO.

try." As this was a very large order, and the distance to the point where the patrol was first fired upon was several miles through the canebrake and swamps, the lieutenant naturally asked if he was to go alone; the colonel, in his excitement, first said, "Yes," but then added, "Take some men with you as an escort." The lieutenant at once started for his company, D, and ordered a few men to mount up. The colonel ordered me to take my company, C, and go with the others. When I received this new

order I was much surprised, as I expected the whole command was to go, but to receive orders was to obey them. We were soon on our road, I, as ranking officer, taking command. I remember that there were many choice cuss words let loose before we got through the woods that night, the taller men, on tall horses, had their heads thumped more than once, and some of them lost their caps from contact with the butt ends of the big vines that had not been cut off high enough up over the roadway when the road was cut through the woods.

Day was breaking when we reached the New River turnpike; we moved on up the road until we reached the house where the wounded men lay. After making necessary arrangements for getting them back to camp, I asked for full particulars of what had happened to the patrol from Lieut. French (second in command), but he seemed to know little except that the shots had come from an unseen enemy secreted on the other side of the river. Lieut. Nicholetts asked French why he had not at once crossed the river after the shots were fired. French replied that the river was unfordable. It is asserted, and I believe that it is true, that the advance guard, in charge of a sergeant, crossed without orders at a fording place not far away, but were not quick enough to get a shot at the enemy, which is not to be wondered at, for it was a difficult matter to cross the river in daylight. Lieut. Nicholetts said he would try to cross, and then and there rode his horse into the stream where some cattle tracks showed that stock had been in the habit of going; the water and mud were up to the saddle girths, but he managed to get through. I then ordered some well-mounted men to follow the lieutenant, while I and the balance of the command went down the river a short distance and crossed at a bridge that spanned the stream. After crossing and joining Lieut. Nicholetts's party, we located and found the exact spot whence the shots had been fired; it was a depression in the ground

close to the river bank, and looked as though it had been caused by the uprooting and blowing down of a large tree. There were some fresh-cut twigs of trees in the hole, and the way they were arranged showed conclusively that there had been two persons in that natural rifle pit, and that they were perfectly protected from any fire from our side of the river; a person would almost have to walk into it to discover the pit, if he was not searching with great care to find it; dry brushwood was scattered around the front and back of it in such a manner as to lead one to think it was an old brush heap. After searching the woods thoroughly and finding no one, we realized the bushwhacking devils had made good their escape, so we returned to the other side of the river, satisfied that nothing further could be done at this time. Just before we got to the point where the divide is, between the woods and the tall canebrake, back of Manning's, we heard the tramping of horses coming towards us; we halted, and directly there came into view Col. Wilkeson, Dr. Campbell and a squad of men for escort. The doctor came back to where I was, and after I had given him all the information he sought about the wounded men, he said that I looked tired and fagged out. I told him that I felt his description of my looks fitted me exactly. He said I needed help from the doctor, and then, unbuckling one of his saddle bags, he produced one of those transparent packages—filled with a liquid, such as only the hospital or commissary departments can furnish—said: "I have not got any spoon so you will have to drop about ten drops of this liquid as carefully as you can into your mouth." The doctor seemed concerned about my getting the requisite number of drops, and as he saw it running (not dropping) down my throat, his evident fright at my apparent determination to commit suicide right there and then, and by the deadly means he had placed in my hands, caused him to gasp forth: "My God, Dag, you will be dead!"



VIEW ON MANNING'S PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.



VIEW FROM BURNSIDE PLANTATION SUGAR HOUSE, 1896.

"What?" said I, as I took the empty package away from my mouth, "dead drunk?"

Well, the doctor was mistaken, it didn't hurt me, I was too tired.

Capt. Hallock was housed in the Mansion house, and the wounded man was cared for in quarters. I was told by one of the patrol that if the captain had remained with the main column he would not have been hit. It is supposed that he desired to give the advance guard some additional instructions, and joined it just as the advance came abreast of the lurking place of the devils across the river. The buckshot that entered Capt. Hallock's head had passed through the lobe of the ear, and lodged back of and against the brain. When he regained consciousness he was totally blind and unable to recognize any one, and had no memory whatever.

Dr. Campbell decided not to probe for the buckshot, but to let time and the best of care move the shot away from the captain's brain. So he placed the captain's head and shoulders at an elevation of about thirty degrees, and kept him in this position for three weeks. During this time he had improved so much that he could recognize the officers by their voices. This was the best of evidence that Dr. Campbell's treatment would be a success, and was a safe and painless way of removing the buckshot from the brain. The theory was, that placing and keeping the body in this position, the lead would work back and down by its own weight, and eventually show itself at the base of the skull near the skin; then it could be easily extracted. The other man was rapidly improving under the same course of treatment. But it would seem as though Dr. Campbell was not to have the pleasure of full success and the reporting of Capt. Hallock for duty again."

About this time the enemy began gathering on the opposite side of the Amite River with the intention (according to daily reports) of crossing to our side and cleaning us up in detail. Most of the reports were to the effect that

Manning's would be attacked first; boxes of hand grenades were sent us and quite a scare was created. One day the negro plow-boys working on the back part of the plantation unhitched their mules from the plows and came into camp helter-skelter, two or three "nigs" on a mule, reporting "De rebs surely comin' dis time—seed 'em in de canebrake." It required but a very little talk of the right sort to get up a scare among the negroes; but among the officers there was hardly any credence placed in these daylight scares of the negroes; but reports of a more authentic character finally induced the doctor to allow Capt. Hallock to be sent to New Orleans, simply to have him in safer quarters in case of the expected attack on the camp at Manning's going against us. This was a fatal move for Hallock, as the sequel will show. This attack in force, until the Doyal's plantation affair, never came off. Capt. Hallock was sent by steamer to New Orleans and taken to the Marine hospital, where he was operated on for the removal of the ball and died from the effect of the operation.

To make matters more sad, if possible, Capt. Hallock's brother came to New Orleans with a metallic burial casket to take the captain's remains back to Long Island for interment, and on the voyage from New Orleans to New York their steamer collided with another vessel (the Pocahontas, I believe), and the body went down with the steamer.

April 20th—Reconnaissance under Maj. Remington; skirmish at New River; three rebels captured.

April 28th—Col. John P. Sherburne arrived at Manning's and assumed command.

May 1st—Skirmish at New River; the rebel pickets at the bridge were captured.

Early on the morning of the 6th of May Lieut. Burgess, commanding a scouting party beyond the Amite River, captured two notorious guerrillas in a house; a third guerrilla, who was on guard, escaped and gave the alarm.

One of our men, who had dismounted, chased the rebel, who jumped over a ditch, and our man, in attempting to follow him, was thrown headlong into the ditch by his sabre becoming entangled with his legs, and when he emerged he was a sorry sight. While Lieut. Burgess was securing his prisoners and preparing to return, his party was surrounded by the rebels. The lieutenant stationed men with revolvers pointed at his prisoners, in a loud voice ordered his men to shoot the pris-



JEFFERSON BURGESS, CAPTAIN, AS LIEUTENANT "E" CO.

oners at the first fire of the enemy, and marched away with his prisoners.

On the 7th of May a scouting party was ambushed, and one man of Company H, whose horse was shot, was captured.

On the 17th of May Companies C and E, which had been sent to Donaldsonville, went on an expedition to Bayou Goula, Plaquemine and Bayou Grand, returning to Donaldsonville on the 19th.

May 18th—Another skirmish at New River.

Throughout the month of June it rained nearly every day; the regular daily patrol and scouting parties were continued. On the 25th of June Col. Sherburne was assigned to duty at New Orleans as chief of cavalry, Department of the Gulf, relieving Brig.-Gen. Arnold. On the 28th the regiment was ordered to Baton Rouge, but the order was countermanded. On the 30th of June detachments of the regiment were on duty at Hermitage, Manning's and Doyal's plantations, the telegraph station opposite Donaldsonville, Bonnet Carre, and at Kennerville, with headquarters at Hermitage, Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson in command, Maj. Gamble and Capt. Mix on detached service.

On the night of June 30th the reserve picket at Seal's house was attacked, and Corp. Farrell, of Company F, was wounded.

July 9th—Capt. Dagwell, with fifty men, embarked on the steamer "Red Chief" for New Orleans, to get horses for the regiment. Upon their arrival at Little Basin Cotton Press, the major in command ordered them on guard; the lieutenant explained that they were on special duty, and refused to order his men on guard. He was immediately placed under arrest, and the non-commissioned officers, in the order of their rank, were in succession placed in the guard-house for refusing to do duty. The privates then in turn refused to go on guard, and were also locked up. Word was sent to Col. Sherburne, who had them all released and put the major under arrest for putting non-commissioned officers in the guard-house. The detail left New Orleans on the 12th, and arrived at Manning's on the 16th, with 108 horses.

July 18th—Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson was assigned to duty at New Orleans and Maj. Remington assumed command of the regiment.

July 19th—The picket post at Orange Grove Plantation was attacked at night, and one of our men, Jas. Ferguson, Co. H, was killed; one man was wounded, and one taken prisoner. As

soon as word was received at Manning's, the whole force started in pursuit of the enemy, but failed to overtake them. The following night twenty-five men volunteered to go dismounted into the swamps and try to "bush-whack" the bushwhackers. They started on foot, armed with carbines and revolvers; they toiled and plunged and floundered through the swamps, frequently up to their waists in mud and water, but failed to find the enemy, and returned the next night completely exhausted, and vowing nevermore to vol-

back to camp. At this time there were nearly 500 men on the sick list.

July 29th—A detachment started out to try to capture or kill King, the bushwhacker, who was reported to be in the New River settlements, an account of which is given by Capt. Dagwell:

THE HUNT FOR KING.

Soon after the affair at New River, where Capt. Hallock was mortally wounded, it was decided to capture or kill King, the bushwhacker, if possible. He was a slippery customer and had too many hiding places for his easy capture; but we gave him a vigorous hunt just the same. One style of tactics adopted for his extinguishment was to send out a considerable body of men, and pass by certain points of habitation in daylight; and at a convenient place in the woods leave twenty dismounted men, with an officer, after dark, and return with the rest of the men and the led horses to camp by the same route, thus conveying the idea that the Federals were on the west side of New River. It is an undoubted fact that the inhabitants kept these bushwhackers informed as to our movements. I remember being on one of these same strategic movements and I believe my little party came as near capturing or killing King as any of the other efforts made in that direction. I started out one afternoon by the plantation road with a detachment of twenty men and reported to Maj. Remington. He fell in with a large party from his camp and took us out in the woods southeast of New River, at a point about three miles from the New River bridge. We were not to be dismounted and our horses taken back, but were to move our horses back into the woods so far that they could neither be seen nor heard by any one passing on the road. This was accomplished before the major left us. My instructions were to go with Sergt. Harrison as guide, to a log cabin on a side road, and take a position where I could watch the front and back entrance of the habitation. My description of King was that he was a stout man, but short—about 5



WM. LINDSAY "C" CO.

unteer to act as "doughboys," as the infantry were called.

July 23d—The regiment was ordered away. All the quartermaster and commissary stores and camp equipage were taken to the levee, in readiness to be loaded upon the boats, but unfortunately the order was countermanded on the 25th, and the goods were taken

feet 5 or 6 inches in height—and that he usually wore a negro jumper, slouch hat, and green goggles. We left all but eight of the men with the horses with instructions to join us if they heard firing; then the sergeant, myself, and the eight men, like Indians, stole silently through the woods, to as silently destroy a devil, if it was our good fortune to be permitted so to do.

Now, it is necessary to give a short description of the cabin and its location in order that the reader may understand more clearly what occurred later in the night. We debouched from the woods onto the road at the right hand corner of the lot in which the cabin was situated. The lot was about 150 feet wide by 200 feet deep, entirely surrounded by woods; the cabin, facing the road, stood back from it at least twenty feet, and about the same distance from the rail fence on the left of the lot. Bad places in the fence were filled up with stumps, sticks and brush. The ground on the right and rear sides of the cabin had been plowed up, and had been in that shape for a long time. Finding that there was no front entrance to the cabin, we cautiously followed the well-beaten path from the gateway to the rear; the door was near the corner, and another path led from it down through the plowed ground to the rear of the lot. We soon learned that the cabin was empty, as there was no other outlet except through the chimney. We pulled the latch-string, pushed open the door, and slipped inside. I concluded that this was the best place I could get to trap the "King-bird." On investigation we found that there was but one room, with a door and fireplace to it, and that the furniture consisted of a home-made pine table and one bench made from a long pine slab, with four legs driven into holes bored in each end of the slab—this was the settee of the mansion. Behind the door were some pegs and hanging on them were some old slouch hats and a garment that answered to the description of the one worn by King. This place was one of King's many haunts.

We took the bench and placed it back of and on a straight line with the door; the eight men could just sit on it comfortably without any room to spare; the sergeant and myself had to sit on the floor. My plan was to leave the latch-string on the outside just as we found it, but to leave the door unlatched, so that we could make quick exit if necessary, and not to talk, whisper, or smoke, but to listen for any movement outside; and, if we heard any one approaching the door, to quietly arise and bring the carbines to the position of aim, and when the door was opened, if it disclosed our man, to give him lead without further orders. The last part of the plan was a dangerous one, and I was about to change it, by having them wait for the order to fire, when I heard footsteps approaching from the rear of the lot. Whoever it was, the person came right up to the door and stopped. It was very dark in the room, but we had become accustomed to it, and could see each other plainly enough for all purposes; the lads were all on their feet, their carbines on a level, pointing at the door, and I felt it, as I never did before, that old grim Death was horribly near that door; my fear was that the wrong man might be killed. Directly there came a gentle knock at the door, so light that it did not move it; a pause—then came a firm knock that moved the door open a trifle. I trembled all over, because when that firm rat-tat-tat came, and the party still waited for an answer, I thought it could not be the foxy bush-whacker; but did the men feel it as I did?—if they did not, death awaited the stranger when he pushed the door open, as I was sure he would, and he did do. Then for one, two, three seconds I fairly held my breath, and the stranger (for it was not King) relieved my fear for his safety, by saying, with the coolness of a brave man under a surprise, "Well, by the great guns, you have giraffed me this time! Gentlemen, if you have no objections, and will remove those telescopes, I will step inside." His self-possession was something amazing under the circumstances; there



VIEW ON HERMITAGE PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.



SUGAR HOUSE, HERMITAGE PLANTATION.

was no bluff in it, it was genuine nerve and grit from start to finish. The boys came to the position of ready, and our man came in. He was a rebel doctor, with the rank of major, and he said he was on this side of the Amite River for the purpose of not only seeing friends, but to get some drugs and medicines. When I told him who we were after, he said, "I am with you heart and soul; don't let me spoil your plans. I will be as quiet as any of you," and he leaned up against the wall of the chimney with folded arms as though to prove his sincerity; but I did not need this proof. I forgot to state that when he entered the house he surrendered to me two old-style dueling pistols, and requested they be returned to him when he was exchanged, as they were old relics in his family.

All of this episode took up a great deal less time than it does to write it. We soon got back to our former quietness and the net was ready for another bird, but with the understanding that the men were to fire only at the word of command. I don't know how long we had kept this cramped, tiresome inactivity, when one of the lads, who was only a few days out of the hospital, was obliged to go to the rear, and in order that he might (if seen) be taken for a bushwhacker while outside, he put on the jumper and one of the slouch hats. He took no arms but his pistol, and slipped through the doorway. He turned to the left, keeping in the shadow of the cabin till he struck the plowed ground, and when he reached it, and turned to look back, he saw a man standing at the corner of the cabin near the door. The man was watching him, and had evidently turned the corner about the time our lad reached the farther side of the plowed ground, because he had not taken cover. The man began making signs to our lad, who could not tell whether he was one of our men or not. The fellow continued his sign-making until he got to the lower end of the lot near the woods, then he turned toward the path. Our lad thought he was one of our men out for the same purpose as himself, and,

supposing he would go in the same direction, pointed down the path; but, though the stranger turned, he went but a few feet, then stopped, and then our lad discovered the butt end of a gun projecting out from behind his right shoulder, and knew he was not one of our men, and then, quick almost as the lightning's flash, he realized it was King, the bushwhacker. Without changing his position he unhitched three chambers of his pistol, and shouted, "There he goes."

We rushed through the open door and got outside in time to see King going over the fence at the foot of the lot. We sent a volley after him, but he probably fell flat on his face as soon as he landed on the other side of the fence, or got behind a tree in expectation of the fire we opened on him, and, having once got into the dense woods at that hour of the night, it was our last chance to get a shot at him this trip.

The boys with our horses soon joined us, with the eager question—"Did you get him? did you get him?" We could see where the lead had torn the bark off a big tree just beyond the fence to the right and on a line with the path. All our Confederate doctor had to say was, "Well, boys, you did not get him, did you? and you are disappointed." We waited for daylight at the cabin, and then made another investigation of the woods where King had disappeared, but could find nothing to show that he had been hit. I sent Harrison with a squad of men up the road to see if the road did not end somewhere near by, as it appeared to be nothing more than a wood road, and very little used; but not to go far away. He soon returned and reported another cabin a short distance up the road. The prisoner was mounted behind one of the men and we moved up the road till we reached the other cabin. It was on higher ground in a large opening in the woods. We rode right into the enclosure and up to the cabin. This place also belonged to King. We burned both cabins, and when the work was

finished we remounted and started back to camp.

Just as we came to the intersection with the main road, we captured a Confederate second lieutenant, who had taken us for rebels because of our coming from inside their lines, and, being so early in the morning, he had got too close to us to get away before he discovered his mistake. His name was Phelps. We mounted him behind one of the boys and took him with us. When we reached and crossed the New River bridge, we met Maj. Remington with a large detachment from his camp. After giving him a detailed account of our work, he concluded he would not go any further then in a contemplated move he had planned, but wait until later and get additional help from Manning's. So he took my prisoners and sent them to Donaldsonville, and, after a short stop at Doyal's, we went on to our camp.

King crossed the Amite River that night, and remained there for so long a time that it was thought that he had either left that part of the country or was dead, but later on we heard from him at Orange Grove."

Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the morning of July 31st the picket post at Orange Grove was again attacked, but the rebels were driven off without loss on our side.

August 3d—Skirmish at New River. At this date the sick report showed 481 men "unfit for duty"; most of them were in the hospitals, and the number of deaths was alarming. The daily scouting and reconnoitering expeditions had to be abandoned for lack of men to perform the duty, but smaller

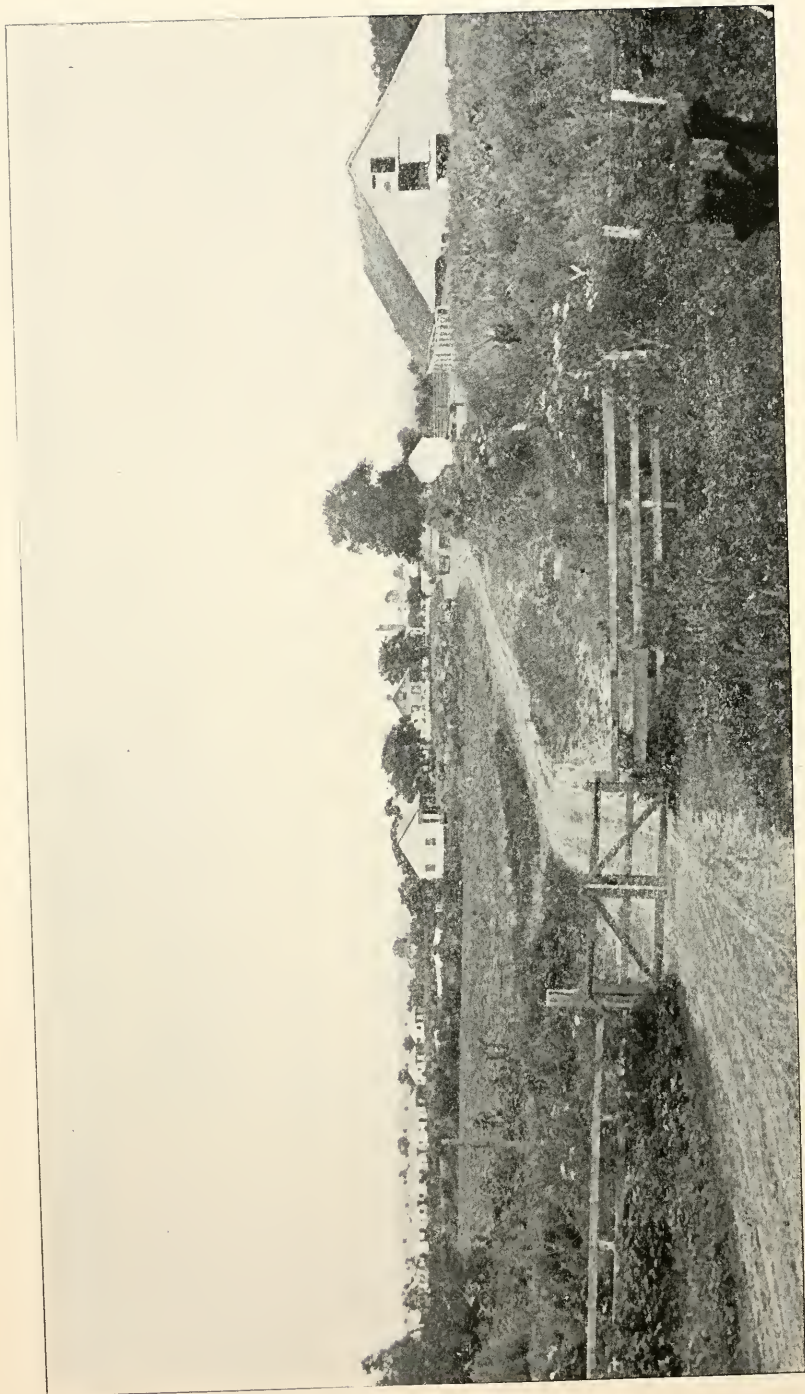
parties went out at night and frequently returned with prisoners. A large reward was offered by the Confederates to any person who would kill or capture Sergt.-Maj. Harrison, who had by his actions incurred the particular enmity of the rebels.

Early on the morning of August 5th the camp at Doyal's Plantation was attacked. The firing of the artillery was heard at the lower plantations and at Donaldsonville; the gunboat stationed at the latter place steamed up the river, and the companies stationed at Hermitage and Manning's hastened to the support of the men at Doyal's, who were met coming down the levee road, having cut their way through the large force that had surrounded them.

The enemy had several men killed and a number wounded. Our loss in this affair was chiefly confined to the men taken from the captured hospital. The sick who were able to walk were forced to trudge along with the rebel column until exhausted, when they were placed in wagons. The men who were too sick to stand were carried out and loaded into wagons. Some of these men were in the agonies of death when they were taken, and died in captivity within a day or two.

Maj. Remington's horse was shot and fell just after he had cut his way through the rebel lines; R. J. Keif, of Company M, immediately dismounted and gave the major his horse, thinking, as he expressed it, that "if he was captured, the 'rebs' would not have such a big prize as if they had got the major." Keif was made a corporal for this act.

Detailed accounts of the affair are given in the next chapter.



SCENE ON DOYAL'S PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER XIII.

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed

To a horse's hot flank,
And swift is the rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

—FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

DOVAL'S PLANTATION, BY CAPT. NICHOLETTS, CAPT. DAGWELL AND SERGT. MONTGOMERY.

ON the 5th of August, 1864, four companies were stationed at Doyal's Plantation, La., under command of Maj. S. P. Remington; Companies A, Capt. W. F. Raymond; D, First Lieut. G. A. Nicholetts; H, Lieut. Gipson, and M, Capt. John W. Norris. The plantation had a large brick residence lying close to the river; a large stockade of logs had been built around the house. One of the companies, I forget which, had been quartered inside the stockade; the others were camped outside. My company, D, was in tents on the levee. At daybreak on the date mentioned I was awakened by the shouting of my Orderly, Sergt. Jason Barber, "Get up, the enemy are upon us!" I was soon ready, and started for headquarters for orders, but, glancing down the road leading north, I saw the enemy marching in column on a road leading due eastward about one mile from us; I saw at once it was too late to await orders. I immediately ordered "Boots and saddles!" to sound, and by the time we were ready the balance of the command were in line; total mounted and fit for duty about 175 men. We then saw a flag of truce approaching, an officer was sent out to meet it, and he soon returned with a small piece of paper on which was a

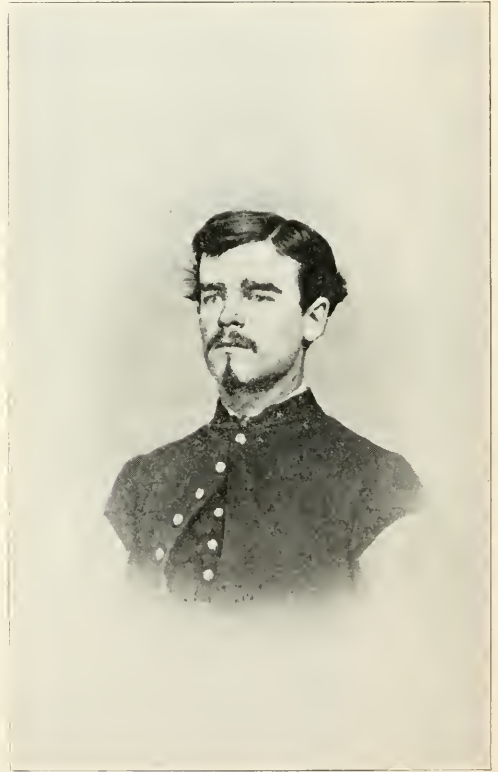
demand for our surrender and the information that we were surrounded by a brigade of infantry and cavalry with a battery of artillery.



S. P. REMINGTON, BREVET-COLONEL, AS MAJOR
AT DOVAL'S PLANTATION, LA.

Our commander, Remington, at once responded that he was not there to surrender. As soon as the flag of truce had returned to the enemy, the major said: "Boys, take your men inside the stockade and tie up your horses; we can hold the stockade until the gunboat from Donaldsonville and the balance of the regiment come to our assistance." We had not been in the stockade ten minutes before cannon opened on us. The first shot struck one of the pillars of the house. Lieut. Davis got hold of some rockets and sent them up in broad daylight; they could not be seen very far, and we all had a hearty laugh at the gallant lieutenant; but our position was no laughing matter. Up to the time that the cannon opened we did not believe that the enemy had artillery; we thought they were "bluffing." After one or two more shells hit the stockade we saw that we could not hope to hold the place, so orders were given to at once form column of fours and try and cut our way out. Gates were thrown open and we started down the levee toward Hermitage. "Trot march," "Gallop march," were the orders. Just as we turned an angle in the road we found the enemy's cavalry drawn up across the road and dismounted men were in the bushes and timber. "Charge!" was the word, and we went at the cavalry in front like a catapult. Here came our salvation; the enemy had two guns planted, but through some mistake did not bring them to bear on us. The cavalry in front of us were poorly mounted on small light horses; we had our big heavy Northern horses brought down from the old army of the Potomac, and when we struck the rebs we bowled them over like ninepins, and, before we hardly realized the fact, we were through their line and on our way to assistance. Before the actual combat the enemy fired heavily into the head and left flank of our column, and several men and horses were struck. Norris, who was in advance with Company M, was severely wounded and several men badly hurt, but none killed outright. I was leading the second squad-

ron, and as we struck the small brigade I saw the dismounted men over on our left firing into us; one big, red-bearded fellow with a double-barreled shotgun seemed to be picking me out for slaughter. I leveled my pistol at him and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. Just then came a roar like a small volcano; down went my horse on his knees, and I thought it was all up and that I was bound for Libby. I pulled at my horse, dug the spurs in, and to my relief my noble bay responded gallantly, and I was soon at the head of my squadron again.



" FRANKLIN C. DAVIS, LIEUTENANT,
AS SERGT.-MAJOR.

By the time we got opposite Donaldsonville we saw the gunboat steaming up toward Doyal's, and soon after we met the regiment coming up. We then turned and went back to attack the enemy, but when we got to Doyal's they were all gone, taking with them

all our sick and dismounted men, played-out horses, and four wagons. We followed them as fast as we could, but they had a good start and crossed the Amite River, and we could not reach them. We then returned to Doyal's about dark, and began to compare damages. Capt. Raymond and Lieuts. Wood and Davis and about seventy-five men and four wagons had been captured and carried off. On reaching camp I inspected my tent; the first thing that greeted my sight was a lot of old gray ragged clothes lying on the floor. Some Johnny Reb had shelled them and arrayed himself in an extra suit of my uniform. Cleanliness and not color was what he was after, and

SCOTT'S 900 AT DOYAL'S PLANTATION.

BY CAPT. GEO. A. DAGWELL.

"Boots and saddles!" is sounding. Our pulses are bounding.

"To horse!" And I touch, with my heel,
My gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks
With my heart, like my sabre, of steel.

—GEN. H. B. SARGEANT.

On the morning of August 5, 1864, Col. John S. Scott, C. S. A., with 900 cavalry and four pieces of artillery, debouched from the woods on the New River road, in the right rear of Doyal's plantation, and, upon reaching the entrance to the plantation, by the road that passed in the rear of the sugar houses, he sent a detachment of men and one piece of artillery to



GUNBOAT "NO. 53" OFF DONALDSONVILLE, LA.

I could not blame him for his good taste.

Subsequently our lost men were returned to us at Baton Rouge as paroled prisoners. About three months after the attack we struck a rebel camp at 2 A.M., in the woods, about fifteen miles from Baton Rouge, gave Johnny tit for tat, and recaptured our four wagons and most of the horses lost at Doyal's, besides a liberal number of boys in gray and all their tents and camp equipment.

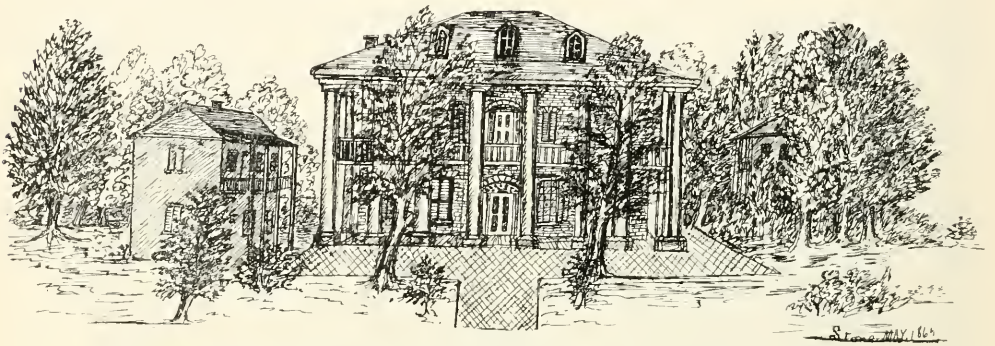
take position at the intersection of the New River road with the Mississippi River road, above the Mansion House (or stockade). He then moved in on the plantation road until he reached the sugar house. Here he planted two pieces of artillery, and sent another detachment with the remaining piece of artillery to take position on the Mississippi River road below the stockade. Col. Scott had left the guard and reserves at the Dutch Stores, and Civic's Ferry, numbering about 250

men at each place. Scott had made two previous attempts to surprise this post and failed, he being discovered before he had crossed the Bayou Manchac.

This last trial was made after a fruitless attempt to surprise and capture the garrison at the Highland Stockade some forty miles above Doyal's Plantation on the 4th inst. Failing in his move there he retired into the back country, and then, under the cover of a dark night, moved on Doyal's Plantation.

of danger of being hurt in body or honor, thought differently.

The major prepared to receive the rebels, in perfect confidence that he could hold his own until the gunboats at Donaldsonville could come to his assistance; but when he heard the boom of the rebel cannon he of course knew the stockade could not protect him against that kind of medicine. So they mounted up, and after receiving and dismissing the bearer of Col. Scott's demand for the immediate surrender of the command, the major was ready to



DOYAL'S MANSION, LA., FROM A SKETCH BY D. F. M. STONE, CO. "E."

At the time the affair happened, with the number of men fit for duty that the major had at this post, it was simply impossible to constantly patrol the different roads in the large district back and above his post. He was always on the alert, because he knew the rebels would make another attempt and was expecting them (but not with cannon), and he did all he could to checkmate the enemy in all of their moves to best him, and the major's previous success in thwarting them on their own stamping ground is evidence of his ability.

He should have had six full companies at this post to successfully do the work laid out for him; and at the time this affair happened I doubt very much whether six companies could fill the requirements. A regiment would not suffice if the sick men of the companies at that time are considered. Yet the authorities a hundred miles away, out

make the attempt to cut his way through the enemy to liberty and reinforcements. To do this he had to face at least four to one, and a piece of artillery.

The major left the stockade with about 175 men and officers, leaving behind him, sick, 53; not sick, 37. Of these 37 not sick, some were officers and non-commissioned officers who had taken position in the observatory on the roof of the house, watching the maneuvers of the enemy. Instead of saddling their horses and charging with the others they got left, and served them right. The balance of those not sick were non-commissioned officers and privates. Some of them were slow fellows at their best, some were cooks, teamsters, and daily duty men unused to saddling up when the call sounded, and some had no horses, and others, it is supposed, shirked their duty, rather than face the appar-

ently desperate dash for liberty that was about to be made.

The following is a true copy of Col. Scott's note to Maj. Remington sent under a flag of truce:

"Commanding Officer on Doyal's Plantation—

"To avoid a useless effusion of blood, I hereby demand an unconditional surrender of the stockade and the forces under your command. I have a brigade of cavalry and a battery of artillery at my immediate disposal. Your

piece of paper for \$100." He sent a copy.

It is probably not generally known, among the members of the regiment, that young Doyal had challenged the major to fight a duel. Failing to best the major with his company of bushwhackers or with Col. Scott's assistance, he sent him a challenge to single combat. No notice being taken of it, he was exasperated, and sent in word that he would shoot Remington on sight.



THE REMAINS OF DOYAL'S MANSION, 1896.

refusal or compliance with this demand must be made within five minutes after reception.

"Respectfully,

"J. S. SCOTT,
Colonel Commanding."

The above matter was written on a leaf of a pocket diary in pencil, and the paper was stained with blood. The major was very proud of this bit of paper. After showing it to me he carefully folded it inside of another piece of paper, and put it in a separate part of his pocketbook. I asked him if he was going to send it in with his report to headquarters. He replied, "No, sir; I would not part with that little

Doyal had a perfect description of the major, and the little fellow was recognized in that country as a crack shot with the rifle.

Now Capt. John Norris, of M company, for some reason, of which deponent saith nothing, had not, up to this time, had a chance to expose himself as a soldier and an officer should. He had worn a full red sandy beard, and, having been chaffed greatly by the officers about the unsoldierly appearance his beard gave him, he had shaved it off, and wore a mustache and imperial, modeled after the major's style, so that on the morning of August 5, 1864, little Doyal's description

of the major fitted Capt. John Norris very well. The levee in the down-river direction formed quite a bend as it passed the corner of the stockade, and when the major made his dash for liberty, he was not seen until he passed the corner, and then was seen only by the enemy to the left in the field; but as soon as he rounded the bend in the levee, he was in full view of all the rebs below the house. On the levee below the bend was stationed little Doyal, and three or four of his own men, waiting to get a shot at the major, it is supposed.

Just before the start from the stockade Capt. John Norris asked the major's permission to lead the column. The major, in his characteristic way, gave his consent, and it would seem as though Providence was taking a hand just then for the good of those two men—the captain, to prove by his bravery his right to the title of soldier, and the major, to foil little Doyal, and come through with a whole skin. The major took position further back in the column, and then out and around the bend the column went like a whirlwind. Doyal brought his rifle to bear on Capt. Norris and blazed away, at the same time shouting, "There's the Yankee major!" and shot Capt. Norris through the shoulder. Farther down the road, at the corner of and inside the fence, was the piece of cannon. It was elevated for the house, and before they could depress it enough to bear on the approaching cyclone, the lads were on them and had passed them. That fence the next day showed that the boys left some lead as they "passed by." The rebs carried off two wagon loads of wounded, and buried four of their dead. It is true the enemy captured about 100 of our men, most of them from the hospital, but they got decidedly the worst of the fight notwithstanding their artillery.

When the rebs were ransacking the Mansion House, little Doyal captured the major's boots. These boots were what are called fishermen's boots. Doyal strutted around in them, saying he was up to his middle in Yankee leather, or

words to the same effect, but not quite so refined. At night the major was back and in possession of the stockade, and a good portion of the regiment was with him. Pickets were out, and an alarm sentinel was stationed on the levee to repeat any alarm that was passed in from the outposts. A courier came up from the telegraph station with a dispatch for the major from New Orleans, directing him to send an officer and forty men along the route of the telegraph line to Baton Rouge, and inspect the wires from Doyal's Plantation to that point. They were unable to get communication at department headquarters with Baton Rouge. The major asked me if I was very tired. I told him I was not. He said he wanted forty volunteers and an officer to go to Baton Rouge to open telegraph communications. I told him I would go. He said, "All right, get your men and start as soon as you can." I immediately turned out C company and found I did not need to call for volunteers, although there were lots of lads of the other companies that wanted to go.

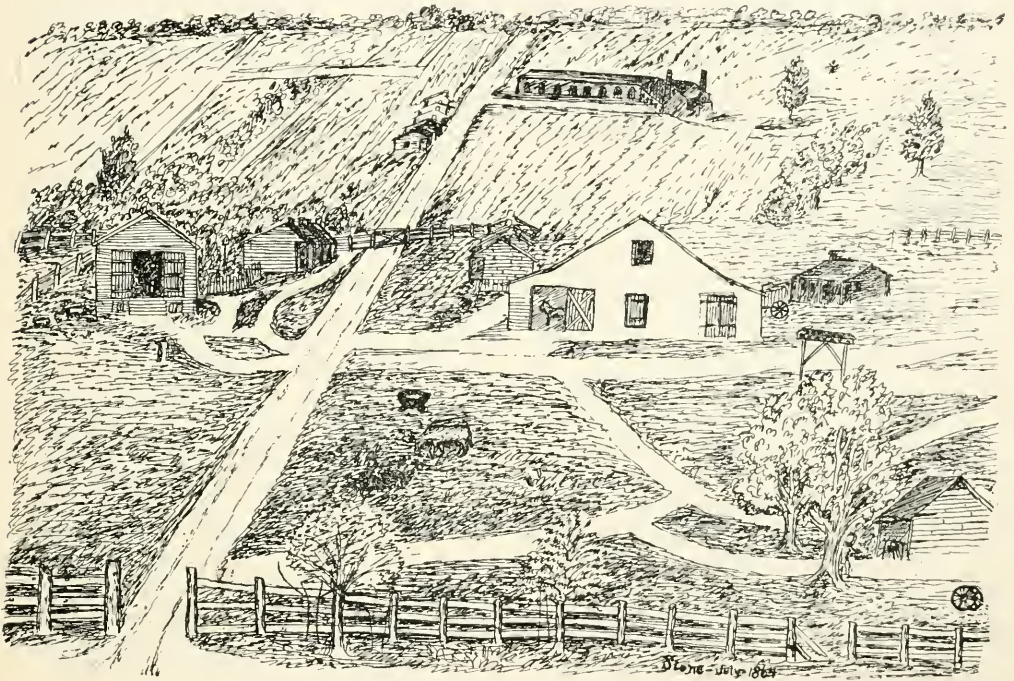
It was the darkest night I ever saw; every four or five minutes there would come a broad blinding flash of lightning, after which the darkness would be jet blackness. There was no rain or thunder with it. The major told me to follow the telegraph line wherever it led, and to inspect its whole length from Doyal's to the Highland Stockade, where I would find the garrison belonging to the Federal forces at Baton Rouge, farther up the river—and to be very cautious in approaching the stockade.

We got under way and kept the river road for quite a distance; then the wires took a short cut across a bend in the river. We soon found a gate and a road across the plantation. We followed the poles across, then out again onto the main road. We would have to halt and wait for a flash of lightning, then look as far ahead as we could make out that the wires were all right, then move on till we thought we had reached that point; then halt and wait for another flash, and so on till we reached

the Highlands. Just before we left the main road the second time, we heard a considerable body of horsemen coming over the road in our rear. When we first discovered that we were being followed, we could just hear them. Soon afterwards they got nearer to us and halted. I halted and listened; everything was as quiet as death, and so dark that the situation was like the "witches' nights" you read about in childhood days. I told Sergt. Maxted

heard no more of the party following us. Whether they unknowingly passed our last turning point, or gave up the chase, because of their being unable to ascertain our numbers, I was not certain; but I think they discovered when it was too late to remedy their oversight with profit that we had left the road.

The lads will remember what a difference there was in the distance from Manning's plantation to Doyal's by the river road or by the back road run-



CUT-OFF ROAD TO DOYAL'S. DRAWN BY D. F. M. STONE, CO. E., JULY, 1864.

to move on with the column, and to travel on the grass at the side of the road as much as he could, and not get in the ditch. Then I fell behind and listened. They soon started after us again, and I judged by the noise their horses made they were no stronger than my force was. I rode up to drop a couple of men a few rods to the rear as a rear guard, when I found the column was leaving the road again to follow the wires across another plantation. After entering the plantation road we

ning through the different plantations between the two named—thirteen miles by the river road and between seven and eight miles by the cut off or plantation roads—and so it was on this trip to Baton Rouge. The distance by river road was forty miles, but the telegraph line was over the shortest route, and lessened the distance at least one-half, so that we arrived at the end of our journey sooner than we expected. We discovered this fact from the actions of our horses. In the lowlands of

Louisiana a man would go blind looking for a hill, if there was no levee, and our horses had become so accustomed to travel on level ground that when we reached the highlands of Louisiana they acted about as a man would if falling up-stairs, stumbling at every step going up hill. I realized by my seat in the saddle that we were climbing a hill, but having no idea that we had reached the highlands so soon, and it being so dark, we could see nothing, as the flashes of lightning had ceased except at long intervals, and just visible on the edge of the horizon. So I halted the column, got off my horse, and struck a match and satisfied myself that we were on a road, but I expected to find that we were climbing the levee and would soon be in the river. Our horses knew where the road was and kept it, and we had to trust to them entirely, at the same time moving very slowly and watching for the Highland Stockade. We were soon on level ground again, and directly we crossed an eight or ten plank bridge. This bridge spanned the ditch that ran around the stockade next to the road, but we did not know it at the time. We kept on some distance farther, when we were challenged. I sent Sergt. Maxted forward with the countersign. When Maxted got to the foot of a hill and was going up another, the picket posted at the top fired his piece at him, then whirled his horse to the rear, and went down the road as if the devil or Col. Scott was after him. I called to Jim and asked if he was hit.

"No," he answered; "but the son-of-a-gun shot devilish close."

"How near did you get to the picket?"

"I can't tell until I get to the top of this hill."

We moved on again, wondering how much farther we had to go before we reached the stockade, supposing this "skedaddler" was one of the pickets. We could hear the horse's hoofs clattering over the road for a long distance. We had just reached the top of the hill and got onto the level road when—

"Halt! who comes there?"

"Friends with the countersign."

"Advance one, dismounted, with the countersign."

I called out and asked him whether he was the picket that fired on my sergeant a few minutes before when he was approaching him to give him the countersign.

"No, sir; he has gone on into the reserve," was the reply.

"All right; I want to give you a piece of advice: We are a detachment of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, and have come through from Doyal's Plantation on orders from New Orleans. My sergeant will now advance and give you the countersign, and if you fire on him, and run as the other picket did, I will send forty bullets after you."

Maxted reached the picket all right, and, after waiting longer than was necessary to be allowed to advance, I called to him and asked what the trouble was.

"He says the countersign isn't right," answered Maxted.

In the meantime I had been slowly moving ahead, and finally got close enough so that I could see them both, and then I told the picket that I could account for the two different countersigns—mine was the correct one, because we got it direct from New Orleans before we started from Doyal's Plantation, and that his countersign was not the department one, because New Orleans had no telegraphic communication with Baton Rouge, and we had come to open communication between the two points.

He did not want to let us go on.

I asked him where the Highland Stockade was.

"Oh! you passed that over a mile back on the road."

"Where is the garrison? We expected they would halt us there."

"They were drawn in day before yesterday."

"Where is your reserve? Take us to the officer of your reserve; I can't wait here all night. My men and horses are tired."

I did not wait longer, but gave the command to forward, and Mr. Picket

went with us. Directly we saw a camp fire and some tents. Then we were halted, and the picket and Maxted rode forward. Then there was another long parley with my sergeant. I commenced again to move slowly ahead, till I got near enough for all of our lads to be revealed by the fire-light, when I halted and asked Maxted what the trouble was now. Maxted laughed as he said:

"The lieutenant thinks we are rebs."

I dismounted and did up in as small a package as possible a few choice "cuss words" for the lieutenant's benefit, and told him I was going on into Baton Rouge. He wanted to send me in with a guard and keep the detachment at the reserve station till the guard returned.

"You can see by the horses, the saddle equipments, the men, and their clothes, and tell by their speech that we are not rebs," said I.

The lieutenant walked around the column, examined the outfit, and said:

"The rebs can fix up, just as you and your men are."

I was disgusted. I mounted my horse and said: "Lieutenant, if we were rebs we could have wiped you and your little reserve out of existence long ago. I am going on into town and report to Gen. Benton. Forward—march!"

He did not make any further effort to stop us, but sent a dismounted man along with us, for what reason I don't know. We soon left him in the rear.

At the edge of the town we passed the camp of a cavalry regiment, the Fourteenth New York, I thought. We moved on down into town until we reached a triangular square or plaza. On the left were large ornamental grounds, and in the center and back from the street was a large fine building, which I concluded was some kind of a school building. I halted right opposite the entrance to the grounds, dismounted, and walked across to the other side of the street, where I could see a soldier walking up and down before a brick building. I approached and asked this sentinel where Gen.

Benton's headquarters were; he said, pointing to the house he was guarding:

"This is Gen. Benton's headquarters."

"Call your sergeant of the guard. I want to see the general on important business."

The sergeant appearing, I made known my desire to see the general, when I learned that he was asleep. Not feeling well he had retired early, but he would take me to his assistant adjutant general. We found the captain up and writing. I made known to him the duty I was on, and asked if I could be allowed to see the general. He got up and replied, "Certainly," and, turning to the sergeant, told him that he would take charge of the lieutenant. After passing through a suite of rooms we came out into a hall, and a few steps brought us to a square turn to the left. The first door we came to led into the general's sleeping-room, and a queer room for a sleeping-room. I thought, and have always wondered why he used it for that purpose, when there were so many rooms more suitable. The room had no other opening than the entrance door. The door was open about an inch or so, far enough to see that there was a light in the room. The captain knocked and made himself known, and we were told to enter. The general was in bed, but as soon as I came under his view he threw the blanket off and swung himself around into a sitting position. I was introduced, and after telling him my orders and all the details incident to the trip, I told him that if the wires were cut or down, the break must be somewhere between Baton Rouge and Highland Stockade. He looked at me, as I thought, in an admiring way, and said:

"So you have come through that country with only forty men! Well, lieutenant, I think you have been very fortunate, but we must finish this inspection from where your inspection ended." And turning to the captain he told him to detail a squadron of cavalry and a telegraph engineer squad to proceed immediately over the telegraph

line and repair it. The captain left the room to carry out this order, and the general questioned me about the affair at Doyal's, and after listening attentively to all I could tell him, he said that Col. Scott made a demonstration on the Highland Stockade, and it was reported that Scott had between 3,000 and 4,000 mounted troops and a battery of artillery; but he had received notice of their intention in time, through a lady whose husband was a captain under Scott, to withdraw the garrison, but

with some of your men, and I will see that your wants are all attended to. You can unsaddle and fasten your horses to the fence." Now I did not know whether he meant for me to enter the grounds and fasten my horses to the fence (I did not ask to be enlightened on that point), or range them along the fence on the sidewalk. We entered the grounds where the grass was fine for the horses to pull and the boys to sleep on, and the next morning I reported at headquarters and an offi-



BRIG.-GEN. BENTON AND STAFF.

he would send the garrison back to the stockade in the morning. I asked him if he could send me to a locality where I could camp, and also give me a requisition on the quartermaster and commissary for rations and forage.

"Where are your men now, lieutenant?"

I described the locality as well as I could, and I think he said it was the seminary grounds; but he said: "As you will return to Doyal's as soon as you rest and feed your men and horses, you had better make yourself as comfortable as you can where you are, and, as soon as it is daylight, report here

cer issued us rations and forage. The general told me that the wire had been cut near the stockade on the Baton Rouge side, and that communication was open to Donaldsonville. I went into the telegraph office and sent the following report to New Orleans:

BATON ROUGE, August 6, 1894.

Maj. Geo. B. Drake, Assistant Adjutant General, Sir:—Communications are open from Baton Rouge to Donaldsonville. I came through from Doyal's Plantation last night. The Confederates carried off fifty sick men, horses and saddles. They were 900 strong under Col. Scott, with four pieces of



VIEW OF FRONT STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA., FROM DECK OF GUNBOAT.



INFANTRY CAMP AT BATON ROUGE.

artillery. They captured one captain and our adjutant. With re-enforcements we can retake our loss.

G. A. DAGWELL,

First Lieutenant Company C,

"Scott's 900," 11th N. Y. Cavalry,

Acting Adjutant.

When I returned to the general's office he told me that he had sent the garrison back to the stockade and that he had also sent a section of a battery with it; also that he would send a squadron of cavalry to scout beyond the stockade. I learned this squadron was from the Fourteenth New York, and that they would start in about an hour, so I told the general I would feed my horses, then move out as far as the stockade and cook our breakfast there, where we could get cooking utensils, and then march for Doyal's Plantation. He bid me a safe return and good-by, and after shaking hands with the captain, I returned to camp. We had no hay, so we rationed the oats, saddled, and started for the outposts, believing it better to do all our feeding there. We arrived at the camp of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry just as the patrol or scouting squadron was about to start, and proceeded as far as the Highland Stockade with them. Capt. Chesboro was in command of the squadron. He gave me quite an account of the scare at that point on the fourth instant, and said that if the authorities had done their duty on the fourth and had given us the information in their possession there would not have been a surprise at Doyal's Plantation.

When we arrived at the stockade we learned that the garrison on their return that morning, when near the stockade, made a sudden dash around the turn and into the stockade, capturing ten or a dozen Confederates who were inside, and chasing more of them along a road that led into a wood below the stockade to a log cabin, but caught no more of them. In the cabin they found newly killed beef, partly cooked, and a breakfast under way for thirty or forty men. We learned through one of the prisoners that they were the party that followed us the night before, and when

they discovered they had passed us they tried to reach the stockade ahead of us, and ambush us, but failed. They knew we had passed the stockade by our horses' tracks.

We got up a good meal, thanks to the Confederate butchers, and later in the day started for Doyal's, which we reached without further incident.

A SEQUEL TO THE DOYAL'S PLANTATION

FIGHT—AUG. 5, 1864.

BY SERGT. MONTGOMERY.

After Major Remington had cut his way out from Doyal's Plantation, where he was surrounded by the enemy on that memorable 5th day of August, 1864, those who were not fortunate enough to join the cutting-out party received more or less attention from Col. John Scott and his Confederate followers who turned on the house the four field pieces; but for some reason the building was struck but once during the engagement. All said it was poor marksmanship. Afterwards the Confederate guard said that Doyal, the owner, was present and did not want his property destroyed. Be this statement true or not, the enemy's fire did all damage, if any, on the west shore of the Mississippi River.

Previous to the breaking away of Major Remington the writer had been ordered by him to remain in headquarters, and from the broad piazza on the second floor of the Doyal house occurred that funny scene told by Nicholetts, viz., Lieut. Davis' daylight fireworks. We had a fine view of Remington's sally with his 150 men charging and breaking down the barrier interposed by the rebels to cut off his retreat by the Hermitage road. We had, to use a slang expression, a "bully for our side" feeling to see those gallant boys so easily overpower more than twice their number, but the exultation was of short duration as these line destroyers kept on going, headed south.

There were left to enjoy the courtesy and attention of Johnny Reb about one hundred men, all sick ordinarily speaking, but under the circumstances then existing all were very sick. As before

stated the enemy was industriously employed in the effort to make an iron mine in Louisiana. For three-quarters of an hour did they thus labor.

The besieged had early left the brick house (not caring to linger in the stockade), and had sought the friendly shelter of the levee. The river being low there was a broad plateau between it and high water mark, and the afore-said levee made a most excellent earth-work and effectual shelter for the time being, for that sorely pressed remnant of the Union army.

That the situation might not become monotonous the enemy sent dismounted men armed with Confederate persuaders, viz., double barreled shot-guns, and these, so it was said, had thirty-eight buckshot and sufficient powder in each barrel. They came from above and below and on the inside of our breast-work and drove "we uns" out.

With cannon in front, the river behind, buckshot on each flank and no prospect of help, the dismounted and forlorn hope of Scott's 900 surrendered.

The prisoners, ninety-five in number, were marched off under guard, and when about four miles from Doyal's were placed in wagons that the rebel command be moved faster, the necessity for which was probably owing to the pursuit of Scott's 900, as related by Lieut. Nicholetts. Quick time was made to the Amite, over which we were ferried on a large scow. While in transit the large hospital wagon or ambulance, stocked with all paraphernalia for the sick and wounded, propelled by six fine mules, was captured at Doyal's and was really the prize of the expedition, in the estimation of the rebels. The mules became restive, and backed the hind wheels off the scow and the whole turnout went to the bottom of the river. Our friends the enemy were chagrined over this loss and vented their displeasure in language loud and deep, like unto that used by our army in Flanders, embellished, reinforced and enriched with additional terms made pertinent by the rebellion.

When all were landed on the north shore a rest of half an hour was taken

and the retreat was recommenced and pushed on at a rapid rate until nearly midnight, when a halt was ordered and camp made. Daylight revealed that our resting place was on the road on which we had been traveling, and upon the opposite side was a house very much like our northern country houses with the usual out buildings, occupied by a Mr. Henry A. Warnock.

At an early hour the march was resumed, but before starting the writer, of L Company, and three others of M Company were paroled. The continuance of the narrative will be of the adventures of the four. Tradition says that the main body went to Clinton, La., where they remained until exchanged a month later.

I remember the name of but one of the three who were then my companions—Comrade Morgan—and upon him devolved the care of this invalid corps. He was equal to the occasion and proved himself a true man.

Henry A. Warnock, although in politics a rebel, was also a Christian gentleman and proved himself such while we partook of his charity. He and his family did many kindly acts for the unfortunates thus suddenly thrust upon them. We remained at the Warnock place nearly three weeks. The two members of M Company ought never to have been moved from Doyal's; the fatigue and excitement proved too much for one of them. He lingered about two weeks and then gave up his young life. Comrade Morgan prepared his body for burial, made a coffin, and on an afternoon of a certain day we three, accompanied by Mr. Warnock and a rebel scout quartered with him (the body being borne by four slaves), in solemn procession escorted the body and buried it in a grave dug at the foot of a big magnolia tree.

How often has that scene been re-enacted in my mind! Three Union soldiers in distress, following one of their companions to the grave; a rebel sympathizer, a rebel soldier and four negroes; what a funeral pageant for the regimental dead!

This rebel scout quartered at War-

nock's proved himself on more than one occasion a friend, and to him we were indebted for information and directions concerning our return to the Union lines, which journey was commenced on the second morning after the burial, in a two-mule wagon, secured by the efforts of Comrade Morgan, aided and abetted by Mr. Warnock and the scout. In it we rode until after nightfall towards our Mecca, Baton Rouge. I cannot give a detailed account of all our experiences on that journey. With one exception we met with kindness and consideration on all occasions where we called upon the inhabitants of the districts through which we traveled, and I take this opportunity to bear testimony to their virtues. The exception above referred to happened at dusk of our first day out. We stopped at a house owned and occupied by a man having the same cognomen as myself. Anticipating much because of the similarity in that which men called us, asking for shelter and food, we were even refused the privilege of sleeping on the piazza. Morgan mentioned the fact that one of our number bore the same name as the owner, but this made no difference; he would have nothing to do with us.

For the first and only time in my life I was ashamed of my name, and I think Morgan secretly entertained the same opinion, i. e., he was mortified that I was so handicapped, as he said he was ashamed that his name commenced with M.

We passed on to the next house, a small one, the inmates of which gave us food and a feather pillow for our comrade, who was unable to sit up, and then we went on to the next place, a plantation, where we were royally entertained.

In the morning, after bidding good-bye to our darky driver, who came with us to take back the Arabian steeds (live mules), and our host furnishing us with two dump carts and a long-eared horse for each, we started on the home stretch for Baton Rouge, with a darky to take back our royal equipage.

Our journey was uneventful until we had been about two and a half hours

on the road, when an enormous cotton field was observed on the right, in which were, without actual count, say about one hundred slaves at labor; upon our approach these abandoned their work, flocking around us and asking innumerable questions, among which, "When an de jubilee coming?"

One negro, of herculean proportions, who kept by himself, seemed desirous of attracting our attention. Watching him for some time, one of us went to him, and valuable information was obtained concerning our journey, and his final admonition was not to pass a certain point on our road, which he minutely described, as the rebel picket was in ambush there. Morgan also obtained like knowledge from another of the party. It was evident that there was a sort of freemasonry existing among the negroes; all knew of our advent into the Confederacy, and that they were fully advised of our movements is beyond question, as was also their desire to aid any Union soldier.

The particular spot so graphically described by our dusky friend was at last reached. There was no trouble in instantly recognizing that dead line. We stopped and held a Quaker meeting in the road; the spirit did not move us, but we were concerned lest buckshot should. With this interesting tonic as a mind calmer, we patiently waited for Johnny to show himself. When we had been sufficiently tried to prove our worthiness for further advancement, ten mounted men, shot-guns and all, rode into the road and catechized us in the most approved fashion. The leader was better educated than some of the whites we had encountered; the absence when conversing of "we uns," "you uns," "right smart," "I reckon," and other provincialisms so common in the Southern dialect, being essential proof. We were finally allowed to pass. A guard accompanied and entertained us with a flow of soul that was amusing.

It had evidently dawned upon this devotee of secession that the cause was not progressing as finely as the leaders would have such as he think, and he was of the opinion that the war was a

failure ; at least he said so, and as long as he was armed and we were not we were bound to believe him. He also said he had never fired a shot since he had been a soldier. There was no argument on this statement, and when he left we had an uncomfortable feeling that he might take just one shot for the good of the cause. He didn't, and we came out unscathed from the jaws of death.

It was some time before we regained our usual serenity of mind, and our normal conditions, and the woods passed. At last we saw Old Glory floating in the breeze; it was a long distance off, but there was no mistaking it. Then and there we realized how tame a sight to see this piece of bunting at home in ordinary times, but now, as prodigals wearily wending our way home, it burst upon our vision, magnified and glorified. Its stripes and stars shone with a brilliancy unknown before and every fold as it waved in the breeze told of home, friends, safety, of a country worth fighting for and pre-eminently worthy of existence as *the* nation on earth.

Then that cavalryman on picket, mounted and armed as a follower of the yellow should be, doing full duty, rode out, halted, questioned and duly examined us under the fostering care of a Colt's revolver whose six chambers were fully charged, and with the hammer at full cock, and which seemed to say : " Oh ! for one crack." Notwithstanding our hostile reception we could have hugged this atom of the Union army and kissed his sister or his mother and blessed him as a true follower of Israel, so glad were we to be once more on holy ground. There was no nonsense on the part of this sentry ; he sharply questioned, and backed up by his revolver he had immediate response to all questions, and when this Centaur had reached the limit and the relief came round he quietly washed his hands of the whole affair and turned us over to the tender mercies of the guard, who having something on their hands that they could not hold, handed us over to the Baton Rouge hospital authorities,

where we were received and medically classified as patients, which ended our remarkable pilgrimage.

This history has been written from memory and I believe the same to be true, although I am not quite sure as to the actual time spent in rebelldom or consumed in reaching the Union lines. Perhaps Comrade Morgan can verify that which is penned and supply all omission.

NOTES.

During the rest of the first day of our capture after crossing the Amite River it transpired that among the prisoners was a deserter from the rebel army, and the Confederate officers then and there assembled proposed to try him by a drum-head court martial. He had been arrested and placed under guard, but probably realizing that his situation was unhealthy, lit out; when the sentry was called on to produce his man he claimed that the writer hereof was the identical party. This honor was not appreciated by the one on whom this distinguished consideration had been thrust and was laid aside finally by emphatic denials as to identity, to which denials peculiar emphasis was given by Lieut. James R. Wood, the acting Adjutant of Scott's 900, as to convince the Confeds that the one on whom their vials of wrath were to be emptied had made good his escape.

When the attack upon Doyal's was made there was a Captain under arrest at headquarters (his name has gone from me) who was captured by the enemy. A more disgusted man would have been hard to find.

On the day before the fight of August 5th, J. W. Stuart of L. Company, who had been on duty as a scout and had but recently returned from a visit to Rebelldom, told me at Doyal's that the rebs would attack headquarters within twenty-four hours and was chagrined that the officers would not believe him. He had the sad satisfaction of complete verification of his statements later.

The country through which we passed from Doyal's to Mr. Warnock's and



GEO. W. RICHARDSON, MAJOR.

from there to Baton Rouge, La., is fine farming land, and particularly is this true of the land in and about Doyal's, the surface of the ground being a dead level, the levee being the highest ground for miles around.

Before crossing the Amite River the level is broken and the lay of the land can be termed as rolling, and, from the opposite shore it is decidedly so; the further north you advance the more hilly it becomes, but not in the sense that we of the North would interpret hills. There are plenty of woods, in fact everything in the vegetation line finds a luxuriant home and Mother Earth raises wonders in the floral kingdom.

W. E. M.

On the 5th of August Major Remington was in command at Doyal's, Major Richardson at Hermitage and Captain Smith at Manning's. Major Richardson with his command went to Remington's aid when he heard of the attack on Doyal's and met him on his retreat.

August 11th, by request of Maj.-Gen. F. J. Herron the regiment was attached to the Second Brigade, First Cavalry Division, Department of the Gulf, Col. D. B. Bush commanding. The other regiments of the brigade, viz.: the

Second Illinois and Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry and the First Wisconsin Battery, were at Baton Rouge.

August 23d about two hundred men went to Baton Rouge to perform picket duty during the absence of the cavalry on an expedition to Clinton; on the 28th they were relieved and returned to the plantations.

In the early days of the service on the plantations an expedition under Capt. Ellsworth went beyond the Amite river, was gone for several days and returned with a large number of prisoners; an account of the expedition was published in the New Orleans papers, the date of which (as of other affairs) has been forgotten. Another expedition destroyed many boats on the Amite river; big Dick Smith of Company F, a man of herculean proportions, was active in the work of destruction, which was done under the fire of the enemy, but none of our men were injured.

September 1st Capt. Ellsworth was appointed Judge Advocate of the district of Port Hudson and Baton Rouge; he served in that position until May 4th, 1865, when he was assigned to duty at New Orleans as Judge Advocate of the Provost court; he held the latter position until June 26th, 1865.



OUR SUTLER AND HIS CHECK.

CHAPTER XIV.

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of the Union have fled,
Where the blades of the graves' grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of our dead."

—FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

MOVEMENT OF THE REGIMENT TO BATON ROUGE—SCOUTS AND PICKET SKIRMISHES
—EXPEDITION TO AMITE RIVER—PICKET-GUARD STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—
RAIDS TO GREENSBURG AND CLINTON—SOLDIERS BOATING AND RAFTING ON
THE MISSISSIPPI.

ABOUT September 1st a company or squadron of the Sixteenth Indiana Mounted Infantry arrived and encamped near the levee at Hermitage.

September 4th the 118th Illinois Mounted Infantry arrived and relieved part of the regiment. Companies H and K went with the wagons to Baton Rouge and established a camp on the

The location was healthful, and what remained of the regiment was soon in good condition for active service. We were brigaded with the Fourth Wisconsin and Twelfth Illinois Cavalry Regiment, and were employed in picketing and patrolling the roads leading to the city, and scouting and raiding within the enemy's lines, trying to rid



CAVALRY CAMPS AT BATON ROUGE.

high land at the terminus of the Northern boulevard on the eastern outskirts of the city. In a few days the whole regiment, with the exception of Company B, stationed at Kennersville, and a few men left at the telegraph station, had arrived at the camp at Baton Rouge.

that part of the country of the partisan bands of Confederates with which it was infested.

Major Remington was in command of the regiment. Expeditions were made in East and West Baton Rouge, East and West Feliciana and St. Helena parishes, in Louisiana, and in

Amite, Franklin and Lincoln counties in Mississippi. Owing to the heat and the sickness in the regiment at the plantations, the strict military discipline had been relaxed, but at the encampment at Baton Rouge, when the men regained their strength and the recovered from the hospitals returned to duty, the regular military routine was resumed, and with the roll calls, stable calls, company, regimental and brigade drills and inspections, together with the daily picket, patrol and scouting duties, there was little idle time.

The invigorating air at the new camp improved the condition of the men to such an extent that in a short time

band boys, who were quartered in a house a short distance from the camp, narrowly escaped capture.

September 11th the whole regiment went on a reconnoissance and discovered a body of the enemy, who retreated.

September 13th a detachment went with a flag of truce to Clinton.

September 15th, at midnight, the regiment, with the Sixth Missouri and Second Illinois Cavalry and a section of the First Wisconsin Battery, started on an expedition via the Manchac road and marched until daylight, when the column left the road and entered the woods, marching until the evening of



ARSENAL, BATON ROUGE.

there was again the old time vigor and dash in their appearance, and although the regiment numbered scarcely half its former strength it was ready and anxious for the active duties to which it was assigned. About the middle of September a large number of recruits, who had enlisted for one year, arrived. Many of these men had served for two years or longer in the Army of the Potomac. This addition to the regiment placed it again at the head of the mounted regiments of the department. September 9th Brigadier General Lee visited the camp. At night a picket post was attacked and a horse killed, but the rebels were driven off.

September 10th, at midnight, about one hundred rebels got inside the lines and attempted to cut out the pickets but were driven off and escaped before the troops could get after them. The

16th, when the Amite river was reached, where, owing to the high water, a crossing could not be effected; several attempts were made at different fords and a crossing finally accomplished under the fire of the enemy. The rebels were driven off and nine prisoners taken, when the march was resumed.

The country was reconnoitered for many miles; there were several skirmishes and a few more prisoners were taken. The column returned to Baton Rouge on the afternoon of the 18th.

September 20th the pickets on the Clinton road were attacked but the attacking party were driven off, leaving one man a prisoner.

September 21st the old Burnside carbines were turned in and Sharp's improved carbines were issued.

September 23d the Second Brigade

was in command of Col. John C. Fonda and comprised the 118th Illinois Mounted Infantry, Fourth Wisconsin and Eleventh New York Cavalry.

On Sunday, October 2d, during a severe thunder storm, the reserve picket post at Magnolia Grove, on the Highland road, was struck by lightning and two men were killed and three or four severely injured.

October 3d Company B rejoined the regiment. A detachment had a skirmish with the enemy at Bayou Sara.



Gen. A. L. Lee, commanding cavalry and Col. Landman, 7th Ky. Infantry with group of officers.

RAIDS TO GREENSBURG AND CLINTON, LA.—
CAPTURING REBEL SOLDIERS IN A VERY
QUIET WAY—A PICKET IN DOUBT—A
STRANGE ACCIDENT.

On the evening of October 5, 1864, an expedition commanded by Gen. A. L. Lee, consisting of about 1,500 cavalrymen from the Eleventh New York, Fourth Wisconsin, Second Illinois and Sixth Missouri Cavalry and the 118th Illinois Mounted Infantry and two howitzers, left Baton Rouge, La., via

the Greenville Springs road, marched forty miles by a circuitous route, to elude the rebel pickets, and at day-break of the 6th reached Rock Hill Cross Roads, ten miles southwest of Clinton, La., where the main body rested. About one hundred men, chosen from the different commands and disguised as Confederates, rode into the town of Clinton at 7 o'clock in the morning. The inhabitants, believing the horsemen were their friends, flocked into the streets to hear the news, and from among the people assembled the troopers captured thirty-one rebel soldiers among whom were several officers, including the Provost Marshal and Lieut. Col. Pinckney of the Eighth Louisiana Artillery.

It was hoped that Gen. Hodge and Col. Scott, who were reported to be in the vicinity of Clinton, might be captured, but they could not be found.

After securing a large mail from the postoffice the cavalrymen, disguised as Confederates, marched out of the town with their prisoners.

The Eleventh New York (Scott's 900) had been ordered to support the disguised men in case they needed assistance, and were lingering near the outskirts of the town. I was in the advance guard that morning and for some reason which I have now forgotten, was directed to go ahead of

the column and await the arrival of the regiment at the first cross-road.

When I got to the road I looked along it to the right and saw a body of horsemen approaching and a moment later, on a little hill on the same road to my left, and not more than fifty feet from me, a rebel cavalryman appeared; he halted when he saw me, and as he made no movement to use his weapons or to retreat, I said nothing to him. I was but a boy at the time and I can still recall the feeling of uncertainty

as to what I should do. There was the rebel on my left and the approaching horsemen on my right, and in trying to watch them both I was in danger of becoming cross-eyed. I knew if I turned to go back to the regiment I would get a load of buckshot in my back, and I suppose the rebel was solicitous for his rear, which prevented him from turning. I did not want to fire at the man, for that would alarm the horsemen on my right who might advance too quickly or might retreat if they got sight of the

rebel on the hill and made him prisoner, while I rode up to the regiment which had nearly reached the cross road with the information as to who the apparent enemy were. I am thankful now that there was no fight that morning, for far too many of our lads found their last resting places in that far off country; but I confess to a feeling of disappointment at that time, for I had pictured in my mind the quick defeat of the supposed rebels when they reached the cross road, for



A STREET IN GREENSBURG, LA.

regiment; as my Confederate Companion was willing to await developments, so was I, as each minute brought the regiment nearer and the two columns would very likely meet at the cross-roads.

When the advancing regiment got within a hundred yards I rode out into the road and saw the rebel uniforms on the approaching horsemen; when he saw me the leader waved a handkerchief and I noticed that some of the men wore the brown linen jackets we used to wear in summer at Camp Relief, and then the scheme dawned upon me, for I had not been told to expect our men in the disguise of Confederates. One of the men in disguise rode up to the

our regiment with Remington at the head was sure to strike them there.

We fired a salute from a howitzer and then returned to the main force.

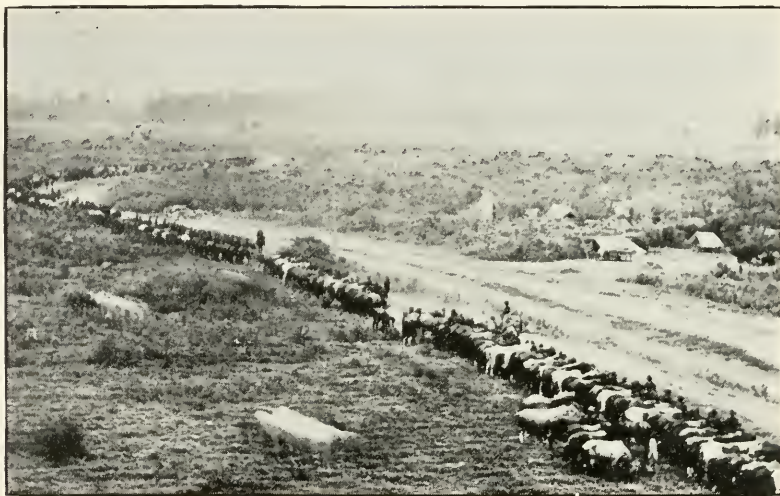
On the afternoon of the same day Osyka on the Jackson railroad was entered and twelve rebel soldiers and the telegraph operator with his instruments and dispatches were captured. At this place 4,000 pounds of bacon, large quantities of salt, 2,000 sides of leather, some barrels of whisky, large quantities of shoes, Confederate uniforms, gray cloth, and many arms that had been collected for the conscripts were destroyed.

The force then marched to Greensburg, on the Tickfaw river, which was

taken with slight opposition. A large government tannery at this place which contained thousands of hides in various stages of preparation for use was destroyed. Capt. Addison, the Rebel quartermaster, who had in his possession \$500,000 in Confederate currency, and thirty men were taken prisoners. At Greensburg some of our men got into trouble by drinking antimony wine taken from a drug store; fortunately there were no serious results from the drug. We camped for the night in the town, which is the county

and joined the force at Williams' Bridge on the morning of the 9th, with about a dozen prisoners they had taken on the way.

The country through which we marched was good until after the Amite River was crossed, when the roads were frequently in bad condition and led through dense pine woods. Many of the inhabitants were pleased to see us and expressed the hope that the Yankees would retain possession of the country, for they had no market for their cotton and had seen nothing but hard times in



CAVALRY HORSES AT BATON ROUGE.

seat of the parish of St. Helena, and which at one time must have been a thriving place but then seemed half deserted. A part of the force marched to Camp Moore about ten miles distant where a large number of conscripts were quartered, but the rebels learning of the approach of the troops dispersed the conscripts, and nothing was taken save the garrison flag and two prisoners; the camp and quantities of quartermasters' stores were destroyed.

On the night of the 7th about 200 men belonging to the different regiments that composed the expedition and who had been left at Baton Rouge, started to join the command. They marched by night and halted by day

the Confederacy. There were some, particularly among the women, who hated the Yankee Soldiers. I remember one Confederate matron who stood on the stoop of her home and denounced the Union and the North as long as any of us were in sight, but the men only laughed at her and were pleased to listen to her harangue.

An unfortunate accident occurred on the morning of the 9th: some of the men had built a fire in a large hollow tree by the side of the road; as our regiment was passing it began to topple; Corp. Dunford of Company C, whose horse had become unmanageable by reason of the toppling of the tree and the shouting of the men, was

thrown from his horse in the road and the tree fell upon him; every man dismounted and the tree was lifted off his body, but the poor fellow had been instantly killed. His body was so badly crushed that he was buried by the roadside.

The expedition returned to Baton Rouge on the 9th, with more than 100 prisoners, 350 horses and mules, and more than 1,000 of the colored population, who followed the column into the city. Most of the prisoners belonged to the Third Louisiana Cavalry. This raid was very successful, as the rebels depended on the country through which we passed for many of their supplies, particularly of leather. There was but little fighting, although much was expected, but we were informed that a large force of the enemy had

lature of the state of New York, citizens of that state, in the armies of the United States, wherever located, were permitted to vote at the coming presidential election; voting papers were distributed to the men qualified by age to vote, and were filled out and sent by each voter to some person at their home, to be deposited in the ballot box on election day.

October 17th. The pickets at Perkins' plantation were attacked.

October 20th. In the early morning Sergt. Steele, of Company M, and Acting Corp. Burton, of Company F, were engaged in advancing the line of pickets; with two men they went out on the Greenville Springs road, and when near the picket station they were surrounded by a large force of the enemy who were lying in ambush; the rebels opened fire



CAVALRY DETACHMENT AND SIGNAL STATION, N. E. CORNER OF BATON ROUGE.

retreated toward Jackson, Miss., when they learned of the approach of the Union cavalry.

Gen. Lee, in his report of this expedition, thanked Maj. Remington for "efficiency and gallantry."

October 7th. Companies B and G returned from Clinton with thirty-five prisoners.

October 10th. Skirmish on the Highland road; rebels driven off and one prisoner taken.

October 15th. By act of the legis-

on our men and Sergt. Steele was killed; Burton was wounded and made prisoner, and his horse was killed; the other two men cut their way out and escaped. Burton was taken to Clinton, and then to Andersonville, where he remained until the end of the war.

October 21st. The regiment went out on a two days' scout and brought in some prisoners.

October 23d. Skirmish on the Highland road. On the same day Lieut. Massey, while on a scout with one man,

left the column and visited a house; while they were there the place was surrounded by the rebels and both were captured. At night the man escaped and returned to camp, but Massey was taken to Andersonville prison, where he remained until hostilities ceased.

October 31st. The regiment, with part of the Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry and 100 dismounted men, embarked on steamers and went twelve miles up the river and landed on the western shore, camped at a deserted plantation and reconnoitered the surrounding country. The next day the buildings upon the plantation were torn down and the lumber carried to the bank of the river. The videttes discovered that the enemy were lurking outside of their lines, and scouting parties tried to catch

them, but the rebels made good their escape.

November 2d and 3d. Lumber was carted to the river and made into rafts. Our regiment, with Col. Fonda, went several miles further up the river to a place where it was reported the rebels were assembling; but they dispersed and escaped before our arrival.

November 4th. The dismounted men went down the river on the rafts, while we marched down the western shore.

November 6th. The mounted men were taken across the river on the boat "Sallie Robinson," and went to camp. The lumber was used in making winter quarters, and our regiment made a camp that for beauty and comfort was not excelled by any regiment in the division.



MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER "BATON ROUGE."

A type of the large boats which in great numbers plied upon that river at the time of and before the war.

CHAPTER XV.

CAVALRY SONG.

Our bugles sound gayly. To horse and away!
And over the woodland breaks the day;
Then ho! brothers, ho! for the ride or the fight,
There are deeds to be done ere we slumber to-night!

And whether we fight or whether we fall
By sabre stroke or rifle ball,
The hearts of the free will remember us yet,
And our country, our country will never forget!

Then mount and away! Let the coward delight
To be lazy all day and safe all the night;
Our joy is a charger, flecked white with foam,
And the earth is our bed and the saddle our home;

* * * * *

Then charge! with a will, boys, and God for the right.

—ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

LIBERTY AND BROOKHAVEN RAIDS—THE BROKEN PAROLES—HONOR VS. DISHONOR —RAIDING IN MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA.

IN the middle of the month of November, 1864, Gen. A. L. Lee, commanding the cavalry division at Baton Rouge, La., started an expedition against the rebel camps near his district. The troops marched in three different commands and met at Liberty, Miss., on the 17th of the month. On the evening of the 14th, 500 men of the Second Brigade from Eleventh New York (Scott's 900) and Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, and the 118th Illinois Mounted Infantry, in command of Col. Fonda, marched to Port Hudson, arriving there on the morning of the 15th, and camped in the woods in the rear of the town until nightfall.

It was customary to call these bivouacs camps, yet we had neither tents nor shelter of any kind—but sufficient room for a cavalryman to stretch his limbs, a place to hitch his horse and a chance to get a few hours' sleep, were quite enough to dignify our resting places as "encampments."

The command left Port Hudson on the evening of the 15th, taking the road to Jackson, La. The night was dark, and the column moved slowly.

The men were told to proceed quietly and to refrain from talking. One or two stops were made at settlements where our guide told us we might find rebels; and we caught one Confederate officer in bed. The column moved silently through the long hours of night; the troopers were dozing in their saddles when just at the break of day the sound of rifle shots was heard in the advance; there was a moment's halt; the sleepy soldiers straightened themselves in their saddles, grasping their arms and involuntarily urging their horses forward. There was some confusion caused by horses falling on a bridge from which some planks had been removed; the fallen horses were taken out of the way, the planks replaced and the column charged. The Eleventh New York was in the advance and so quickly did we follow the fleeing pickets that they had no time to arouse the camp of the Third Louisiana Cavalry, which we charged through and surrounded. The enemy made but slight resistance, seeming only anxious to get into the woods, which many of them reached scantily clothed.

We captured a number of prisoners at this camp and many weapons of which the enemy had made no use. In the tents and huts candles had been lighted and left burning and appearances betokened a hasty flight of the occupants. The rifles, carbines, swords, sabres and pistols which were found in abundance, were gathered together and cast into the fire; the quartermaster's and commissary stores were destroyed. The prisoners were placed in wagons and taken with us when we resumed the march in the morning.

After breakfasting, the column proceeded on the Jackson and Liberty road. A few miles from this camp we discovered two small camps on the right side of the road which were captured by the advance guard.

Sergt. Mullally and I were in the extreme advance that morning, and at a turn in the road, after leaving the little camps, we came suddenly upon a rebel officer who immediately surrendered, and as I rode back with him to the column he told me he had just been home and was returning newly mounted and equipped to his regiment.

We went on without further incidents—except the capture of straggling Confederates and of horses and mules—until we came to Beaver Creek, where we met the other commands of the expedition. Gen. Lee with his command, which included part of our regiment, had surprised Clinton, La., and taken some prisoners. The other command, under Lieut.-Col. Marsh, had charged into Liberty, Miss., surrounded the headquarters of Gen. Hodge and had captured nearly his entire staff.

On the afternoon of the 17th all the troops in the expedition entered Liberty. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the horses of the men in Col. Fonda's command, of which our regiment formed the greater part, were carefully examined and those which appeared in condition for a long and hard march were selected for further service.

About dark we fell into line and were told that we were going on a dif-

ficult and dangerous expedition and that all men whose horses were in poor condition should fall out; but no one left the line, while many whose horses had been rejected asked permission to go. We wheeled into column of fours and marched out on the road to Brookhaven, Miss. The night was cloudy and intensely dark and for several miles the column proceeded at a walk; then the commands, "trot" and "gallop," were given and for a dozen miles or more we proceeded at a rapid pace. Some of the men had great difficulty in keeping up with the column, but with spur and voice they urged on their weary horses until they fell from exhaustion and the men had to make their way back as best they could. Fortunately they all returned to Liberty in safety.

The command halted a few minutes to let the horses rest and to close up the column, and again proceeded at a gallop. I was riding around a hill on the left of a set of fours, when by some accident my horse fell over the bank and rolled several feet down the hill; I was stunned for a moment and was lying on the ground when my horse regained his footing and stood waiting for me. John Briggs, who saw me go over the bank, fell out to help me, and while I was lying on the ground the rear guard went thundering by. Briggs helped me to my feet and I found I was not badly hurt and that my horse was uninjured; but the saddle had slipped over the horse's side and some straps were broken and by the time we had fixed the equipments and regained the road the column was far away. We followed at a rapid gait until we came to where the road forked; then we didn't know which way to go; in the intense darkness we could not tell which road to take. We dismounted and felt along the road for fresh tracks; we lit matches and found evidence of recent travel on the road to the right; then we hurriedly mounted and followed our comrades and overtook them where the column had stopped to rest and secure some prisoners that had been picked up along the

road. The march was then resumed; the advance guard was said to have the rebel countersign; be that as it may, they captured several pickets and reserve posts without firing a shot, and we had quite a number of prisoners on our hands. Sergt. Hartwell, of Company B, who commanded the rear guard, reported to Col. Fonda that many men were unable to keep up with the column and that the rear guard was compelled to keep a long way behind so as not to leave these men. The colonel told Hartwell to take the men with "played out" horses and the prisoners and a few men with good horses and make his way back to Liberty, which he did after numerous adventures that ended by charging through the rebel cavalry near Liberty, with his prisoners in a large six-mule wagon which he had captured, arriving in town in time to take part in the engagement with the other men of the regiment who had been left behind.

When our column got near Brookhaven, on the morning of the 18th, we found an abandoned caisson on the road and knew there must be artillery near. We charged into town shortly after daylight, scattering a force of infantry that made feeble opposition and capturing two pieces of artillery and fifty prisoners. The work of destroying the railroad, engines, cars, bridges, water-tanks, etc., then commenced and was continued until afternoon. The men entered the stores and warehouses, helping themselves to anything that suited their fancy and throwing the other goods into the streets, where they were destroyed or carried off by the colored population. Thousands of pounds of tobacco, some in bags and some in chests, were thrown out and the men had more than they could use or carry. Large quantities of sugar, bacon and other stores found in the warehouses were destroyed.

In the town there were several manufactories of cotton and woolen goods and of boots and shoes for the Confederate army and a large building stored with ammunition; these were all destroyed by fire. The work of destruc-

tion was finished late in the afternoon, and it is a wonder that we were permitted to complete it, for a large force of rebels was said to have been only twelve miles distant; and Jackson, Miss., where a large force was known to be, was but a few hours away on the railroad.

It commenced to rain in the afternoon and we left Brookhaven in a cold storm with our prisoners and captured guns. The men were well-nigh worn out from the long night ride and the continuous work of the day. They had had no rest for thirty-six hours and no food but hardtack. The storm increased in violence, the roads became muddy and it was with great difficulty that the captured cannon could be dragged along. Late in the night the weary column could go no further and halted to rest. The men were told to stand "to horse," and remained in this position for awhile, but as there seemed to be no prospect of an advance the men went to the side of the road and sat down to rest. I remember standing by my horse until nearly exhausted, then slipping my arm through the reins I sat down on a log by the roadside and fell asleep in the pitiless storm. I was rudely awakened by some one, heard the report of musketry and was told the rebels were firing into us; but there wasn't so much as a lighted pipe in our command, and they couldn't see where to shoot and the firing soon ceased. I groped my way into a barnyard and found a bundle of cornstalks, which I gave to my horse to eat, and then went into a little log shed where some others had preceded me and waited until daylight, when the weary column again moved on.

At this place we lost a redoubtable, if somewhat foolhardy rebel major whom we had captured at Brookhaven after he had fired the arsenal, and had defied the men who burst open the door, and, single-handed, fought them until laid low by a blow from Sergt. Coonrod's sabre. This brave Confederate had secured a Yankee overcoat and aided by the darkness had put it on unnoticed by the guard; then, at a

favorable opportunity, he slipped away from among the other prisoners, stole Sergt. Ellis' horse, and personating the officer of the picket, rode up to the man on post on the Brookhaven road, questioned him as to some noises he had heard out that way, then saying he would ride out a bit on the road, went past the sentinel and escaped.

All day long through the mud and in the driving storm the hungry and drenched command wended its weary way.

The heavy guns prevented anything like quick marching; we were fired upon several times during the day but no one was hit. At dark we reached Liberty only to learn that our troops had left. We felt as though we had been forsaken, for we knew that there were troops enough of the enemy in that vicinity to kill or capture us all.

The column was closed up, the men threw away the bundles of fodder they had collected for their horses, the order to trot was given and with great effort we quickened our pace; fortunately the covered bridge over the river had not been destroyed and we felt safer when we got across and destroyed it. A few miles farther on we saw the camp-fires of our comrades and were soon among them, receiving their congratulations and their cheers; for they had given us up for lost.

The bridge over Beaver Creek had been destroyed by the enemy and was rebuilt by our pioneers on the morning of the 20th, and it was nearly noon of that day when we resumed our homeward march, and many a tired trooper was thankful for the long rest and the chance to dry his clothes and get something for himself and his horse to eat; for the men who went on the Brookhaven ride were forty-eight hours without rest and almost without food.

We went into camp on the night of the 20th in a terrible storm. The rebel officers gave their parole not to attempt to escape and were allowed to occupy a building with General Lee and staff. In the morning it was discovered that four officers had violated their parole

and escaped. This dishonorable action caused the following interesting letters:

H'D'Q'RS CAVALRY DIVISION, }
BATON ROUGE, LA., Nov. 23, 1864. }

*Brig. Gen. G. B. Hodge, C. S. Army—Comd'y
District of Southwest Miss. and East La.:*

GENERAL—I have the honor to forward a communication from certain officers in your army now in my hands which will sufficiently explain itself. Although after the communication I deem it unnecessary, I will here formally request of you the surrender of Capt. W. M. Chamberlain, Lieut. F. C. Skehan, Lieut. T. W. Younkin and Lieut. T. B. Melton, officers of the C. S. army, who, in violation of their parole, escaped as described in the communication above referred to.

I am, general, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. L. LEE, Brig. General.

U. S. PRISON, BATON ROUGE, LA., }
November 22, 1864. }

Brig. Gen. George B. Hodge:

GENERAL—We have the honor to state that on the night of the 19th inst. the Federal Cavalry, under Brigadier General Lee, halted about six miles and a half from Liberty, on the Clinton road, and the weather being inclement and the ground thoroughly saturated, General Lee proposed that such of the officers of the C. S. army (prisoners in his hands), as would give a verbal parole of honor, should be permitted, without guard, to make use of the dwelling used as his headquarters. The parole was accepted without dissent, and the prisoners assigned to the same quarters and the same fare as himself and staff.

About one hour after, Capt. W. M. Chamberlain, Third and Fifth Missouri Infantry, commandant post Brookhaven, and First Lieut. F. C. Skehan, same regiment, adjutant post Brookhaven, and First Lieutenant T. W. Younkin, First Confederate Infantry, inspector bureau of conscription, Seventh Congressional District of Mississippi, at Brookhaven, made their appearance and stated that they had been paroled in the same manner. The next night, the 20th, the column halted at Mrs. G. A. Scott's near Jackson, La., where each officer was informed that those who were willing to do so, would be paroled for the night upon the same terms. The ground being entirely wet and the rain pouring in torrents, and nearly all the prisoners destitute of covering, the parole was again unanimously accepted and the officers allowed the same privileges and accommodations as the general and staff. The next morning the following officers were found missing, viz., Capt. W. M. Chamberlain, Lieut. F. C. Skehan, Lieut. T. W. Younkin, Lieut. T. B. Melton, Fifth Louisiana Cavalry.

Those who remained were subjected to the mortifying and humiliating confession that four officers wearing the Confederate uniform had violated their parole and in the absence of a guard, under cover of darkness, had made their escape. A stigma has been cast upon the

untarnished escutcheon of our arms. These men have forfeited every claim as gentlemen and officers, and their comrades, who were careful of their pledges, have been left to suffer from the consequences of their bad faith.

They may plead in extenuation that they did not originally form the compact, but the nature of the compact was thoroughly discussed with them by many of the subscribers and they confided to none their intention to escape. We therefore beg, general, that you will find it in your power to arrest and forward these men by the earliest opportunity to the same destination as their comrades, who have been more sensitive of their personal honor and the good name of the Confederate army. Their conduct has been the more dastardly that they have left the odium of their disgrace to rest upon their comrades, who are now helpless prisoners in the hands of their enemies. Hoping that our requests may be acceded to, we are, general, very respectfully

Your obedient servants,

N. T. N. ROBINSON, Acting Assistant Adjutant General S. W. Miss., and E. La.; W. H. HURD, Major and Commissary of Subsistence; E. A. SCOTT, Major C. S. Army; L. E. WOODS, Captain C. S. Army; ALFRED HAZARD, Captain C. S. Army; S. D. RICHARDSON, Captain C. S. Army; C. L. COMFORT, First Lieutenant and Aide de Camp, Eleventh Louisiana Artillery; H. L. DAVID, Lieutenant and Aide de Camp; J. W. BIRCH, Lieutenant Company E, Fifth Louisiana Cavalry; THOS. CARTY, First Lieutenant Company F, Seventh Louisiana; E. BROWN, Second Lieutenant Lay's Cavalry; A. M. LANGSTON, Second Lieutenant Company F, Twentieth Confederate Cavalry; JAS. P. SKOLFIELD, Lieutenant Company I, Fifth Louisiana Cavalry; W. J. HAMMOND, Lieutenant Company L, Twentieth Mississippi Cavalry; H. C. WOOD, C. S. Army, General Hodge's Staff.

In justice to General Hodge it may be added that the request was complied with and the officers who violated their parole were delivered to the United States authorities.

On the morning of the 21st the march was resumed; the long line of captured wagons filled with prisoners was straightened out on the road and occupied the center of the column; behind the troops came a column of negroes, slaves of both sexes and all ages from the white haired old "uncles" and "mammies" to the pickaninnies in arms. Those black people fleeing from slavery had appropriated the vehicles of their owners and had harnessed thereto any kind of animal that they could find; there were stately old family coaches, farm wagons, carts, light and

heavy carriages, hand-carts and wheelbarrows; some were drawn by horses, others by mules, donkeys, oxen and even cows; and some were pulled or pushed by men or women. In these vehicles were all kinds of household goods, on top of which were perched colored people of all conditions and all shades of complexion, from the ebony-hued, flat-nosed Ethiopian to the Caucasian-featured octoroon. Men, women and children were mounted on the backs of horses and mules and all rode astride; hundreds trotted along on foot, some with bundles, others carrying nothing for worldly goods hurried along, seemingly only anxious to get inside the Union lines and witness the dawn of their "day of jubilee." Behind this heterogeneous mass came a strong rear-guard which was taxed to its utmost ability to keep the column closed up. Behind the rear-guard, but always out of rifle shot, came the rebel cavalry, but never near enough to endanger our forces or to be in danger themselves.

Throughout the whole expedition the Union forces were greatly outnumbered by the Confederates, but so badly were the enemy's troops manœvered, or so little did they desire to bring on an engagement, that we went wherever we chose and almost without opposition. The following letter of General Hodge to Jefferson Davis plainly shows the inefficiency of the forces with which we contended:

H'D'Q'RS DIST. S. W. MISSISSIPPI AND }
EASTERN LOUISIANA, Dec. 8, 1864. }

MR. PRESIDENT—I avail myself of the departure of Major Bowen for Richmond as a safe and sure means of sending you intelligence.

I have again the mortification of announcing another formidable raid in my district with but puerile and hardly noticeable resistance to it. I had 1,000 men for duty in my camps, better armed, better equipped and clad than has ever been known in the district; 500 of them in camp (its front protected by a creek with a bridge 300 yards off), on the Jackson and Liberty road; 250 at Williams Bridge on the Amite east of Clinton, on the road leading from Baton Rouge to Greensburg; and the remainder at Woodville and on the Homochitto.

I had just returned from an arduous tour of personal inspection of the camps, warning the officers to be on the alert, and reached Liberty on the 15th.

On the night of the 16th the officer commanding the main camp, at 3 A. M. allowed himself to be surprised and his force routed and scattered without any resistance and the enemy to occupy the main road to Liberty. I moved everything back and saved all my stores; but the officer commanding the camp at Williams' Bridge, on the Gravel Springs road, allowed 500 of the enemy to pass within two miles of him, sending no warning; and on the evening of the same day that column dashed into Liberty, capturing many stragglers who had skulked into town, but no stores. I escaped at great risk amid a storm of fire, on foot, walked twenty-four miles at night to pass around the enemy to my forces, and did all I could, but before I could gather them together the enemy had done his work and we could only pursue.

I do not know that there was actual treason and treachery, but when I tell your Excellency that I have had to institute proceedings against officers as high as colonels for taking bribes to pass cotton at the very points I had placed them to guard, you will probably agree with me that it was not all accidental.

I have applied for a court of inquiry and I hope it will be granted. In the meantime, of course, all whose speculations I have interfered with are clamoring against me and your Excellency, and while these rumors do not affect me for a moment, yet I am conscious that, with the pestilential efforts constantly made to annoy your Excellency, they may cause you additional vexation. I earnestly hope that while I am willing to stay here cheerfully as long as you are satisfied, yet if it will remove any annoyance I hope you will not hesitate to recall me. I should like to have a court of inquiry, but as my colonel has written to me his statement that my disposition of the forces was wise, and I am so conscious that I can satisfy your mind I have done all man could do, I will cheerfully submit to any change you may deem best. Gen. Gardner is removing these troops, and promises to give me others, and I believe I can eventually bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion; yet I am so sensibly conscious of your almost paternal kindness that I wish no prospects of my own to add to your annoyances. I will send a detailed report as soon as I can. Maj. Bowen, who bears this letter, is the commissioner for settlement of claims, and can give you much information in regard to the district. Hugh Davis, my aide, was captured after being separated from me.

The family are well, but as I have been with my forces to Jackson to aid in repelling a raid there, I have not seen them in some time.

With sentiments of profound respect, your grateful friend and obedient servant,

GEORGE B. HODGE,
Brigadier-General.

His Excellency, Prest. Davis, Richmond, Va.

In a subsequent letter to Jefferson Davis, Gen. Hodge says: "Col. Ogden allowed his men to be surprised and scattered, and the enemy overran the

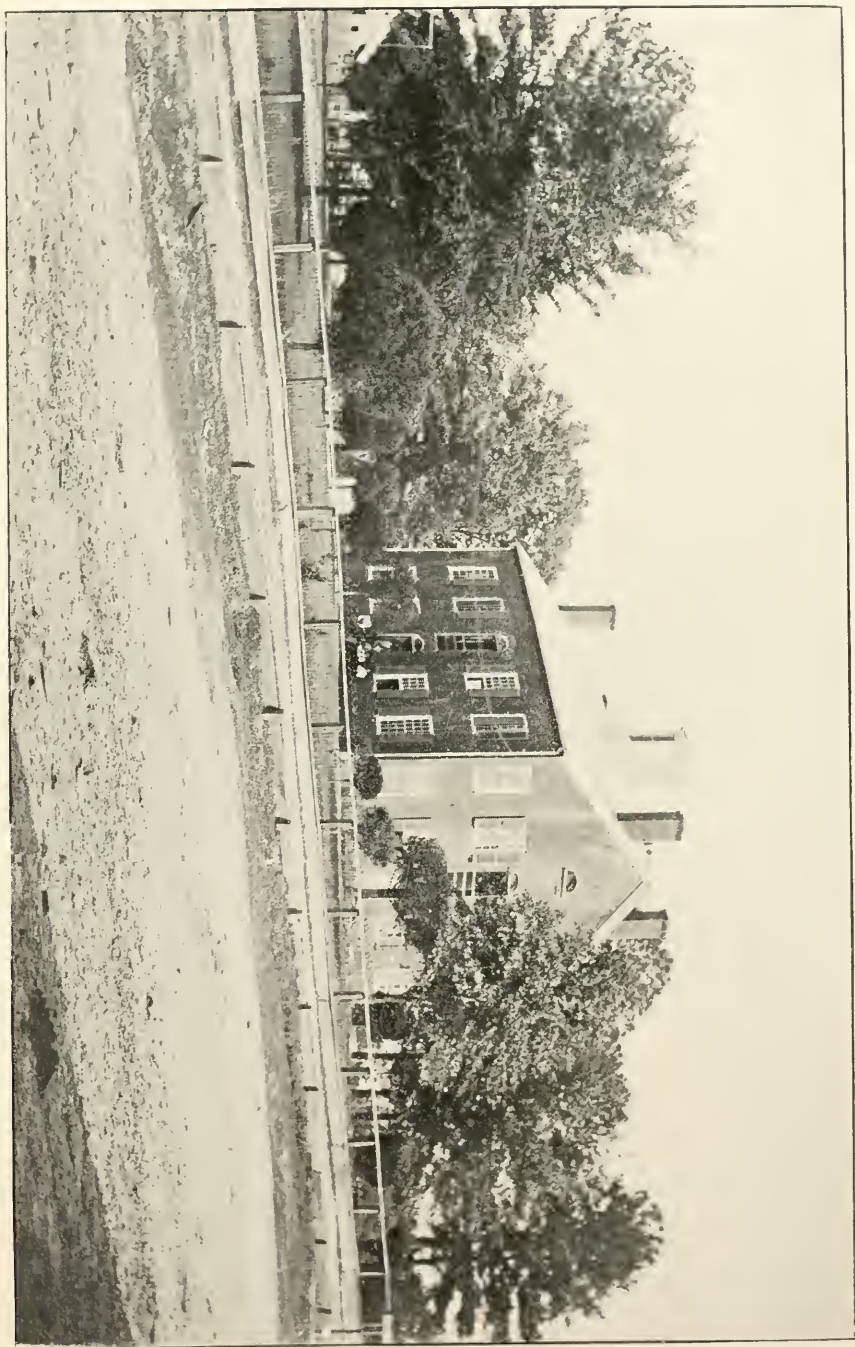
district." "I made my escape with great difficulty after the enemy had surrounded my headquarters and fired into it." "I know, sir, you are disappointed, but I can only say I have earnestly desired to carry out your wishes." The court of inquiry was granted, and the findings exonerated Gen. Hodge from blame for the disasters to the Confederates.

The following are extracts from a lengthy report of our old antagonist at Doyal's Plantation, Col. John S. Scott, First Louisiana Cavalry:

November 23, 1864.

"November 15th I learned that a column of the enemy 300 or 400 strong had just passed in the direction of one of Gen. Hodge's cavalry camps. I pushed on to Clinton and hurried out to the camp of my regiment." "Soon, riding out of Clinton, the enemy came in. I immediately moved my wagons and about sixty men of my regiment eight miles from Clinton on Liberty road." "At 3 P. M. I learned that Brig.-Gen. Lee with about twelve hundred men had passed through Clinton and was moving towards Liberty; in order to save my train I then moved on this road towards Osyka." "On the morning of the 17th, Lieut.-Col. Ogden, who had collected sixty or seventy men, and Col. Gober with 165 reported to me and asked that I should take command of them; I at first declined." "The troops under Hodge's immediate command had been scattered by the enemy's advance; I then concluded to assume command." "That night, the 17th, we recrossed the Amite and marched in the direction of Liberty on the Clinton and Liberty road." "On the morning of the 18th, on approaching Liberty, we found the enemy's pickets within two miles of the place. My advance guard charged and drove them to town. The enemy immediately sent out a regiment of cavalry, which we met and handsomely repulsed; moving on to Liberty we engaged their main body, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Lee in person, for nearly half an hour. The skirmish was quite brisk; but we were compelled to fall back for want of ammunition; my loss was three men killed and ten wounded, and fifteen horses killed. I am unable to state the enemy's loss but believe it to have been three times our own."

"On Saturday evening, the 10th, I reached the Brookhaven road. My scouts met and fired into Col. Fonda's regiment near Liberty as he was returning from the railroad, where he had been. That night (10th) I learned that the enemy were evacuating Liberty, and seeing no chance of forming a junction with Gen. Hodge and, moreover, learning that the ordnance train had been captured, I immediately commenced the pursuit of the enemy. In returning the enemy rebuilt the bridge over Beaver Creek, and after crossing destroyed it. This



COURT HOUSE, LIBERTY, MISS.

compelled me to go twelve miles to the right to cross, and united with the inclemency of the weather prevented me from overtaking the enemy until I reached Killer's cross-road. At this point my advance guard charged and stampeded the rear guard of the enemy, a regiment strong; captured a lieutenant, four privates and a wagon with about one hundred negroes. Finding that the enemy were moving at a rapid gait, and not having ammunition enough to bring them to an engagement, I placed all the ammunition in the hands of seventy-five picked men, under Maj. Campbell of my regiment, and ordered him to pursue, which he did, to within eight miles of Baton Rouge. As a summary of the enemy's raid I would state that so far as I am informed they captured about one thousand head of horses and mules, a great many negroes, three pieces of artillery and between three and four hundred prisoners; that the enemy advanced by roads which were left wholly unguarded; that to the best of my belief they could have been kept back by the determined resistance of a column of 500 resolute men.

J. S. SCOTT,
Colonel First Louisiana Cavalry.

Col. Gober, Sixteenth Louisiana Cavalry, made a report somewhat similar to Col. Scott's.

Col. Frank B. Powers, commanding the rebel cavalry, reported that he "learned that Gen. Hodge's command was completely surprised, a large portion captured and the balance disorganized; that the enemy's cavalry had gone to Brookhaven and a column to Summit and determined to attack in force at Summit before they could make a junction; that he had to abandon his artillery and found the Federal cavalry had returned to Liberty three hours before his arrival. Capt. McKowen, commanding the rebel scouts, reported that the enemy dashed on his pickets at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning; in ten minutes he was engaged and fell back towards Clinton, the enemy pursuing. The enemy advanced at a gallop, but his courier reached Clinton before the enemy and he did not know why the dispatch did not reach the general commanding; that he was cut off from Clinton while fighting on the Brashear road; his pickets on the Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara roads were compelled to leave their horses and take to the woods."

In regard to the report of the losses made by Col. Scott, he is greatly in

error, as about twenty of his men were found dead after the engagement at Liberty and many seriously wounded, while the loss on the Union side was only several slightly wounded. His report of his losses in captured is overstated, but it may be that one hundred or two hundred of his men, after being dispersed at their camps, thought it a good chance to get out of the rebel army and failed to report for duty and he may have included a large number that were paroled after capture. As to his men *charging* upon our rear guard and capturing some of our men, he must have been misinformed, as nothing of the kind occurred, although the guard was annoyed by the fire of men in the woods. The captured lieutenant referred to was probably Lieut. MacClermont, who with two men went back to try to get a shot at the flankers.

Throughout the day of the 21st the march was rapidly continued, no event of interest happening. The number of colored people in the column was increased and the men enlivened the march with song and shout. Every mile-post was greeted with yells and cheers; "When Johnny comes marching home again" was sung with all sorts of variations. "Football, says I" and "Saw my leg off" were shouted with loud if not melodious voice, and the rebel yells and the Yankee cheers were alternately given. The men were in good spirits, for they had accomplished one of the most successful expeditions of the war, when the numbers engaged, the great loss inflicted upon the Confederates and the slight loss to the Unionists are considered.

The following is the report of Gen. Lee, commanding the Union forces:

BATON ROUGE, La., Nov. 22, 1864.

I have the honor to report that, in pursuance of orders from the general commanding, and in accordance with plans submitted to and approved by him, I moved the effective force of my command on the 14th and 15th insts. as follows:

Col. Fonda, commanding Second Brigade, with 500 men, moved on the evening of the 14th to Port Hudson and remained there until the following night. At dark he moved north through Jackson and beyond fifteen miles, to the rebel camp Beauregard. This camp was occu-

pied by the Third Louisiana Cavalry. It was surprised, a number of the enemy taken, a number killed and the remainder scattered. About twenty wagons were destroyed and a large quantity of flour and meal. At daylight Col. Fonda moved across to the Clinton and Liberty road and joined the main column. At 2 P. M. the 15th, Lieut.-Col. Marsh, Second Illinois Cavalry, with 500 men of the Third Brigade, moved out on the Greensburgh road, crossed the Amite River at Davidson's Ford and, moving north, entered the town of Liberty at 8 P. M. of the 16th, completely surprised the enemy and captured a large number of officers and men—about sixty. Among these men were four of Gen. Hodge's staff; Gen. Hodge barely effected his escape. Col. Marsh remained during the night and in the morning moved southwest, joining the main column. At 5 P. M. on the 15th, the remainder of the division, under my personal command, moved out on the Clinton road; a section of artillery, First Wisconsin Horse Artillery, accompanied the column. The pickets of the enemy were met twenty miles out. Clinton was surprised at daylight and several prisoners captured. At noon the 16th, the column moved toward Liberty and joined Col. Fonda; camped at Beaver Creek, thirteen miles from Liberty. At noon next day, the 17th, reached Liberty, where Col. Marsh joined. At 5 P. M. the 17th, Col. Fonda, with 500 men of the Second Brigade, moved on to Brookhaven, a distance of forty-six miles. At daylight, the 18th, he surprised the town, scattering a small infantry force stationed there and capturing a section of artillery, with caissons. The gunners were, many of them, shot down at their pieces.

He captured about fifty prisoners; he captured here and destroyed a locomotive and train of cars loaded with stores; burned several buildings containing ammunition, cotton and woolen goods; the quantity could not well be estimated but is acknowledged by captured officers to have been immense; he also destroyed a manufactory of boots and shoes and a tannery containing large stores of leather. He reached Liberty at 5 P. M. of the 19th.

At 5 P. M. of the 17th Col. Bassford, commanding First Brigade, with 250 men, marched to Summit and reached there at daylight, capturing some twenty prisoners and destroying several thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores, returning to Liberty at 6 P. M. of the 18th. On the 18th I learned that in our pursuit of the enemy on the previous day, he had been forced to abandon, near Liberty, a twelve-pounder brass field howitzer and caisson; this was discovered and brought to our camp.

On the morning of the 18th the enemy, under Col. J. S. Scott, in force of 800, attacked and drove in our pickets at Liberty; at first repulsed, they again advanced, dismounted and attacked with desperation. Our men also dismounted and fought bravely. I brought into action the section of First Wisconsin Battery and opened with canister. After a fight of

something more than an hour the enemy was driven from the field. Three rebel officers were found dead and some fifteen to twenty privates; two officers were wounded and captured. Our losses were about a dozen wounded, none killed.

At 4 P. M. on the 19th I moved my force from Liberty and crossing the Amite river went into camp at a distance of six miles from town. We had in our train from six hundred to eight hundred captured horses and mules, more than one hundred wagons loaded with captured property and three pieces of captured artillery. The caissons (three) had been destroyed from difficulty in moving them. Since the day of starting the rain had been almost incessant and the mud about six inches deep. The enemy, in small parties, was annoying our flanks and I deemed it best to burn the captured wagons; this was done on the night of the 19th. The bridge over Beaver Creek, distant about eight miles from this camp, was destroyed by the enemy. At 1 A. M., the 20th, I sent Col. Fonda with his brigade and pioneers of the division to rebuild it and at 10 A. M. it was in condition for crossing; after crossing it was destroyed. From this time the enemy gave us little trouble.

On the night of the 20th, the weather being very inclement, the officers captured were allowed to occupy a room in the house occupied by myself and staff, on their parole not to attempt to escape or leave the premises. In the morning four were missing. The remaining officers have made a request to Gen. Hodge that they be returned. I transmit herewith the papers.

On the night of the 21st my column arrived safely at Baton Rouge, La. We brought in one hundred and ninety-nine prisoners, twenty-one of whom were officers. Three officers (badly wounded) were paroled and left at Liberty. I found in the country abundance of forage.

The enemy has in my judgment received a blow in this region from which they will not soon recover. It is proper to state that one of the guns captured at Brookhaven was a steel Sawyer gun, captured some time ago at or near Port Hudson; the other a 3-inch Rodman gun. My brigade commanders are deserving of the highest praise for their conduct on the entire expedition. Col. Fonda especially distinguished himself by the untiring energy which gave success to the various enterprises which were entrusted to him. Col. Davis, commanding Third Brigade, coolly commanded his troops and repelled the attack of the 18th.

* * * * *

I am respectfully yours,

A. L. LEE, Brigadier General.

CAPT. W. H. CLAPP,

Asst. Adjutant General."

Major General S. A. Hurlburt, Department of the Gulf, endorsing the foregoing report, says: "The thanks

of the major general commanding are tendered to the officers and men composing the Cavalry Division for the energy with which this well conceived movement was executed. The results have been highly prejudicial to the rebel forces and advantageous to the government."

The column reached Baton Rouge at dark; the quartermaster's department had been stationed in the outskirts of the city, to receive the captured animals, much to the disappointment of many men who were hoping to get into camp with fine horses which they had selected for their own. A few days' rest from duty except that of the regular picket, scout and patrol, and the regiment again started on a longer and less successful expedition to the borders of Alabama.

Our loss was one man killed, one wounded and captured, one officer captured. This loss occurred in the rear guard. Lieut. MacClermont of Company F relates that he took two men and entered the woods to drive away or kill several of the enemy who were firing upon the rear guard; they discovered some rebels following the column and at once attacked them; the enemy retreated and the lieutenant and his men chased them about a mile, when, fearing they had already gone too far from the column, they turned back to rejoin their comrades.

They had not gone far when they discovered a detachment of the enemy in their front; they were cut off from the command, and there was nothing to be done but to attempt to force their way through the enemy in front. They made a brave attempt, but every saddle was emptied in the effort. Lieut. MacClermont's horse was shot and fell, and before he could disentangle himself from his stirrups a carbine was at his head and he surrendered; the two enlisted men were both shot; one was killed, the other was wounded, and may

have died, as he was not heard from afterward. Lieut. MacClermont was taken to Jackson, Miss., and confined in a stockade prison; there were about fifty Union soldiers in the prison, and they were fairly well treated, receiving a measure of cornmeal, some salt and bacon, and a large plug of tobacco for a week's ration. After being in prison at Jackson about ten days, the prisoners were mustered and directed to prepare to go to Andersonville; when they were about to start an officer called MacClermont's name, and said he was to remain in the stockade.

The lieutenant believed that he was to be shot in retaliation for some offense committed by the Federals, but was assured the next day by the captain of the guard that he was kept back for his own good; that he had friends among the Confederates who would not permit him to be harmed, but that he could not divulge their names. After a time more prisoners arrived; eighteen officers were placed under charge of Lieut.-Col. Watt, Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, taken to the Union lines and paroled. The following is a copy of the paper signed by Lieut. MacClermont, and is published as an illustration of the way paroles were given:

Headquarters Paroled and Exchanged
Prisoners.

TANGIPAHOA, LA., Dec. 24, 1864.

I, the undersigned, prisoner of war, Second Lieutenant Company F, Regiment Eleventh, New York Cavalry, captured at or near Jackson, La., on November 21, 1864, by Col. Gober, hereby give my parole of honor, not to bear arms against the Confederate States of America, or to perform any military or garrison duty whatever, until regularly exchanged; and further, that I will not divulge anything relative to the condition or position of any of the forces of the Confederate States.

This 24th day of December, 1864.

ROBERT MACCLERMONT.

Witness:

EDWIN F. WILEY,

Captain Company F, Fifth Tennessee.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our good steeds sniff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !
Halt!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball;
Now, cling! clang! forward all
Into the fight!

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE PASCAGOULA RAID—EXPEDITION TOWARD CLINTON—MILITARY EXECUTION.

ON Sunday, the 27th of November, 1864, an expedition commanded by Brig.-Gen. John W. Davidson, numbering about 4,000 men from the First Texas, First Louisiana, Second New York Veteran, Eleventh and Fourteenth New York, Second and Twelfth Illinois, Fourth Wisconsin and Sixth Missouri Cavalry; the One Hundred and Eighteenth Illinois Mounted Infantry, the First Wisconsin and Chicago Mercantile Horse Artillery and a Pioneer corp with a pontoon train, left Baton Rouge for the purpose of destroying the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, co-operating with Gen. Thomas in his campaign against Hood, and if possible to surprise Mobile. The preparations for this expedition were made with great secrecy; no one was allowed to pass through the lines without a permit from the commanding general, and it was hoped that by the rapidity of its movements this would be one of the great cavalry demonstrations of the war.

The troops were formed in two divisions, the first under Brig.-Gen. Bailey, the second under Col. Davis, and after the usual bustle and excitement incident to such occasions the column got under way.

The route through Louisiana was across swamps, lagoons, bayous, rivers, and through woods, and the march was necessarily slow. On the 29th the column entered Greensburg, taking a few prisoners, among whom were some

enrolling officers, and destroying some cotton. The rebels had burned the bridge across the Amite River and the troops went over on the pontoon bridge.



BRIG.-GEN. A. J. DAVIS, FORMER COLONEL
1ST TEXAS CAVALRY.

On the 30th Tangipahoa was taken after slight resistance, and five miles of railroad track were destroyed; the railroad

buildings were set on fire and consumed; the fire communicated with some dwelling houses and a large portion of the town was burned. A conscript camp was attacked and Capt. Murray, the enrolling officer, and his men were made prisoners. C Company, the last to leave Tangipahoa, was fired on from the woods and Private Payson's horse was killed. The company wheeled into line and delivered a volley into the woods. A sergeant and some men dashed into the woods but the enemy escaped.

On the 1st of December the column

from daybreak until late at night. Every effort was made to hasten the march, but it was almost impossible; wagons were stuck in the mud and miles of corduroy road were laid, but the utter futility of attempting to surprise any one became evident. At night bivouacs were made in the swamps; ice formed to a thickness of a quarter of an inch and it was with great difficulty that fires could be kept burning. Many of the men were without overcoats and their wet blankets stiffened with the frost. No habitations were seen from the time of leaving



LOG CARTS, COLUMBIA, MISS.

entered Franklinton on the Bogue Chitto, crossing the river on a miserable bridge and engaging the enemy, taking a few prisoners and burning some cotton and the old bridge.

The route from this place to Columbia was through a pine wood with occasional clearings. The roads became almost impassable because of the heavy rain that was falling, and hardly any progress was made, although the men in their wet clothes were in the saddle

Franklinton until the afternoon of the 3d of December. The expedition reached the Pearl River about noon on the 4th and crossed at Columbia on the pontoon bridge. The town is located in a beautiful section of country; there was plenty of food for men and horses and it is hardly necessary to add that we took advantage of the opportunity for refreshment. After the bridge was taken up the rebels opened fire on us from the other side of the river but hit

no one, although there was quick running by some of our men who had gone to the river for water.

After a short rest at Columbia the column, with the exception of the Eleventh New York ("Scott's 900"), proceeded on its way. One squadron (Companies C and F) was left to hold the town; the rest of the regiment was sent to Monticello to ascertain whether or not it was true that a large body of Confederates was at that place as reported. The two companies left at Columbia had some lively skirmishing with the enemy across the river, but no one on our side was hurt. The regiment did not return to Columbia until 10 o'clock at night, having failed to discover any enemy at Monticello.

After feeding the horses and giving them time to rest the regiment started at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 5th to overtake the column that had started twelve hours before. By some unfortunate chance the regiment in the darkness got off the road and became lost in the woods and was compelled to wait for daylight to continue the march. A number of mounted rebels followed the regiment and harassed the rear guard. An ambuscade was formed in the woods on each side of the road, and after the rebels had passed in pursuit of the rear guard the men in ambush closed in on them and took them all prisoners.

It was a long and hard ride before we overtook the column, which had about fifteen hours' start, but we came up to them at 9 o'clock at night. The country through which we passed was almost uninhabited, the plantations being nearly ten miles apart, but sufficiently near to furnish us with an abundance of sweet potatoes for ourselves and corn stalks for the horses. The column crossed the Black and Wolf Rivers, arriving at Enon, a small place on the Leaf River, on the 7th. There was plenty of food at this time for man and beast. The First Texas Cavalry, composed mostly of Comanche Indians, was detailed as foragers and kept the command well supplied with fresh beef; these Indians all carried lassoes made of horsehair and could catch any animal

that came within reach of the rope. Augusta, at the junction of the Tallahomaha and Leaf Rivers, was reached on the afternoon of the 7th; we captured at this place several jayhawkers, some horses and mules, and quite a large mail.

On the 8th it commenced to rain, and the men, who had had terrible experiences in the swamp east of Augusta, were soon soaked with the water; the roads were covered with mud to a depth of twelve inches and the progress of the march was slow. Food was plenty,



RICHARD J. LITTLEWORT, 1ST LIEUT. "I" CO.

and at every camp-fire beef, sweet potatoes and honey were in abundance.

When the column reached the Leaf River the Second New York Veteran Cavalry, under Col. Gurney, and a detachment of "Scott's 900", under Lieut. Littlewort, numbering in all 250 men, were sent to destroy a bridge on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad at State Line on the border of Alabama. Two companies of the Second Veterans were supplied with canteens of turpentine to help in the work of destruction. This detachment had a fight at Leaf River

but drove the enemy away and effected a crossing. On the night of the 9th they reached the Chickasawha River; the following morning the river was crossed and the march continued. In a few hours they met the advance guard of a rebel force sent to protect the bridge, consisting of about 1,500 men of the Second Missouri and Willis' Texan Regiments, Confederate States Army, of Gen. Dick Taylor's command.

The rebel advance guard was driven back upon the main body, which was in turn charged three times by the Union Cavalry, when it was discovered that the rebel force far outnumbered the Unionists and the object of the expedition had to be abandoned. In this engagement fourteen of the enemy were killed; our loss was three killed, all of the Second Veterans, one of whom was Lieut. Westinghouse, a gallant officer who fell while leading the advance.

"Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
What cares he? He cannot know."

Fortunately for this detachment the rebels did not immediately pursue them, and taking the body of the lieutenant with them and several prisoners that they had captured, they began their return march towards the main column, burning the bridges behind them; they escaped from this force of Confederates who did not show any desire of again meeting the "Yanks," and they narrowly escaped another rebel force which had crossed a road in advance of them; after innumerable hardships the detachment joined the main force several days later.

The main column continued its march along the left bank of the Leaf River. On the 9th of the month the storm increased, streams became swollen and were crossed with difficulty; the clothing of the men was saturated with the rain and the forlorn looking and weary column proceeded slowly on its way. From prisoners recently taken it was learned that a large force of Confederate infantry, cavalry and artillery was in

our front, and that reinforcements were hourly arriving to oppose us; our column was many days behind the specified time and we were all painfully aware of the impossibility of surprising anybody or anything. On the 10th the column crossed to the west bank of the Pascagoula River and all attempts at destroying the railroad were abandoned and with good reason, as will appear from the following letter of the Confederate general, Dick Taylor, to the governor of Mississippi:

"The greater portion of Davidson's (Federal) cavalry which made the recent raid through Eastern Louisiana and Southern Mis-



WARREN B. PIKE, "I" CO.

issippi, is near West Pascagoula. The threatening attitude assumed by the enemy renders it necessary that all the troops which can possibly be concentrated should be placed in position to enable them to co-operate with the forces in Mobile and protect the line of communication with that city, on which depends not only the safety of Mobile but the maintenance of Gen. Hood's army in Tennessee. I have therefore been compelled to withdraw the forces from Southern and Central Mississippi and East Louisiana; and the section of your state bordering on the Mississippi river will for the present be left with no adequate

protection against raiding parties which the enemy may send into that section."

From the time of leaving Columbia the route of the march was through forests of lofty pine trees with occasional clearings where there were plantations with rude buildings but usually with plenty of sweet potatoes; in fact when it was learned that we were to go no farther toward Mobile, many of the lads called the expedition the "sweet potato raid" and said that the object of the expedition was to clear the country of that vegetable.

In these pine forests were manufactories of tar and turpentine, and thousands of trees had been stripped of their bark on one side, in places five or six feet long and one or two feet wide, where masses of resin were collected. Beneath the trees were great pine knots, remnants of trees of past ages; these when burned emitted a dense smoke which blackened the men and horses, and the thousand fires from these pine knots and fires of the resin of thousands of trees in this great turpentine orchard gave to the encampment or the marching columna weird appearance. From the 10th to the 13th of the month the column moved down the west bank of the Pascagoula, crossing Black River and Red Creek and marching through the immense forest; provisions were gone, habitations were few, and men and horses suffered for want of food and from the hardships of the march in the long, cold rain.

On the 13th we came in sight of the Gulf of Mexico and camped in a marsh without shelter of any kind, and suffered intensely from the cold and the raw sea air.

The following is from the report of the Confederate Maj.-Gen. Maury: "A column of enemy's cavalry (4,000 men with eight guns) marched from Baton Rouge through East Louisiana and Mississippi to a point just beyond the Pascagoula River. The avowed object of the expedition was to destroy the Mobile & Ohio Railroad and to surprise Mobile. Troops were in position to defeat these objects. On Saturday, the 19th instant, McCulloch's (Second Mis-

souri) and Willis' (Texas) battalion met a detachment from the main body of the enemy which was sent across Chickasawha River to destroy the railroad.

"The enemy charged with spirit, but were repulsed with some loss. Their main force then crossed the Pascagoula River and was advancing on the main road to Mobile, but during Sunday recrossed to west side of Pascagoula and marched rapidly down toward Mississippi Sound."

The following is from Gen. Davidson's report: "The bad weather and horrible condition of the roads impeded our march. We have had to lay our pontoons four times over the Amite, Pearl and Black Rivers and Red Creek; repaired and rebuilt fifteen bridges and laid miles of corduroy over the swamps of Louisiana and Mississippi, through a country so poor as to render the transportation of subsistence a matter of necessity." "The day after my arrival at Augusta I found Mobile papers containing full accounts of strength and design and our daily progress and marches were telegraphed to Meridian where Gen. R. Taylor had his headquarters, and to Mobile." "On the 9th of December the rain fell in such torrents as to render the roads almost impassable. The rear division (Davis') was unable to make any progress and the streams rose so between the head and rear of his column as to sweep out an ammunition wagon which could not be saved. I found from all information on the Pascagoula and Gurney's reports (who met the enemy's cavalry moving to Leakinsville), that the head of a force of 2,500 cavalry and artillery, consisting of McCulloch's brigade of Forrest's command and the Fifteenth Confederate and Eighth Mississippi had been sent to watch and impede our progress to the road at the different crossings while they would have time to concentrate several thousand infantry from Meridian and Mobile. On account of the state of the roads and swollen condition of the streams and their perfect knowledge of our movements, celerity and surprise were impossibilities." "For the last seventy miles my



PEARL RIVER, NEAR COLUMBIA, MISS.

rear has had no forage." "Our losses are one officer and two men killed, eight men wounded and thirteen men missing; stragglers captured by the enemy."

The time from the 13th to the 22d was spent in scouting from the Alabama line to Ocean Springs in Mississippi, at which latter place Maj. Remington with a detachment of our regiment had a skirmish with the enemy. The encampment on the shore of Mississippi Sound is noted for its many disagreeable features, caused principally by the cold rain and raw sea air, also for the oysters which the men were able to gather in the waters of the Sound.

However much of a failure the principal object of the expedition may have been, it had at least the merit of preventing reinforcements going to the relief of Hood's army; and in this respect contributed towards the success of Gen. Thomas.

On the 21st and 22d of the month the regiment embarked on transports and proceeded via Lakes Borne and Pontchartrain to Lakeville and thence to Carrollton. While on Lake Pontchartrain a severe storm was encountered and the regiment narrowly escaped shipwreck.

The remembrance of the encampment at Carrollton, a few miles from New Orleans, on Christmas day, suggests anything but a merry time; without rations or shelter the men sat in a cold storm around smoky camp-fires made from a demolished building, and only in their imaginations was there anything suggestive of Christmas festivities. In a day or two we were taken back on transports to Baton Rouge, thankful for the week's rest which we secured after our thirty days' raid, before commencing our more terrible experiences in the wilds of Arkansas.

On the 23d of December, 1864, an expedition of about 100 men from the Eleventh New York and Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, under Maj. Cleybourn of the latter regiment, left Baton Rouge via the Clay Gert road, and marched to Harrell's Ford on the Amite River, sixteen miles from Baton Rouge.

The river being too high to ford, the command attempted to cross in a boat, two horses at a time; before they could all get across, the bottom of the boat was knocked out by a horse and those who could not cross marched to Benton's Ford, where it was thought a junction of the forces could be made; but the water being too high to swim the horses with safety, Maj. Cley-



GEO. RORK, SERGEANT-MAJOR.

bourn sent the balance back to Baton Rouge and pushed on to Burlington Ferry, where he met "Bob" Hunter's command and charged the enemy, capturing four prisoners. They then crossed the Amite on the ferry boat and marched to Bogan's Ford on the Comite, where "Bob" Hooper's jayhawkers were encountered, who attempted to make a fight. Our men immediately charged the enemy, killing one, wounding several and capturing four. The

bushwhacker who was killed had shot Sergt.-Maj. Rork, Eleventh New York, through the hand, when Rork attacked his assailant and killed him.

The command then swam the Comite River and started toward Baton Rouge.

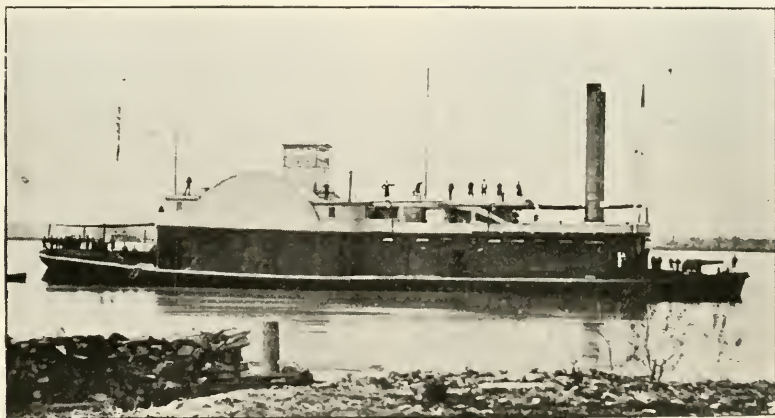
A negro informed the major that Lieut. Brannan, chief of rebel scouts, and Lieut. Brown were at Mr. Granville Pierce's house, on the Greenville Springs road; a rush was made for the house, which was surrounded; Lieut. Brannan's orderly, with the officers' horses and equipments, was captured, and although the house was searched the Confederate officers could not be found.

The command, which had marched seventy miles, returned to Baton Rouge with twelve prisoners and twelve captured horses, at 6 p. m. on the 24th.

"MILITARY EXECUTION."

Shortly after the return of the regi-

ment from the Davidson raid it witnessed two military executions. Private Larkin W. Ray, of Company C, Seventh Kentucky Infantry, was hung on Friday, the 30th of December, and Private Louis Roarch, of the same company and regiment, was hung on Friday, January 6, 1865, for the murder of Surgeon W. K. Stadler, of the Nineteenth Kentucky Infantry. The executions took place in the presence of all the troops in the division, formed in hollow square around the gallows. A singular circumstance of the murder was that the intended victim escaped and an innocent life was sacrificed. The captain of the company to which the men belonged had them ejected from a saloon in Baton Rouge while he remained within; the men, incensed at his action, got their rifles and awaited the appearance of their captain; the surgeon, coming from the place, was mistaken for the captain, and Ray fired and killed him.



CAPTURED CONFEDERATE GUNBOAT, "GENERAL PRICE."

CHAPTER XVII.

"LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP NORTH AMERICA."

"The tempest is raging,
And rending the shrouds;
The ocean is waging
A war with the clouds;
The cordage is breaking,
The canvas is torn,
The timbers are creaking—
The seamen forlorn.

The water is gushing
Through hatches and seams;
'Tis roaring and rushing
O'er keelson and beams;
And naught save the lightning
On mainmast or boom,
At intervals bright'ning
The palpable gloom.

Though horrors beset me,
And hurricanes howl,
I may not forget thee,
Beloved of my soul.
Though soon I may perish
In ocean beneath,
Thine image I'll cherish,
Adored one, in death."
—THE WRECK OF THE TRANSPORT SHIP.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "NORTH AMERICA"—RECOLLECTIONS, BY JOHN W. STUART.

THE summer of 1864 is a memorable time in the history of Scott's 900 Cavalry. The death rate up to the time of joining the Army of the Gulf had been comparatively insignificant. The healthfulness of the command was remarkable; and before leaving Virginia in March, 1864, the men incapacitated for arduous service by reason of wounds or disability were discharged or transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and without mentioning the moral qualifications of the command, it can be truthfully said that as a body of troopers they had no physical superiors. But in the humid malarial atmosphere of the Louisiana swamps disease and death were busy among the men on whom the northern climate had no unhealthful effect.

The hospitals at Doyal's, at Hermitage and at Manning's were taxed to their utmost, and the scores of graves at each of these encampments prove the inability of the medical department to successfully combat with disease.

Many patients were transferred to the hospitals at New Orleans or Baton Rouge. Men died in their bunks at the quarters, and it was the nightly inquiry in a company as to who had died or had been taken to the hospital during the day.

The writer had been detailed to carry the reports and dispatches from Hermitage to Doyal's and return, which in itself was sufficient daily service; but it was no uncommon circumstance, after returning at nightfall, to aid in the burial of the dead and to take a turn at picket duty at night. And it is with no little thankfulness that he had the ability to perform these duties, for few men of the command during that eventful summer escaped the deadly fever.

On Friday, December 16, 1864, the steamship *North America*, commanded by Capt. Marshman, left New Orleans, La., bound for New York, with a crew of forty-four men, twelve passengers and two hundred and eight sick

and wounded soldiers from the hospitals at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, among whom were about fifty men of Scott's 900 Cavalry, and a few soldiers discharged or on leave.

The vessel was delayed by foggy weather, and it was one o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th that she passed Key West. On the 22d of the month, while off the coast of Florida, a heavy sea and strong winds were encountered, and the steamer was reported leaking badly forward. At 1 P.M. the fore hatches were taken off, sails and blankets were put over the bow, but to no purpose. John W. Stuart, of Company L, who before the war had been a sailor, and who was one of the men who were disabled by a stroke of lightning at Magnolia Grove, on Sunday, October 2, while on picket, reported a sail in sight, and notified the men who were able to come on deck, as he had heard the seamen talk of keeping them below.

Signals of distress were displayed by the steamer, and shortly after 2 o'clock the vessel which had been sighted and proved to be the bark Mary E. Libby, bound from Cardenas to Portland, Me., promised to lay by the sinking steamer. At 2:30 P.M. the engineer reported that the water had put out the fires. The bark was hailed, and Capt. Libby hove his ship to. At that time there were four feet of water in the steamer's hold.

The vessels drifted together and collided, tearing up the cathead of the Libby; at the same time several soldiers, among whom was Stuart, jumped from the rigging of the steamer to the deck of the Libby; then the vessels drifted apart. Several soldiers were drowned in their attempt to reach the bark.

The boats were now lowered, the captain of the steamer standing by threatening to shoot any man who should attempt to force his way into them.

At half past three the first boat started, in charge of the chief engineer. Six boat loads reached the Libby; one boat load, in charge of the purser, was

swamped, and all on board were drowned.

The night was dark, a high sea was running, and no boats would return to the steamer.

At 7 P.M. there were twelve feet of water in the hold. At 7:30 the captain, first and second officers and eight seamen left the vessel in the last boat, leaving 197 disabled soldiers on the foundering vessel.

The last boat reached the bark, which was several miles distant, at 9



JAMES SCHUREMAN, "C" CO.
Lost on the "North America."

P.M., and the boats were taken in for the night.

The bark, having repaired the damages as best she could, made sail, and proceeded toward the sinking steamer, the lights of which were in sight and distant about six miles. At 1 o'clock the lights suddenly disappeared, and the North America is supposed to have gone down at that hour. At daylight nothing but a water cask was in sight. The bark cruised around until noon, then, giving up all hope, proceeded on her course. Among the passengers

was Miss Millie Fowler, of Syracuse, sister of Charles T. Fowler, of Company B, Scott's 900. She had left her home about six weeks previous, for the purpose of taking care of her brother, who was sick in the hospital at New Orleans.

Miss Fowler watched by the bedside of her sick brother in the hospital. When threatened with death she stood by him and tended him with sisterly care, and although her life might be sacrificed she did not shrink from watching by his side until the moment came when they were both in danger of a watery grave.

When the first boat left the sinking steamer, Miss Fowler was directed to take her place in it with four other lady passengers. This she positively refused to do, saying she had come to take her brother home, and no earthly power could now part them. If her brother was to be left on the sinking vessel, she would go down with him; and the boat went without her.

When it was ascertained that she persistently adhered to her determination to remain with her brother, they were both taken in a boat which subsequently left for the bark, and Fowler owed his life to the heroism and devotion of his sister.

Only fifteen soldiers were saved, including the surgeons and men who jumped to the deck of the bark. Of the officers, crew and passengers on the steamer, none were lost except those who went in the boat that was swamped.

Among the saved were A. C. Dow, of A company; Charles T. Fowler, of B company; J. W. Stuart and Baily Zarr, of L company.

Among the 197 sick and disabled soldiers drowned were forty-two of Scott's 900.

Among the lost on this ill-fated steamer was Hurtwell T. Martyn, of Company D, a fine young man who went from Canton, N. Y. The brave soldier is remembered at his home by his comrades; H. T. Martyn Post No. 346, G. A. R., was named for him.

RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN W. STUART.

The following is an extract from a letter from John W. Stuart, of Company L, replying to an inquiry relative to the Magnolia Grove picket, and the loss of the "North America":

"I had recently returned from a rebel prison to the regiment at Baton Rouge. One morning I was detailed for picket on the road running south through Magnolia Grove. Sergt. Duncombe, of Company L, with five men including myself, was stationed



JOHN W. STUART, "L" CO.

on outside vidette duty. I do not remember their names, but one of them we called Whitey. We were ordered, if attacked, to fire and retire on the reserve. A thunder-shower came up, and we went for shelter under the branches of a large magnolia tree; we placed our carbines against the trunk, and thought it would be a good plan to spread a poncho so as to get some rain-water. I was showing the men how to fill the canteens when some of them expressed fear of the vivid lightning. I had followed the sea before enlisting,

and had no fear of such storms, and made light of the danger—but it made light of me for a time.

"I seemed to awaken from a dream. I heard some one groaning near me; I was lying in a pool of muddy water, unable to move. I said, 'Who are you?' Sergt. Duncombe, answering, said, 'Jack, I'm hit by a piece of shell, and am dying; if you live tell my folks how I died.' I replied, 'Charley, I am hit below the heart; if you pull through tell my people.' We both became insensible, and when I came around again I was in an ambulance going to the hospital. There were two dead or insensible men in with me.

"When I had been about a week in the hospital, 'Whitey' came and told me that he thought Charley and I were 'done for.' The lightning had struck the sergeant's revolver, and passed down both legs and out of his shoes. Of course, 'You Jack' got his share. I was bending over; the lightning went through the cape of my overcoat, the hilt of my sabre caught it and led it a 'coochee-coochee' dance down my side and into the ground. For a long time I was paralyzed on that side. The doctors at Baton Rouge, finding we were useless as soldiers, for a time at least, sent us to the St. Louis Hospital at New Orleans. The doctors there had no use for us, and shipped us for New York on the ill-fated steamer "North America." We hoped to reach home by Christmas. My God! Smith, when I think of that voyage, old and hardened as I am, I 'fill up' and cry like a child. It is a hard task that you have given me, but as you request it I will try to finish my story. I hope God, in His great goodness, took my dear comrade and the rest of those poor souls home to Himself.

"One wide water all around us,

All above us one black sky;

Different deaths at once surround us—

Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

"Oh, my God, the ship is leaking!"

* * * * *

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,

We our wives and children mourn;

Alas! for many there's no retreating,

Alas! to them there's no return!"

"The ship sprang a leak, and as there is a God above me I am telling things just as they occurred. Observing that the captain of the ship was very much excited, and, being a sailor myself, I was suspicious, and followed him and the engineer below. I heard him say, 'We can't stop the leak.' I went on deck, and then aloft in the rigging, and in a moment discovered a sail. I called, 'On deck, a sail'; the captain looked up, and seeing a soldier in the rigging paid no heed to me. I called again; then he came up and I showed him the sail; then he ordered the steamer to head for it. They tried to stop the leak with blankets. A surgeon told the captain to close the hatches, but he would not. I helped to get a lifeboat ready, then went down in the ladies' cabin, found some women praying, and told them to go on deck or they would be forgotten in the excitement. Among them was Minnie Fowler, sister of one of the men of our regiment. I gave them life preservers. Then I went to try to get Charley Duncombe on deck. Oh, how plainly it all comes to me! I went to his bunk, but poor Charley was helpless; he could not get out. I tried to help him, but could not. He took a ring from his finger for me to keep or to give to some one. It was his mother's or his wife's ring, I don't remember now. He said, 'Take it, Jack, and try and save yourself.' The water was rising, and I had no time to spare. I put the ring back on his finger, leaned over and kissed him good-bye.

"I went on deck, and beheld a terrible sight! Some of the men had broken open the steward's storeroom, and were drinking the liquor; some went to the cabin, and set the table for a feast. We ran up against the vessel that we had sighted; some were killed by the collision, some in trying to jump on the bark struck against her side, fell in the water and were drowned. I realized that but few could be

saved, and made a desperate jump for life to the rigging of the other vessel, and got there all right. Fowler was saved through his sister; she refused to go in the boat unless they put him in first, saying, 'If he has to die I hope I am prepared to die with him.'

"The firemen and coal passers were brutes, and to this day I cannot forgive them. We were a few days on the bark, receiving one teacup of water and one biscuit every twenty-four

hours. We came near running on Hatteras Shoals. After a few days we were taken off the bark by the steamship Arago, bound for New York, where we arrived the day after New Year's. There were twenty-two saved, nearly two hundred lost, and may God rest their souls. Smith, I have completed a hard task in telling this story, the memory of which causes me to shudder, and I cannot explain how I feel."





COTTON PLANTATION ON PORT HUDSON ROAD, FROM BATON ROUGE.



WISCONSIN BATTERY AND PRISON AT BATON ROUGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOOTS AND SADDLES.

"Draw your girths tight, boys;
This morning we ride,
With God and the right, boys,
To sanction our side,
Where the balls patter,
Where the shots shatter
Red death far and wide.

Pause not to think, boys,
Of maidens in tears;
Only this drink, boys,
Let us toss to our dears.
The mad charging battle,
The carbines' fierce rattle,
The victors' wild cheers!

Look to your arms, boys,
Your friends tried and true;
How the blood warms, boys,
The foe is in view;
Forward, break cover,
Ride through them! ride over
Them! baptise the clover
With blood as with dew."

—GEORGE H. BOKER.

EXPLOITS—ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS—THE UNION GUIDON—COMPANY "B" AT KENNERVILLE, LA., BY SERGT. HARTWELL—BAYOU SARA, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—RECOLLECTION OF BROOKHAVEN RAID, BY SERGTS. MORRIS AND HARTWELL—RECOLLECTIONS OF PASCAGOULA RAID, BY CAPT. NICHOLETTS—RECOLLECTIONS OF PASCAGOULA RAID, BY LIEUT. COLVERT—MOBILE BAY, BY LIEUT.-COL. WILKESON.

COMPANY G, in command of Capt. Ellsworth, was the last company of "Scott's 900" to arrive in the Department of the Gulf and landed in New Orleans after the regiment had been sent up the river. This company, although officially reported "lost at sea," was sent to the La Fourche country and stationed at Thibodeaux on the Bayou La Fourche from the middle of April to June, 1864.

J. Carpenter and D. W. Gazley of the troop took possession of an abandoned printing office and published a newspaper called the "Union Guidon." Several numbers were issued, but when the company was ordered to rejoin the regiment the publication had to be abandoned. The following circular was distributed among the men of the regiment prior to the publication of the paper:

THE "UNION GUIDON,"

A weekly journal to be particularly devoted to the interests of "Scott's 900" Cavalry, and to record the noteworthy matters which occur among any of the detachments of the regiment during its sojourn in the Louisiana lowlands, will commence publication at Thibodeaux, La., May 14, 1864. It will furnish its readers the full news of the week, and bring the very latest reliable war reports; and in its general reading matter it is designed to supply all that can be demanded in a complete and interesting newspaper.

The subscription price will be 20 cents per month in advance or 25 cents if to be collected pay-day. The sergeant of each company is requested to act as agent for "The Guidon" to forward the names of subscribers and to

receive dues thereon for which he will be allowed 10 per cent.

CARPENTER & GAZLEY,
Of Company G, "Scott's 900" United
States Cavalry, publishers, Thibodeaux, La.

[The following items are extracts from the first number, published at Thibodeaux, La., May 18, 1864:

THE COLORS OF OUR REGIMENT.

The old battle flags of "Scott's 900" Cavalry, which have been borne by our veterans for upwards of three years without blot or blemish, and which just-

INTRODUCTORY. —MAY 18, 1864.

The "Union Guidon" makes its first appearance this morning, and we trust its many new acquaintances will be satisfied with it, and consent to be counted its fast friends. Though dependent, as every other enterprise, upon the exigencies of the times (and these are war times), still we may hope that the acquaintanceship commenced today between this journal and its readers will be both agreeable and lasting. We are aware of the many imperfections that may be observed in this our first number. We have as yet had but poor



"THE BIG HOUSE," BELL GROVE PLANTATION, IBERVILLE PARISH, LA.

ly came to be a terror to the guerilla hordes of Virginia, have been brought to do our country service among the bayous and lowlands of Louisiana. That the glorious "Excelsior" of our Empire state will be ever in the van where the men of the Eleventh meet the foe, no friend of our good cause can doubt; and we have full confidence that many telling blows will yet be struck by the sabres which bear forward the beautifully blended colors of "Liberty and Union." Be ever true to our colors, boys; those noble emblems must never bow to a traitor or trail in the dust.

facilities for the selection of such general reading as makes a paper entertaining and valuable; but apologies and extravagancies of diction are alike senseless in this introduction of the "Guidon" to its readers. We will only claim a little interest in the "Excelsior" our regiment has brought with it from the Empire state, and will try to keep that as our guiding star in a future of constant improvement. This is our promise to our friends, and we hope they will meanwhile be indulgent with their "Guidon" bearers.

J. CARPENTER,
D. W. GAZLEY.

If the administration fails to put down, cut to pieces and bore out this infernal rebellion, it will not be for want of tools. We have Sickles and we have Shears, nor must we forget old Barlow. We don't just now remember much that has been done by our Augur, but he would bore we think, if put to it. We might make some sharp remark about Gen. Blunt, but punning isn't exactly the thing in war time.

THE MURDER OF JOHN TOOMEY.

It is our painful duty to record the death of our old company comrade and well beloved friend, and to allude to the doubly deplorable circumstances under which it occurred. One of the most melancholy reflections left his friends, is the unsatisfactory account they have of the dark deed of atrocity, and the uncertainty as to the fiendish assassins by whose hand John Toomey was bereft of his life. Yes, our noble, hearted companion was murdered, foully waylaid, when alone and unarmed in a strange wilderness, he was exerting all the energies which sickness had spared him, and was pushing on over the weary miles separating him from his "boys" (as he used to warmly call us of the company). And as nearly as can be discovered, it was about two hours from the time that he, in a fit of illness, slipped from the railway train which was bearing us to our new destination, and had already accomplished one half of the dozen miles which he had to walk, when he met his murderers. These are pretty well proved to have been a gang of negroes—cowardly, skulking land pirates—who in safe numbers were prowling about the country in quest of booty. Where nothing more sacred or dangerous to dispose of than a simple human life offered them the prospect of a little, they met this gallant soldier, going to do battle and to hazard his life in the cause of his country, and the freedom of their race. They met him, saw his enfeebled and defenseless condition, and the brave soldier never went forth to the battle-field and to a soldier's death of glory; the true husband, father and friend had

none but the devils around him when he looked his last on the earth which had been so bright to him, no affectionate faces were there to cheer the fading sight, no kind hand to administer last consolations and to hold the dying head.

It was three days after Toomey left us before any traces or tidings of him came. Then we learned that on the previous day some soldiers of another regiment had found in a waste field a body so decomposed as to require immediate interment, and so mutilated with blows and cuts about the head as to bear no likeness of the man. But the disheveled and blood-clotted hair was that of our missing friend, and upon the cavalry jacket brought from the body were the initials, "J. T." We believe that there are some negroes now in custody awaiting their trial for participation in this murder; but we are unable to say what is the weight of evidence against them. Some white men were arrested also, but upon examination they were discharged. And this is the whole of our sad story; we can only pray to the God of justice to overtake and bring to a terrible retribution the guilty authors of this cruel deed, the inhuman wretches who perpetrated this act of unmitigated atrocity.

COMPANY B, AT KENNERVILLE, LA. BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

In the early summer of 1864 the companies stationed at Manning's Plantation were ordered to different places along the Mississippi River, so that a courier line might be established from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. The guerillas, who were plentiful in that country, used to cut the telegraph wires, and messages by wire could not be depended upon.

Company B was ordered to report at Kennerville, about fourteen miles above New Orleans.

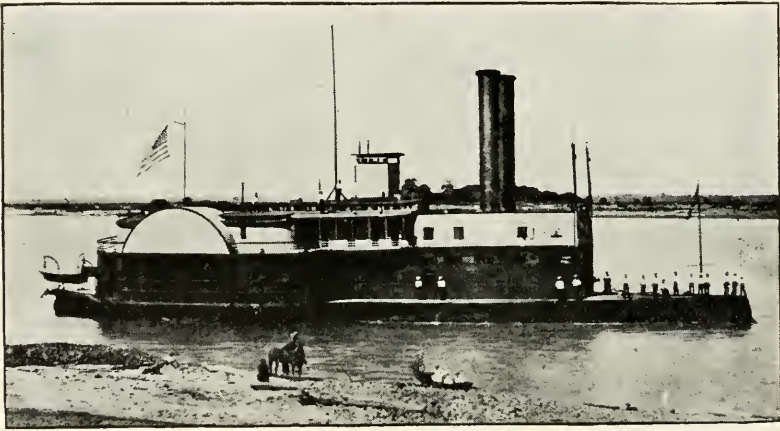
I had been on the sick list at Manning's for several days, but was able to do duty about the camp.

When the sick call sounded on the morning that we were to start, I re-

ported with other sick men at the dispensary to get some medicine. The surgeon looked at me, then at my tongue, felt of my pulse, and said: "Sergeant, you are too sick to go with your company; you must go in the hospital."

With a heavy heart I returned to my quarters, for I knew the dangers of sickness in that low country. I gathered up my "belongings" and had one of the men carry them for me to the hospital. I asked the steward if he had a cot for me; he said, "Oh, yes, sergeant; there is one vacant, the man who occupied it died last night." Now,

won't do; he is too sick to ride in the hot sun—it will kill him; I will see the surgeon and have him sent to the hospital." As soon as the captain rode away I had the men help me back to the quarters, which were in the sugar house. I had just got in when the captain came back with the surgeon and inquired for me; they were told that I had gone to the hospital; but I had no intention of going there. The company rode away. A few men who were dismounted were to cross the river to Donaldsonville and go down on a steamboat; I got them to take me with them.



U. S. GUNBOAT, ON MISSISSIPPI.

whether it was the grewsome joke or a phantasy of the fever, or the wasted figures of the men on either side of that vacant cot who looked as if they could not survive the day, I know not; but I believe that if I took that cot I would never have left it alive. I glanced at the pallid faces of the men lying in double rows the whole length of the hospital, then at that fatal cot, and said: "Steward, I will not take it; I will go back to my quarters." When I got back the company was mounted, and the wagons were loaded, ready to start.

I thought if I could get in a wagon I could ride, and I had the men help me in and was lying down when the captain rode up and asked who was in the wagon. On being told he said "That

I lay on the levee all day but no boat came. I was very sick and thirsty and gave a man some money to get two lemons; he procured them at twenty-five cents (two bits) apiece.

Now, here's a thought for Mr. Stay-at-home, when he grumbles, and grudges a poor devil of a disabled soldier his pension money. A day's income for two lemons, to say nothing of the sufferings from famine and fever and the chance of being shot for one's country.

We remained on the levee until next day when a boat came along. We went on board, were given a "deck passage," and arrived at Kennerville at night, about the same time the company got there.

We expected to be quartered in a brick building that was formerly a "Seminary for Young Ladies," but the company that we were to relieve were not ready to go so we camped out on the grounds.

I thought I had seen mosquitoes in New Jersey, at the plantations, and in the Louisiana swamps, but it seemed as if my acquaintance with that winged, singing, stinging insect had been unfriendly heretofore, as compared with the love and devotion with which we received attention from them that night.

Kennerville is situated between the Mississippi River and the shallow waters of Lake Pontchartrain, with lagoons and swamps in abundance around. The mosquitoes came upon us in swarms of millions; it was impossible to sleep with any part of the body exposed. Well (or rather it was not well), we slapped our faces and killed mosquitoes until we were worn out; then we would cover up our heads until we were nearly suffocated, and then return to the fight again; and so we passed the night. The morning came and my fever was broken; it may be it was sucked out of me by the insects or sweated out by strangulation, but weak and worn out as I was I realized that it was gone and I gave thanks; but I did not relish the medicine.

The next day we got possession of the building; the quartermaster-sergeant went to New Orleans and drew mosquito nets for the men and we managed to get some sleep.

Our duties were carrying dispatches and examining the cargoes of sailing vessels plying on the river. All sailing vessels were directed to stop at Kennerville and we would go on board and search for contraband goods, or goods taken on after clearing from New Orleans.

Dispatch after dispatch would arrive from New Orleans, and we kept men and horses ready to deliver them; sometimes we would have three or four couriers going in the same direction within an hour.

Out of our company of sixty men we

had at one time forty-two on the sick list, and the well men had lively times of it. It was a frequent occurrence for a man to be sent twelve or fourteen miles with dispatches after being on guard all night; but as the weather became cooler our men got better, and we had very few sick when we went to Baton Rouge in October.

EXAMINING COASTERS.

"Coasters" were small sailing vessels, sloop or schooner rigged, and had permits from the government to trade along the river, but were required to stop at our station to have their manifests or clearance papers examined.

We had a "12-pounder" cannon on the levee and a guard to hail all sailing vessels; when hailed they would usually drop anchor or "come up in the wind" and wait for us to come aboard. One day a schooner was "beating" up the river, and when hailed paid no attention to the call, but "went about" and "stood over" toward the opposite shore; the sentry called me and I fired a blank shot from the gun, but the vessel paid no attention to the shot, but kept on her course. I quickly loaded the gun, putting in a solid shot, intending to fire it ahead of the craft. I had been an artillerist before I was a cavalryman, and prided myself on the accuracy of my aim; but this time I made a miscalculation, the shot ricocheted along the water, struck the vessel just above the water line, and took off the forecandle deck.

The boat immediately "luffed," the anchor was thrown overboard, and the captain, who had been steering, dropped the tiller, and, raising his hands frantically above his head, called to me not to fire again. I had no intention of shooting again, I had done enough damage already.

I went aboard the vessel, and the captain, who was a Frenchman, talked in broken English. His papers corresponded with his cargo, and I asked him if he did not hear the call to stop. He replied, "'Oui, monsieur.'" I told him if he did not stop the next time I would sink him. The news of the

affair was carried to the other coasters, they all took warning, and I never had occasion to fire another shot.

SPYING A CAMP.

Orders came from headquarters at New Orleans to ascertain the location of a rebel camp on Lake Pontchartrain. One night, after taps, I took four men armed with carbines and revolvers, procured a small boat, and proceeded to carry out the orders. The night was calm, and the moon gave sufficient light for our purpose. We skirted along the shore, keeping in the shadow of the trees as much as possible, and saw many alligators in the water. After rowing for several miles we saw the lights of a camp; we kept on until about a quarter of a mile from the camp, then ran the boat up a lagoon, and I went ashore. I cautioned the men to keep quiet and await my return, then started to find the camp. I made slow progress through the canes, but succeeded in getting near it without being discovered. There were four men on guard that I could see, and there was a ditch around at least three sides of the camp, and the dirt was thrown up to form a breastwork; near the water was a "six-pounder" field piece. I counted the tents and estimated the number of men the camp probably contained, then made my way back to the boat, thinking all danger was over. There was no trouble from the rebels, but we met what I thought at the time was a greater danger. We started down the lagoon, but the stream and the bays seemed full of alligators; they were from two to eighteen feet in length, and crowded around the boat so that I was afraid we would be upset. We were shoved several yards at a time by them, and could scarcely keep our places in the boat. Occasionally a big fellow would stick his nose over the side of the boat. The men hit them with their oars and I jabbed at them with the butt of my carbine; the men wanted to shoot, but I would not let them, for I had heard the blood would set them to fighting and eating one

another, and that would be the last of us.

Finally, after being shoved one way and another, we got to where the men could use their oars as paddles. The minutes seemed like hours, and big drops of perspiration stood on every man's face. Every rush that was made we expected to go over, but at last we got into deeper water and away from the reptiles.

We did not have men enough to attack the camp, but troops were sent from some other place and the camp was captured.

Years afterward the "chills" would creep and crawl up and down my spine when I thought of the night with the alligators.

BAYOU SARA.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

On or about the 15th of October, 1864, while we were encamped at Baton Rouge, La., orders came from headquarters for two squadrons, with three days' cooked rations, prepared for a scout, to start the next morning. It did not take long to cook our pork; the rest of the rations consisted of coffee and "hardtack."

The next morning the four companies in command of Maj. Remington were formed on the parade ground, and after detailing advance and rear guards, we marched away in column of fours, taking the river road northward.

The day was fine, there seemed to be no "rebs" to bother us, and we proceeded at a walk until evening, when we arrived at a small town called Bayou Sara, about 37 miles from Baton Rouge. The houses were all built of wood, and were situated in a sort of basin on the eastern bank of the Mississippi river.

After stationing the pickets, feeding and grooming our horses, and getting our supper, we bivouacked for the night. Nothing disturbed our repose until daylight, when the pickets were fired upon, and came running into camp with the "rebs" after them.

Two companies fell in dismounted, and held them in check, while the other two companies saddled up; the mounted men then took position, and the dismounted men saddled their horses and took their places in the line.

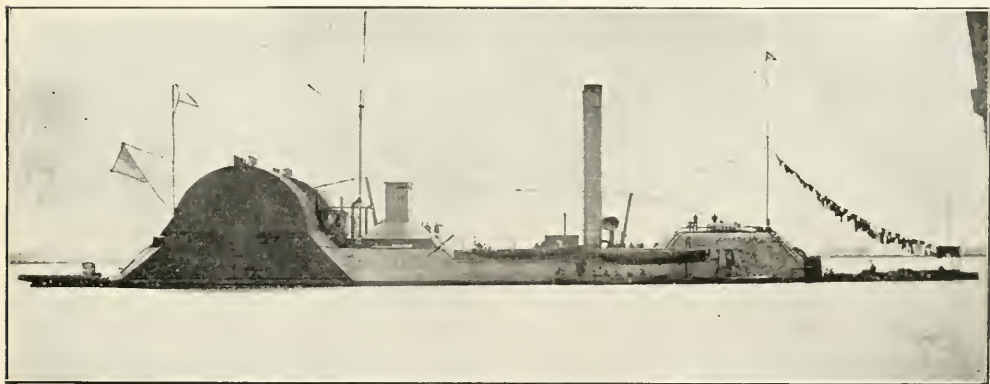
In a few moments we were all engaged, the hills were covered with mounted and dismounted Confederates, and the roads were guarded by strong forces of the enemy. We were completely surrounded on the land with the wide Mississippi river in the rear.

Well, we were in a mess "for sure"; bullets came in three directions, and

fellow; I have felt both bayonet and sabre, and, as I remember it now, the sensation was unpleasant.

But to return to Bayou Sara; the "rebs" were slowly closing in on us, and we could do little execution. A council of the officers was held, and to state my opinion mildly, I think they made a mistake.

Of course, we did not propose to surrender; I doubt if a cavalryman ever thought of that while on his horse, but a dismounted feeling is different. However, the officers believed that it was impossible to cut our way out, and I think that they decided to swim the river. I don't believe one-fourth of us



U. S. RAM "CARONDOLET," BATON ROUGE, LA.

too close to be comfortable. One thing in our favor was that the "rebs," being on higher ground, and poor marksmen, fired over our heads. If they had attended to their business as they should, none of us would have escaped unharmed. However poor their shooting was, I entertain no ill feeling for that reason; still, there were enough low bullets to make it unpleasant.

I never did like the singing of bullets; it keeps one in suspense as to those that are coming—the ones you hear are all right. I like the cold steel better; it decides a fight quicker, which is a great relief to an excitable person. Now, when I said I liked the cold steel, I meant when it was stuck in the other

could have reached the other side. Whatever the result of our unfortunate situation might have been, we were greatly relieved to see a gunboat coming down the river, which considerably changed the aspect of affairs. We continued firing as fast as we could, and the gunboat, taking in the situation, also took part in the game, and soon had shells dropping among the "rebs," which was too much for them, and they "skedaddled" pell-mell up the hills; we followed them as far as the woods, but did not dare to go farther; we then returned and gathered in some of the dismounted men.

We learned from the prisoners that they knew we were coming, and that the rebel forces moved out of the town

and set a trap to catch us, and we would have been caught, killed or drowned but for the gunboat.

Knowing that we could not get back to Baton Rouge by the way we came, the major arranged with the captain of the gunboat to take us across to the west side of the river.

After getting on the other side, we had no more trouble; we marched rapidly down the river road until opposite Baton Rouge, then hailing a steamer we were ferried over, all thankful for our escape from the trap, but not much elated with the result of the expedition.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BROOKHAVEN RAID.
BY SERGT. MORRIS.

The above title will suggest memories which are indelibly impressed upon those who participated in the movement. It may be remembered by those who took part in the affair that the division to which Scott's 900 Cavalry (then the Eleventh New York) was attached had for two weeks or more been scouting the country in various directions in detached parties, and had finally concentrated at Liberty, Miss., where it went into camp. The rank and file, in their usual off-hand fashion, had settled it that we were to remain in that vicinity for some time, and had begun to invest their surplus energy (they had no money) in material to make their anatomy as comfortable as possible. Among other things that were depleted to add to the creature comforts of the boys was a drug store, which had been rendering aid and comfort to the enemy by dispensing its commodities among their soldiers, but which, much against the will of the proprietors, was now about to render the Yankees good service. When the store had been made as unattractive to the proprietor as possible, and certainly of very little account as a medical headquarters for the soldiers of the Confederacy, the boys graciously permitted the original owners to again take possession, and wended their ways to their several quarters laden with the spoils of war.

But there is no rose without a thorn. Among the spoils which had been "confiscated" for the benefit of the Union cause was a demijohn of whisky, over which there had been some little argument as to which of the "discoverers" was entitled to possession, which was only settled by a division on the spot, each one taking his share away with him without the necessity of using a canteen. But soon there arose a wailing among the partakers of that whisky. It had evidently been adulterated medicinally for the benefit of those who were of a constipated habit, and was not intended to be taken in large doses, and the maledictions heaped upon the adulterant were deep and fervent. It was fortunate that there was not enough of that whisky to go around, or there would have been no Brookhaven raid.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon that the boys of B company perceived Sergt. Melvin Hartwell perambulating around, pencil and book in hand, examining the horses and occasionally putting down a memorandum in that beautiful chirography of his, which it would have taken the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to decipher. I know what I am talking about, because I was first duty sergeant, and sometimes had to use that book. Well, as I was saying, he would come around and tell you what a good fellow you were, and what a fine horse you had, and wind up by asking if you did not want to "volunteer" for a little pleasure trip upon which the general was thinking of sending a number of the boys who had especially recommended themselves by their good behavior. Of course we volunteered, but if we hadn't we would have been promptly detailed for the trip.

Well, after "Our Mel" had selected twenty or twenty-five of the men of the company whose horses were in good condition, the first sergeant's call sounded, and he posted off to see if he could be of any service. Hartwell always was an obliging fellow, and always went to see what the adjutant wanted whenever the bugle blew



LIVE OAKS, RICE FARM 22 MILES FROM BATON ROUGE.



AMITE RIVER, SOUTH OF BENTON'S FERRY.

in that particular way. The adjutant didn't keep him very long, and when he returned he said the adjutant would be very much obliged to us if we would get upon our horses and come over to his headquarters as soon as we could. That wasn't just the way he put it, but that was what he meant, you know; he was in a hurry, and all he said was, "You fellows that I picked out, fall in, and be d——d quick about it, too!" You know, when a fellow is in a hurry he sometimes uses language not fitted for the parlor, and so we all excused him. We "fell in," however, just to humor him, although his language shocked us very much. He seemed to be quite excited, and galloped off to where a lot of other fellows were in line, and told us to come along as quickly as possible. Those were not actually the words he used either; he just drew us up in line and said: "From the right count fours—steady there on the left, d——n you! By fours; forward, march; guide right, trot, march!" But that was just his little eccentricity, and we forgave him freely, as we saw that the other fellows did not want to go until we came. Well, we formed on the left of the Fourth Wisconsin boys, and to the number of about four hundred, under the command of Col. Fonda, we started on our wild night ride.

And how we rode! It seemed like riding into outer darkness. And then the headlong speed, not stopping for anything, caused many a horse to stumble and many a horse to fall, and his rider to breathe a short prayer calling down blessings on the poor brute's head. For hours the pace was kept up with but short intervals for rest, and it seemed as if we were riding into Hades. Not a ray of light from moon or star, which made the darkness Cimmerian.

But all things have an end, and this ride was not an exception. It was about 4 A. M. when we arrived at Brookhaven, and we got the order to charge! When I woke up (for I had been asleep for I do not know how long) my horse was keeping up with

the rest, I had my sabre out, and we were charging through the main street of the town. What followed after this was in such quick succession that it would be almost impossible to give a connected narrative of what occurred. The facts, as I afterward learned, were about as follows:

Our brigade had been following the Confederate general Hodge, who, with 900 men, had been retreating before us. We had reached Liberty some twelve hours after his command had left there, and when the Confederate commander reached Brookhaven after a forced march, he thought he would have about twenty-four hours to rest his men and horses. Our detachment had been hurried forward to surprise him should he be caught napping. The enemy had two guns, one of which had been captured from our forces at Port Hudson, and which were posted on a hill commanding the road by which we entered. So confident were the rebs, however, that we were too far away to molest them that they kept a very insufficient guard, and our men were in the town and charging the guns before they were fairly awake. We took the guns, of course—when did Scott's 900 ever fail to reach the point they started for? And it was the good fortune of the writer to be complimented by Col. Fonda for the part taken by B company.

After capturing the guns the order was given to destroy all government property, and very short work we made of it. Brookhaven had been a depot for supplies for the enemy in that section, and at that time was the southern terminal point of a railroad of which I cannot now recall the name. A large amount of quartermaster and commissary stores were collected there, together with ammunition of all kinds, in an improvised arsenal. Tobacco warehouses were filled with the weed in various stages of preparation, which the Confederate government at that time had sequestered for its own benefit. A large amount of rolling stock of the road had been gathered at that point for the rapid distribution of the

stores where needed. All this property was ruthlessly destroyed by our forces, and a decided check given to the enemy's movements in that vicinity. I said all was destroyed, and I guess I was right, although some of the tobacco was preserved to be destroyed in a more leisurely way. I believe there were but few horses that did not have at least ten pounds of tobacco added to their already overburdened backs.

Then came the march back to Lib-

hend it. It was amusing and at the same time pathetic to listen to their comments on the events transpiring—so earnest and so shrewd, so comprehensive and yet so limited by their want of education. The one absorbing idea that possessed them was that the "Linkum sojers" had come to set them free. Poor creatures, so illy prepared for freedom!

On our arrival at Liberty, we were at first rather astonished at the warm reception accorded us by the citizens of



STREET IN LIBERTY, MISS.

erty. Do any of you remember that march? Do you remember the exodus of the colored people when we left the town? The "contraband" was very much in evidence—on mules, cows, horses, even goats, harnessed or tied to all kinds of dilapidated vehicles, surmounted by personal possessions and pickaninnies of the "man and brother." It was his first taste of freedom, and he could scarcely compre-

hend it. The town, who seemed to have turned out in force to greet us; but we soon found that they had mistaken us for their own friends, whom they expected would arrive from the direction from which we were coming. On discovering their error they were a very much disgusted lot of citizens, and slunk away in the darkness with many imprecations.

Late at night we reached the camp

of our comrades, where we were accorded a royal reception. It did not take us long to stretch our weary limbs around the camp fires and take up our journey to the Land of Nod, where we had plenty of friends. I was never good at dates, and many of the incidents of our different campaigns are now but dim memories of bygone days. It needs but the touching of elbows again, however, to bring back fresh and vivid recollections of the time when "Boots and Saddles" was a familiar sound, and "stable call" was the *bête noir* of the boys who wore the sabre.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BROOKHAVEN RAID.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

The story of the Liberty and Brookhaven raid, in November, 1864, has been told, but as no one man could give all the circumstances of that famous ride, I will try to give some details that other writers have omitted.

We left our camp at Baton Rouge at night, went to Port Henderson, and after a hard ride struck a rebel encampment on the Jackson road at daybreak of the 16th. But before reaching this camp, part of our regiment was ordered to leave the road, and we struck off to the left through the fields, and came to a place full of holes and gulleys, where many a horse and rider had a tumble, for it was too dark to see the bad places; after awhile we came to a house, which we surrounded. We expected to catch a colonel at this place, but we were disappointed—he wasn't there; however, we searched two other houses, and in one of them found a rebel officer in bed between the ticks, and we took him with us.

We had a negro guide, and he, with a few men, was in advance, after we had started from the last house we searched. They came back at a gallop, saying, "The rebs are ahead of us." The column was halted, and I rode ahead to see what was the trouble, and found the road full of mounted men; I asked, "What regiment is that?" and

they replied, "The Fourth Wisconsin," so we joined them and continued the march.

This rebel camp we were looking for was near Jackson, but in what direction we did not know. As we were riding along through a thick woods we heard firing in the advance, and we found they had run on the rebel picket post. The rebels killed one of our men; we had killed two of their horses and captured two of the picket guard; one of the rebs got away. The Fourth Wisconsin formed in line to the right of the advance as best they could in the woods and darkness, and the mounted infantry on the left. The Eleventh New York came to the front, and charged over a bridge.

I was in the advance of our regiment, and as I crossed the bridge I noticed my horse gave a great jump, but I thought nothing of it at the time. After going a short distance, I discovered I was charging the rebels alone. I turned back to see what the trouble was, and learned that two men who were following me had gone through the bridge where the planks had been taken up; the rest of our men, of course, had stopped to fix the flooring, which was soon done, and we dashed forward with a yell.

At the commencement of the fight most of the rebs were asleep, and as they did not have time to dress, they turned out in undress uniform, and such getting away as there was you never did see before; we chased them into the woods, and along the road; we captured many of them, but they scattered so that many got away in the dark woods. We went back to the camp, put out pickets and waited for more daylight. Well, we got lots of plunder—arms of all kinds, which we destroyed; horses, mules, wagons and prisoners we took with us. When we got to Liberty on the 17th, the lads found there were plenty of hogs in the woods, and began shooting them. While this was going on the rebels attacked the pickets, but the men, supposing the firing was at the hogs, paid little attention to it until the pickets were

driven into town, when we mounted our horses and drove the rebels off.

We left the town at night for Brookhaven, as has been related. That was a terrible ride. I was ordered to take my platoon and form the rear guard, and after we had gone a few miles at a fearful rate, it was found that some of the horses could not keep up with the column. I sent word to Col. Fonda, and was directed to turn over the rear guard to another sergeant. I took charge of the men whose horses could not keep pace with the column. I told the men to cut some whips and work their passage, but after all we could do we kept getting further be-

eighteen men, including the fourteen with played-out horses, and go back to Liberty with the prisoners. I did not relish going back more than twenty miles, with so few men, through a country filled with rebels. However, there was nothing to do but obey orders and ask no questions. I formed my men in two lines, with the rebels in between, four men in advance and three in the rear, and, as I was about to give the order to march, the colonel called me to one side and told me that when the prisoners got tired out to go into camp, but be careful and not let any of them get away. I made up my mind that I wouldn't camp if I could



BROOKHAVEN, MISS.

hind, and soon the rear guard was out of hearing. The night was awfully dark, and we didn't know whether or not we were on the right road, but we let the horses choose their way, when suddenly we came upon the rear guard where they had halted.

The colonel came to the rear with a guard and twenty-six prisoners that the advance had captured without firing a gun; one rebel lieutenant and three men were mounted, the rest were afoot. Col. Fonda inquired for me, and I rode up to him. He asked me how many men I had including the rear guard. I told him thirty-eight. He said he could not spare so many, as he expected a hard fight at Brookhaven; finally he told me to take

possibly get along without it, for my men could hardly keep awake while on the march, and nearly all were asleep on their horses while we were waiting there, and the only way I kept awake myself was by rubbing tobacco juice on my eyes. Well, we got started; the mud was deep in the road, and it was hard traveling for the prisoners on foot. We had not gone a great ways before the prisoners began to beg of me to let them rest. I told them that at the first opening I would stop; that it was too dark in the woods, and that they might get away. We kept on our way, and were just coming to a clearing when my advance halted, and one of them came back and said there was a rebel picket post ahead, six horses

were tied to a fence and there was a fire, but the men were probably asleep, as he could see none. I rode forward with the advance to capture them, but the picket proved to be a wagon with eight barrels of salt, six mules tied to the wheels, and a negro in charge. I told the darkey to hitch up his mules, but he said he couldn't, as they were too tired; but when I raised my revolver he came to his senses, and said, "Fo' de Lawd's sake, massa, don't shoot; I hitch up de mules." While this was being done the lads burst open the barrels and dumped the salt in the mud (salt was worth \$25 in gold per barrel to the rebs). I got the prisoners into the wagon, and they felt better, and so did I.

After awhile the advance halted again, and a man came back and said something was in the road ahead, but he couldn't tell what it was. I rode ahead with the advance, and came up to a wagon loaded with leather, drawn by three yoke of oxen and in charge of two white men.

The wagon was coming toward us, and we made the men turn it around, and we took it with us in our column, which now presented quite a formidable appearance. As we came to the brow of a hill I could discern through the gray mist of the early morning two mounted men on picket in the road about a quarter of a mile away; as we got nearer I could see that one of them had on a blue overcoat, but I thought they could not be our men, for we had not yet got near enough to Liberty to expect to meet our pickets. When we got close to them we were ordered to halt, and was asked what regiment we belonged to; we replied, "the Eleventh New York." They then fired at us, and started off on a gallop. I immediately took the advance guard and three other men, ordered the column to follow, and we went after them; when we came to a turn in the road we saw ahead of us a line of rebel cavalry. However, we did not stop, but commenced to yell and shoot, at the same time our prisoners in the wagon commenced to give

the rebel yell, and the guard, to drown the noise of the rebels, began shouting, until it seemed as if a regiment of men were with us. The rebel cavalry broke, and ran like the devil in every direction. I did not think it best to go after them, but we ran them over a hill, and we might have captured a few if we had wanted to, but I thought in that event they would turn back and discover how few of us there were, and "gobble" us all up. I met a darkey in the road, and upon questioning him learned that he thought there were 500 rebels, but I don't believe there were more than half that number. I sent a man back to hurry up the column, mules, oxen, wagons and all, and taking a survey of them as they approached I saw that they made quite an imposing appearance through the morning mist. I put the whole command on a run, and kept it up until we reached the crossroads; then I sent two men of the advance to reinforce the rear. I was obliged to relinquish part of my command, which I did with reluctance, for it reduced my appearance of strength considerably, but the oxen were not built for charging and were completely used up, so I turned them loose, built a fire under the wagonload of leather, and left it by the roadside to burn.

I put out flankers, one man on each side of the column, and we made the best time we could towards Liberty, and if there ever was a glad lot of men it was us when we got inside of our picket line. I reported to Gen. Lee, and while I was talking to him the rebels opened their attack on the town. I was told to take my men and prisoners over to the north side, where the wagons were, until after the fight. I did as I was directed, and as I sat on my horse looking across the fields I saw some horsemen come out of the woods and fall in line. I think these were the same fellows we had recently charged through; however, I ordered my men to mount, and told the wagon-master he had better get his train into the town, for the rebel cavalry were going to attack us. The wagons were

all hitched up, and were soon on the way, passing through a cut in a small hill. There were about sixty men of our regiment who had been left behind at Liberty. These men were posted behind a rail fence. I had my mounted guard with me, and we were all ready when the enemy made a charge. The first line to receive our fire broke and ran, the next two held their ground and steadily advanced, compelling us to fall back; the rebel officers had rallied the first line, and they were also advancing. Seeing that we were greatly outnumbered, I sent word to Gen. Lee that we wanted reinforcements, but he sent back word that he couldn't spare a man, and that we must defend our part of the town at all hazards, he was having it pretty lively where he was, and the rebs had chosen a good time to make the attack when the greater part of the command were absent—part of them at Brookhaven and part at Summit. We fell back to the courthouse. Three of our prisoners had been hit by rebel bullets, but none of my men had yet been struck. I got my few mounted men in line, and was about to order a sabre charge when a piece of artillery came to our assistance. The gun was unlimbered behind our line, then we opened up, and the gunners gave the rebs a shot which checked their advance; we closed in front of the gun again until it was loaded, then another shot was fired, and the rebs broke and ran. We chased them into the woods, and the artillerymen took the gun back to the front of the town, where it was needed.

I believe if we hadn't got back to Liberty before the fight commenced the rebel cavalry would have captured our wagon-train, and would have released the many prisoners we had in the court house by this rear attack, for the rest of the men had all they could do to defeat the enemy in their front; and if this rear attack had not been met there is no telling what the result might have been. However, our men drove the rebs away, and killed and captured a good many. In the afternoon the rebs attacked our guard

at the bridge over the Amite, but were driven off when we went to the guard's assistance with a piece of artillery. Gen. Lee knew that he could not defend both the bridge and the town, so we evacuated Liberty, and withdrew across the Amite River, where we went into camp with the wagons and the prisoners in the center, and waited for the Brookhaven and Summit columns to return, which they did the next evening. Our regiment, which went to Brookhaven, returned with two pieces of artillery. They had burned an arsenal filled with ammunition, destroyed the railroad, houses, tracks and bridges, and captured many prisoners.

The next day we started for Baton Rouge. I had charge of the rear guard, composed of thirty-six men; the Fourth Wisconsin, with two pieces of artillery, were the reserve guard. As soon as we broke camp the enemy commenced to harass us, and at times the bullets came a little too close for comfort, and sometimes we had to make a stand to keep them off.

There were many amusing and pathetic incidents connected with our return march. We had a thousand or more darkies, and some white refugees; hundreds of negroes, of both sexes, were mounted on horses and mules, and all rode "straddle," and but few of them had saddles; many would fall off their animals when the guard whipped up those who lagged behind, for the column had to be kept closed up. One fat old colored woman rode a raw-boned, razor-backed mule, which was unwilling or unable to keep up with the rest, and the guard was compelled to whip the animal, when it would make a lunge forward, and at every jump the woman, while clinging to the short mane, would exclaim, "O Lawd! O my Gaud, my Gaud!" It was a comical yet sad sight to see that fat old woman, with her skirts drawn up around her waist, riding astride of an old mule, and regardless of her discomfort or appearance, seeming to have her thoughts centered upon that freedom of which she knew

so little, and was so illy prepared to receive. In all my life I never saw a more mixed and motley crowd—darkies on foot and on horseback, in buggies, wagons, carts and carriages; horses, mules, donkeys and oxen; some animals were ridden and some were loose; cavalymen mixed in with the crowd and on the flank, trying to urge the mass along. It was hard work, but everything that got in that column had to go. Sometimes it would get too far behind the troops, when we would raise the cry of "Rebs! the rebs are coming!" and they were coming, too, but not yet near enough to hurt us. Once I had the artillery fire a shot diagonally across the column, then we cried, "The rebs, the rebs!" and that made them hustle, the whips would fly, and the jaded animals were hurried along, and by yelling and whipping, and prodding with our sabres, we got them all into Baton Rouge. It was the most successful raid we ever made, and considering the number of fights we were in, our losses, fortunately, were trifling.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PASCAGOULA RAID.

BY CAPT. NICHOLETTS.

In November, 1864, the Eleventh New York Cavalry was quartered at Baton Rouge, La. We had been at the capital of the "Creole state" since September. Our military duties had mainly consisted in picket duty and occasional forays inland and into Mississippi. When off duty we passed the time very pleasantly in the city. The boys had behaved themselves so well that they were favorites with the citizens, and especially with the fair portion of the community. The ladies, God bless them! had seemingly never heard of the gallant hussar, "who loves and rides away." The officers of the garrison, together with the gallant bluejackets of the Mississippi flotilla, organized what was called the "Snarleygusta Club." Whose prolific brain suggested such a name I know not. It was neither pretty nor suggestive of harmony, and there was no snarling in that club; all was good fellowship and

hilarity, the latter sometimes carried to excess; on the whole, we were enjoying ourselves like true soldier boys, when one bright morning we heard the familiar "officers' call," followed by the "orderly sergeants' call." We at once reported at headquarters, where we were ordered by our gallant chief, Remington, to get ready to start next morning for an expedition to Mobile, Ala. Twenty days' rations, sixty rounds of ammunition, and only sound men and serviceable horses to go. We were delighted with the news, as we were getting tired of



GEO. L. STANTON, "D" CO.

picket duty and social pleasures, and longed for fresh scenes and exciting adventures. The camp was at once transformed by the bustle of preparation. Cries were heard all over the camp:

"Hurrah! we are off in the morning. Sergeant, get me a pass. I want to wish good-bye to the girl I leave behind me."

The boys who were on the sick list, or whose horses were unfit for duty, were unmercifully guyed—"the bum-

mers and deadbeats stay behind; only men are wanted." A gallant officer went to town, I suppose to see his sweetheart; at night he did not return, but early next morning he was on hand, looking most woe begone.

"What is the matter?" was asked.

"Oh, boys, I had a fearful time last night. I guess I got too jolly, was arrested by the patrol, and put in the guard house. My roommate, who was a stranger to me, seemed to be in a terrible condition. I asked him what ailed him. He informed me that he had been tried by court martial for murder, convicted, and was to be hanged. Fancy, boys, being locked up all night with a man who was going to be hanged!"

We, of course, had a good laugh, but cheered up our gallant dragoon, who was soon himself again. Bright and early the bugles blew the assembly, and the regiment was soon mounted and on its way to the general rendezvous. Arriving at the appointed place, we found that the expedition was to be a strong one, the whole being under command of Gen. J. W. Davidson; Gen. Bailey, of Red River fame second in command. Davidson was an old regular officer, and a fine soldier, but very choleric, and used strong language at times. Soon we got the order to move, and the column started out on the Greenville Springs road, taking a northeasterly course. Nothing happened to break the monotony of our march until we approached Amite City. Here our advance guard drove in a small picket of the enemy, who, evidently surprised at the large advancing force, fled precipitately. On entering the town, we found it deserted except by a very few old men and the women and children. Finding nothing in Amite City contraband of war, and nothing worth the trouble of appropriating, we continued our march towards the Mississippi state line, which we struck at Franklinton, where we crossed a branch of Pearl River. Franklinton was a somewhat larger place than Amite. Here we captured a considerable number of

prisoners, and fully invested the town. No damage was, however, done to any of the buildings. From Franklinton our march was on the Mississippi soil, and bore more northerly. On halting for the night beyond Franklinton, orders came to each squadron commander to detail a party from each company to draw forage of the brigade quartermasters. Among the squad from my company was a little Irishman. On going to headquarters, Pat mistook the large tent of Gen. Davidson for the quartermas-



HENRY B. HASLAM, "H" CO.

ters'. Pat marched boldly in with his sack over his shoulder. The general, annoyed at the intrusion, started up, and making the surrounding air blue and sulphurous with the torrent of strong and forcible adjectives that poured from his lips, thundered out:

"What in h—l do you want?"

Pat was scared out of his boots, but his native Irish glibness came to his aid, and he blurted out: "Sure, man, you needn't swear; I am not going to bag you;" and he fled hastily from the

sacred precincts he had so innocently invaded.

This same little Irishman, on another occasion, when we had halted in the woods, saw what he considered a beautiful little animal. He had never beheld one of this species before, so he gave chase to it with drawn sabre in hand. The little animal tried to take refuge in a hollow stump, but Pat was too quick, and prodded it with his sabre. The animal in question was a skunk, and you can imagine the consequences. Anyway, the lads of the company boycotted Pat for several days, and he had to ride by himself in the rear. Pat said it was rather hard to be treated so, "for killing the pretty baste," but ever afterwards you could get up a fight on short notice by referring to the pretty "baste" in Pat's hearing.

At last we came to the real Pearl River. Here the pontoon came into play, and a bridge of boats was laid. While the troops were crossing, I halted at the bridge entrance to talk with Lieut. Jeff Burgess, who was on staff duty. While conversing with Jeff, the Fourteenth New York Cavalry approached, but every man, officers and all, were dismounted and leading their horses. I asked Jeff what was the matter with the Fourteenth, and Jeff, laughing, replied that the night before Davidson had issued an order that any regiment that did not take care of and groom their horses properly after a day's march should be dismounted. The Fourteenth had erred, and they were suffering accordingly. Just then Capt. Cheeseborough, of the Fourteenth, appeared, and I asked him how it was his regiment preferred walking to riding. Cheeseborough shouted:

"Oh, that d—d Davidson has turned us into dough-boys because we did not groom our horses like we were going on dress parade."

After crossing Pearl River, we struck the town of Columbia—quite a considerable town—but it had evidently gone through the furnace of war, and looked somewhat dilapidated. At

Columbia the Eleventh New York had orders to proceed up the Monticello road and watch the enemy, said to be in force at that place. The main column continued its march in a southeasterly direction, and the Eleventh started out on its way towards Monticello. Our orders were to proceed to within two or three miles of Monticello, watch all the roads leading south from that town, pick up all the information we could as to what force the enemy had and what their movements were. We were to spend the day on that service, and at nightfall return to Columbia and follow the main column, and on rejoining the expedition form the rear guard. The Eleventh was under command of Maj. S. P. Remington, a brave and skillful soldier, and much beloved by the regiment. We left Columbia early in the day, and proceeded to within four or five miles of Monticello. Here we halted, and Lieut. Gipson, with Company H, was sent up the road some two miles with orders to watch all roads leading to the town. The rest of the column remained at the first halting place. Nothing of importance occurred until after noon, when a courier arrived from Lieut. Gipson with the intelligence that movements of the enemy were reported, and the advance guard should be strengthened. The writer, with Company D, was at once ordered up to support Gipson. When we arrived at the station held by H company, I, being ranking officer, took command. Small parties were thrown forward, nearly up to Monticello, and the men stood by their horses ready for action at a moment's notice. We did not know the strength of the enemy, what the force was composed of, or what their intentions were. Considerable anxiety was felt on this account, as the whole force of our regiment was not over six hundred men. After sundown, our detached parties returned, and reported that the force in our front was cavalry, under Gen. Hodge, and that instead of coming down to molest us, they had evacuated Monticello, and

gone off in an easterly direction, evidently making for the Alabama line.

Nothing more could be done, so we rejoined the main command, and returning to Columbia, the regiment started to catch up with the expedition. That night we camped in the timber, still several miles behind the main body. We fastened our horses in as orderly and compact a manner as possible, fed them and ourselves, and then laid down on the hard ground to await the coming day. It was now the beginning of December; the nights were very cold, and as we had nothing but our overcoats, ponchos and thin army blankets, our night's rest was not luxurious. Just before dawn there was heavy firing by the pickets in our rear. We started up in haste, and in less than five minutes the companies were all mounted and formed ready for business, anxiously awaiting the expected fight. You can judge we were much disgusted at learning that it was only a false alarm got up by our commanding officer, just to see how quick the regiment could be roused from sleep, mounted, companies formed and ready for action; it was all done inside of five minutes, and we were all complimented on our efficiency and discipline. Some few of the horses had broken loose during the night and wandered off grazing in the woods. It was amusing to see the consternation of their owners at finding themselves without the cavalryman's best friend—his horse.

After leaving Columbia, we struck into the greatest pine timber most of us had ever seen; giant trees three feet through, standing straight as a plumb line. For days and days we marched through this magnificent timber, and at night our camps were ablaze with mighty fires of pine logs. The nights were awfully cold, and the fierce fires would roast us in front while our backs were freezing. The soldiers looked like the noble colored troops. Soap we had none, and the pine wood fires blackened the skin, and the hard water was of no earthly use for cleansing purposes. I know that one morn-

ing, while we were standing around our night camp fire, I thought I saw before me my black servant, George Washington. The black rascal had been missing the night before, and I was anxious about my extra horse. Seeing him, as I thought, grinning before me, I shouted: "You George, Father of the blacks, when did you get into camp, sir, and where is my horse?"

To my surprise, the supposed Washington replied:

"Say, Cap, I'm no nigger: I am Tisdale, the bugler."

Of course, a prompt apology was due from me. By the way, the said Tisdale did not have enough of soldiering in Scott's 900, so he put in a term with Custer in the famous Seventh Cavalry, and fought Indians on the plains, and became the chief bugler of Custer's gallant regulars.

The only regiment in the expedition that looked natural during this time was the First Texas. They were nearly all greasers, and the pine smoke and lack of soap did not materially affect their good looks. This regiment was most useful during the raid. They were put in charge of the herds of cattle we drove along for subsistence. Each man of them carried a lariat, and seemed to be in his natural element when driving cattle. Speaking of the First Texas, I must tell of the new dish they introduced to me; and most savory it was, too. They would take a cow's head, and plaster it thick with mud or clay. Then they would place it in a kind of prepared oven in the ground, then a fierce fire would burn over it until it was thoroughly cooked. The head would then be taken out, the envelope of baked mud would come off, the skull split open with an ax, and there you had a royal dish of brains, tongue and jowl—fit for a king. It must have been awful good, or, being in a chronic state of hunger, we thought it perfectly splendid.

In these great pine woods, the clearings were few and far between, and then consisted of a little patch of clear-

ed ground, a log house and corn crib, a few mangy-looking chickens, and razor-back hogs. These "razor-backs" were indigenous to the south, and the "woods were full of them." They were generally of a red brindle color, snout long and thin, the bristles along the spinal column stood straight up; they were three feet high, could run like a race horse and jump through a knot hole. One would think such animals were safe in those days, but no animal was sacred with the soldier. But as it would take a whole razor-back to afford meat enough for two men, it took a good many to go round. It was in these woods that my company had a bee hunt, or rather the bees hunted us. Passing a small settlement, one of the boys saw some bee gums. He was a true bummer; he said nothing, but quietly slipped out of his place in the column. We knew nothing of it until he came up on a dead run, shouting, "Look out, boys! the bees, the bees!" and sure enough the whole swarm was putting in their work on horses and men. There was nothing for it but flight, so I gave the word, "Gallop, march!" and away we went until we left the bees behind. I then called for the cause of our trouble, but the sight of him was enough to banish all sternness, and we all roared with laughter. On taking out the comb he put it in his hat, then clapped the cap on his head, the bees swarming around him; he mounted and came off on a run. The bees had stung him so badly that his eyes were almost closed; the honey, melting out of the comb, had run down his face, and take him all in all, I shall never look upon his like again.

During our march through the woods, we met with no serious resistance from the enemy, but were constantly subjected to attacks on our rear guard, the attack being always at night. It caused much annoyance, and as it was hard to tell what the force was, it kept the camp constantly on the *qui vive*. At last, one cold stormy night, the enemy made a bolder attack than usual. Our rear guard

had been strengthened, and in the general mêlée that ensued we captured an officer and a large number of men. On examination, it turned out that the captured officer was the commander of the attacking force. He said his name was Fraser, and that he was a Canadian. He had been detailed with a small force from Gen. Hodge's command, and had been on our trail ever since we left Columbia. His command has suffered severely, not only from casualties in the fights, but by the severity of the weather. He said that they had no fires at night since they left Monticello, but cooked their food during the day, and then kept on our trail all night. He also said that couriers had been dispatched to Gen. Dick Taylor's command on the Alabama line, and that we would have all the fighting we wanted when we got to the Leaf River. For himself, Fraser added, he had had enough; he was glad he was captured, and that as soon as he was free again he would get home to Canada and stay there.

I forgot to mention our entry into Tangipahoa. Our capture of this town was not unopposed. The advance guard had a little skirmish with the enemy, but they were not in sufficient force to offer much resistance. A number of prisoners were captured, and in destroying contraband property belonging to the so-called Confederate states, a conflagration was caused which destroyed a part of the town. The fire was either accidental or the act of reckless individuals. I know that the men of our regiment worked hard to arrest the flames and to save personal property. My own company took off their side arms, and worked hard to save the goods in one building, and when they came back to resume their side arms several pistols had been stolen from the belts. Who performed this rascally, cowardly act we were never able to discover. During the fire a curious incident happened to Lieut. Littlewort. He was called into a house by an old lady, who was much alarmed about her property. In the course of conversation, the lady dis-

covered that the lieutenant was an Englishman. She then claimed to be a country-woman of his; she said she was the widow of an English naval officer, and after his death had married a southern man, and come to this country. Her husband was in the rebel army, and she was left alone with her family. Of course, the gallant lieutenant quieted her fears, and saw that her property was left undisturbed.

About the end of the first week in December, we arrived at Stafford's Mills, I think on a western branch of the Leaf River. That night the whole of our regiment was on picket duty. We could discover no enemy in any force in our immediate vicinity, but intelligence reached us that Dick Taylor's command was on the other side of the Leaf River, on the Alabama side of the state line. When the column reached Leaf River, a portion of our force, consisting of about two hundred and fifty men of the Second New York Veteran Cavalry and a small party of Scott's 900, under Lieut. Littlewort, was sent across the river on an expedition, for the purpose of burning the Mobile & Ohio Railroad bridge at the state line, on the border of Alabama, which would destroy communication with Mobile.

The last few days of our march before we reached the coast were very trying; the weather was very cold, a bitter north wind blowing for several days. At night we kept kind of warm by the huge fires, but during each day's march the boys suffered terribly. Fires were started all along the roadside from front to rear of the long column, and it was almost impossible to keep the men from falling out and warming up at the fires. I am afraid the companies did not keep intact, but no one could blame the boys for slipping off sometimes, and warming up their freezing feet and hands. At length the glad tidings passed down the column that the sea was in sight, and soon our freezing ride would be over. I think it was about the 13th of December when we arrived at Pascagoula. Here we went into camp, and awaited transportation

by sea to New Orleans. The writer had been suffering with fever and ague for several days, so he was put under charge of Dr. Charles Gray, and packed off to New Orleans in advance of the troops. I did not see the boys again until they arrived at New Orleans about Christmas day, and then we were all marched out and camped in dog tents at Carrollton. Here was passed a wretched existence for some days, and then we were shipped up the river back to our camp at Baton Rouge. Thus ended the Pascagoula, or as it was then termed, the Davidson Raid. The distance traveled by the expedition from Baton Rouge, La., to Pascagoula, by the route we took, was several hundred miles. We had numerous engagements with the enemy, captured a large number of prisoners, and destroyed vast quantities of material designed for the aid and comfort of the enemy.

From recent data given by Lieut. Littlewort, I will add the following:

The detachment sent to cut the Mobile & Ohio Railroad comprised the Second New York Veteran, the First Louisiana and a party of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, all under the command of Lieut.-Col. Gurney; the First Louisiana was left at the crossing of Leaf River to cover the retreat should one be necessary. Col. Gurney pushed on with the Second New York and detachment of the Eleventh New York, but did not reach the railroad, because at Franklin Creek on the state line he was confronted by a large force of Confederate cavalry, which he defeated and drove back on their infantry and artillery support. The dash was a brilliant one. Three squadrons, led by the gallant Maj. Van Vost, of the Second New York, immediately charged with the sabre, while Col. Gurney moved with the balance of the force on their flank. The enemy was thoroughly routed, his train captured and some prisoners taken, besides a number killed and wounded. Van Vost's loss was about thirty killed and wounded, including two officers. Col. Gurney, finding it impossible to reach the railroad, at

once recrossed the river, and marched south to rejoin the main column; about twelve miles from Pascagoula they met the First Texas Union Cavalry, sent out with rations and forage for the half-starved troopers and their horses, who had eaten nothing for three days.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PASCAGOULA
RAID.

BY LIEUT. CALVERT.

The articles on the Pascagoula, or Davidson Raid, have stirred the leaves of buried memories. Incidents long since forgotten have sprung from their rest of many years, and have blossomed into recollections both sad and gay. For, indeed, it was very gay to ride along through the beautiful south country, in the heyday of youth, with no pressing thought of liabilities to meet, and nothing very particular to interfere with the luxury of breathing the balmy air; and certainly at the same time an involuntary witness to some of the cruel scenes of war.

Nothing, perhaps, in all that ride of several weeks' duration is so pictured on the retina of my memory as the sight of the two young ladies whom we met, one bright beautiful morning, walking sorrowfully along the road. They were crying, and one of them, who carried a sun-bonnet in her hand, had a fresh wound on her cheek. "That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak," told a tale of lawlessness more effectively than words could tell it. Men said that some of the wild boys of the Texan regiment had ill used these young ladies, and Gen. Davidson was reported to have declared that if he could discover the offenders he would burn them at the stake.

These were strong words; but Gen. Davidson habitually used strong words.

I hear some of them plainly now, ringing through the corridors of time; and see his form with perfect vision, even through the haze of the long distance which I have traveled over since the day he reviewed us on the parade ground at Baton Rouge, before

we started on the expedition to cut the Mobile & Ohio Railroad.

He had, as I remember, given the order, "trot." One of the squadrons broke from the trot into a gallop. Setting spurs to his noble grey charger, he dashed before the offending squadron, and bawled out: "Trot, I say, trot; if any man in my command gallops when I give the order 'trot,' I'll run my sabre through him as sure as there is a God in Heaven."

This incident marked our introduction to him, and our subsequent association with him was like this beginning. One day, during our march, he rode past us on his way to the front, and asked the question, "What regiment is this?" We told him, and he replied: "D——n me, but you look fine." Then, turning toward one of his staff, he still further complimented us by the remark: "I'm d——d if they don't look fine." There was a lieutenant in our regiment who was as much addicted to the use of expletives as was the general. A bridge had broken down, and this lieutenant was detailed with a squad of men to repair it. He was performing this duty with a lavish expenditure of his characteristic profaneness when Gen. Davidson rode up. On hearing the lieutenant swearing aloud in a manner worthy of himself, he "pricked up his ears like the horse that hears the corn bin open," and ejaculated, "Who is that man? Send him to me, he is a man after my own heart;" and when the lieutenant presented himself in obedience to the summons, he was told to report to the adjutant for duty on the staff during the remainder of the raid. So true is it that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. I do not swear myself, and perhaps that is why I have never been able to forget the thundering words of the general and his rival in a senseless habit.

I remember very well about the bees. Poor things! Surely they also felt the severity of war; yet their honey was delicious. Some of our boys ruthlessly turned over the hives

and robbed them, leaving the inmates unprovided and unsheltered in the chilly air. For chilly, indeed, were those December days and nights to us, whose clothing was nothing to boast of in warmth or weight. But great blazing forest fires illuminated our march and warmed us up too. We fired tens of thousands of the long-leaved pine, known along our coast from Virginia to Texas as Georgia pine, and in England as pitch pine. This tree is exceedingly valuable for its resinous products; producing nearly all the turpentine, tar, resin, and spirits of turpentine used in the United States. The resin

disappear in a twinkling from the road to rally round the wayside fires, and the squadron in the rear of it would close up and occupy the vacated place.

One afternoon as we were riding on high ground, a long clear line presented itself to our view, stretching away to a great distance on our left flank. Some of our boys who were inland bred called out, "Look at the prairie."

But my eye more truly knew that line too well to mistake the ocean for a prairie, and I said, "I do not know where we are, but depend upon it that is the sea."

In a few hours we were at Pasca-



U. S. TRANSPORTS.

had exuded in a semi-fluid state and accumulated in a receptacle which had been cut in each tree by the confederates, and it was to prevent our enemies from utilizing this resin in their war against our government that we destroyed their trees. The smoke from the burning timber was dense and black, and disfigured us so much that comrades, who knew each other well, sometimes stood together for quite a little while before venturing to speak to one who might be a stranger.

So cool was the weather that, on many occasions after nightfall, when some obstruction at the front caused the column to halt, a squadron would

goula Bay, and found transports ready to convey us to New Orleans.

While crossing Lake Pontchartrain, I suffered much from cold in my right eye. I had been afflicted a short time before with a sty, and the assistant surgeon had lanced it before it was ripe. Now, a sty, which in itself is a very sore thing, is a tumor or boil on the edge of the eyelid, and as I subsequently learned by experience, should be allowed to ripen, and then be relieved of its pus by pulling out the eyelash which happens to be in the center of the sty. I had three sties on the same eye in three weeks—never any before and never any after—and I

am at loss to account for the visitation, unless it was caused by cold and smoke. I could obtain no relief for the inflammation, under the circumstances, other than a poultice of tea leaves, for which I had to forage round considerably.

I must have presented as woe-begone an appearance as does Don Quixote in some of Doré's representations, as I rode in the column through the streets of New Orleans, for my eye was bandaged up, the crown of my hat gone, so that the parting of my hair was determined by the wind, and my clothes, like those of my comrades, were sorely discolored by the heavy pitch pine smoke. I trust that the interesting articles on the Davidson and other raids will unlock the springs of memory in many of the old boys who are scattered over the land, and cause the pages of our history to sparkle with reminiscences of the part which Scott's 900 Volunteer Cavalry took in the great and successful struggle for the preservation of the Union.

MOBILE BAY.

In answer to a request for a sketch of the Mobile expedition, Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson sends the following memorandum copied from his diary. As they give the events and the impressions made at the time, it is believed they will be of great interest to the reader.

July 21, 1864—Received orders to proceed to New Orleans and relieve Lieut.-Col. Van Patten on the board of United States commissioners.

New Orleans, July 22d—My position quite a desirable one.

New Orleans, July 26th—Capt. Benedict in the city on detached service. "Our regiment is in hard lines."

August 1st—I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend, Maj. Montgomery, assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Gordon Granger. Montgomery wishes me to accompany him on the Mobile expedition, which is now ready to sail. I have seen Gen. Granger, and he invited me to make myself at home on his steamer. I obtained

leave of absence to accompany the expedition as volunteer aide on Granger's staff.

STEAMER "LAURA," MISSISSIPPI SOUND.

August 3, 1864—Going to Lakeport on Lake Pontchartrain in haste Sunday afternoon, I saw in the distance on the edge of the horizon the "Laura," fast becoming a mere speck. This was a pretty how-de-do! But there was no help for it. The beach was lined with sailors and cafés. I strolled into one of the most respectable looking ones and was soon relieved from my despondency by new found acquaintances, consisting of Col. Rike and officers of his command (Second Louisiana Colored Engineers). Col. Rike, after learning of my mishap, was kind enough to ask me to take passage on his transport, then coaling at the wharf, and join Montgomery later. I found the colonel and officers very good men, and had a good time while with them. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was a Belgian officer and we became friendly.

The theatre of the operations being inaugurated for the capture of Mobile was very extensive. Dauphine Island, where the land forces, under command of Gen. Granger, were concentrated, is the easternmost of a chain of six long narrow sandy islands. On the south side it is protected from the encroachments of the sea by a wall of dazzling white sand, relieved by a singular growth of bright green shrubs. Fort Gaines is the point for which Granger is struggling.

On the second day out we found ourselves off the island known as Pretty Rose. The expedition lay off and about—a grand and magnificent spectacle, ships of war, transports, and other vessels, extending apparently miles in every direction, waiting for good weather for debarkation.

The navy will be ready in a day or two to open fire upon the forts, and it is possible an encounter may take place between war ships. It is reported there are seven ironclads, one of them the

Tennessee. Quite formidable! Going on board the "Laura" I reported to Maj. Montgomery, Assistant Adjutant-General. He greeted me warmly, and at once put me to work writing, etc.

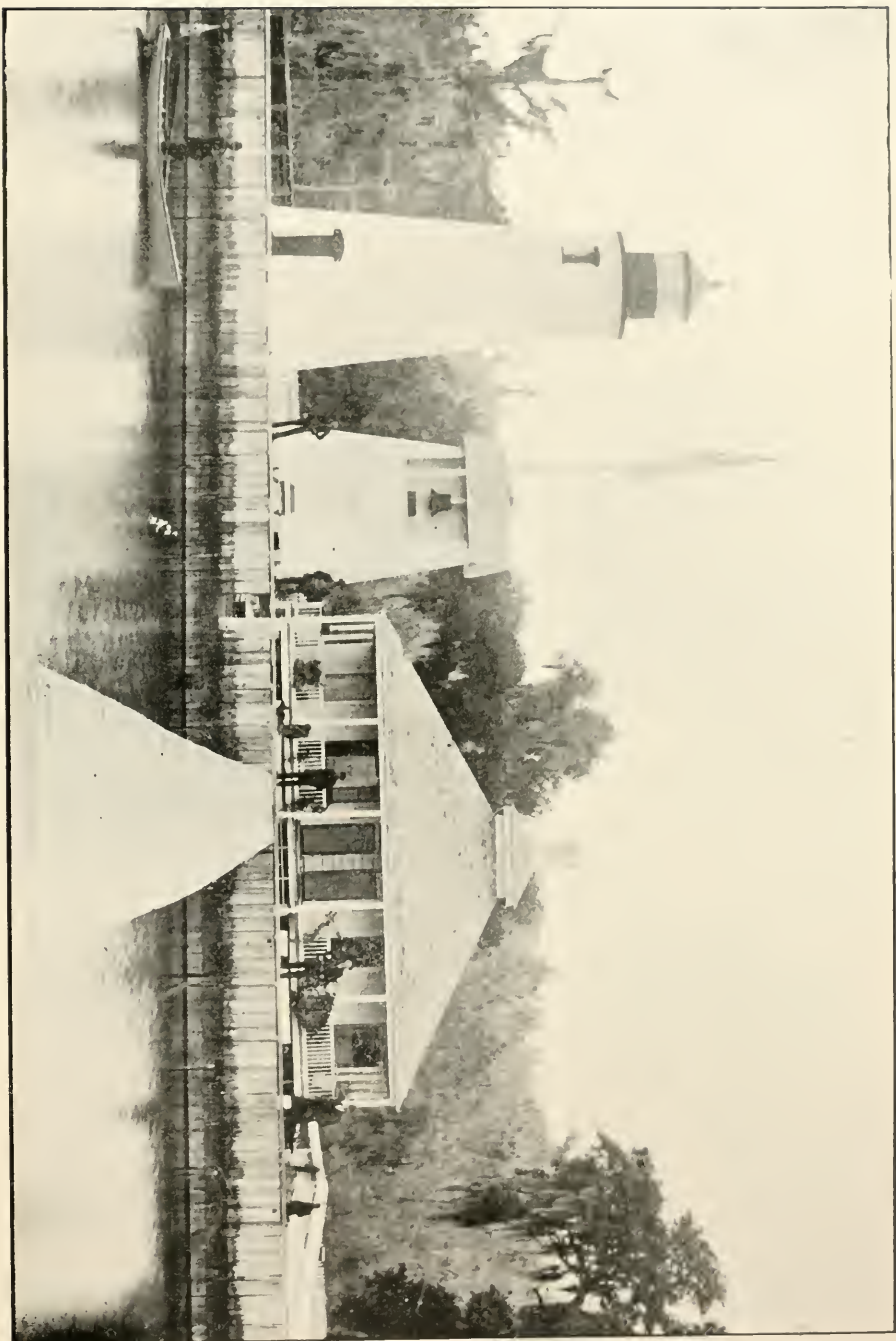
Gen. Granger put me through a long course of questions about the whereabouts of different regiments, transports, etc., which I answered rapidly, for I had been doing nothing lately but study the expedition. Gen. Gordon had about 5,000 men. The only member of "Scott's 900" present, besides myself, is Sergt. Johnson, formerly first sergeant E company, now a lieutenant of Maryland cavalry (dismounted).

Dauphine Island, August 5th.—To-day I witnessed the grandest sight I ever hope to see. Maj. Montgomery gave me orders to attend to the landing of a heavy siege battery on Dauphine Island, to assist in the reduction "by land" of Fort Gaines. This battery was from Indiana, and the men worked like good fellows; but the surf rendered the work very difficult. The reason I was sent to direct the landing was that the quartermaster could not bring it about. Much hard work and some hard talk was necessary, but we got the guns ashore. After landing them I went forward with a party of officers and men across the island so as to witness the naval battle, which was progressing all this time. It was fatiguing, working our way through the underbrush so as not to be seen by the enemy, but apparently it was a desert. The fight was short. One of the rebel gunboats was captured, and the others fled under the protection of their forts. On returning to the landing I witnessed a beautiful sight—that of the landing of Granger's troops in small boats. Our lines are being pushed right under Fort Gaines, and the work of establishing batteries is going on. New Orleans will feel sorry to learn of the triumph of the Union, for they are great rebels there.

Dauphine Island, August 6, 1864—Yesterday was a proud day with Faragut and his squadron. Mobile Bay is in our hands, and the forts cannot

long remain free. At about 6 A.M. yesterday our fleet slowly steamed up towards the forts, the "Monitor" in advance, and twelve wooden vessels following. The first gun was fired by the "Tecumseh" at 6:20, but the rebels did not reply until about 7 A.M., when the "Monitor" in advance was abreast of the fort.

The fight then opened, our fleet moving up in line extending over the space from Sand Island to Fort Morgan, at least three miles. The effect of our fire soon silenced the southern shore battery. The wooden vessels steamed much faster than the monitors, and therefore cleared the forts first. Buchanan's fleet lay northwest from Morgan in the channel. The "Tecumseh" (monitor) made directly for the rebel ram "Tennessee," her commanding officer having determined to engage the rebel, and had his guns double-shotted for that purpose. She had not proceeded a half dozen lengths from the fort when the executive officer noticed a buoy, and, fearful of torpedoes, informed the commanding officer, so that the buoy might be avoided. The captain, however, had "four bells" sounded (which means, I learn, to go ahead with full head of steam), and the "Tecumseh" struck the torpedo under her bow, which exploded with such violence as to throw her completely over. I understand that only a very few escaped death. The men in the turret had the best show. They jumped into a small boat and rowed out of the fight. They were fired at by everybody—Union and rebel—but got away safe and sound. After the catastrophe, the flag ship, coming opposite Fort Gaines, discharged her terrible broadsides of 9-inch guns, and each succeeding vessel, as it came up, poured in broadsides, and when relieved proceeded up the channel. Faragut by these tactics saved his fleet from a fire in their rear, and prevented the rebel garrison from responding with vigor. The ordeal of fire having been passed through in comparative safety, all that was left to contest the passage up the channel was the "Ten-



LIGHTHOUSE, LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

nessee." She made a savage fight, but the odds were too much, and she was obliged to haul down her flag. Yesterday I went to within 1,200 yards of Fort Gaines, where the Second Louisiana Engineers were throwing up earth works. To-morrow a battery of six 30-pound Parrott guns will be in position, and the reduction of "Gaines" will only be a question of time. Fort Powell will probably be abandoned, its importance now being destroyed. The fleet were lying quietly in the upper bay yesterday. Deserters report Fort Gaines has 500 men and six months provisions. The United States dispatch boat "Tennessee" was burned by the rebels yesterday. The rebel gunboat "Morgan" escaped to sea after our fleet had run by the forts. Our land operations were dilatory and disgracefully slow, no energy or push. The navy has done everything, and to it belongs great credit. To-morrow I leave for New Orleans on the steamer "Tamaulipas," with dispatches for Gen. Canby.

New Orleans, August 8th—Last

night I thought the "Tamaulipas" was going to pieces. The captain and crew lost their resolution (the captain looked like a nice old down-east farmer), and were about to throw overboard a large amount of ammunition, which they thought the tremendous lightning would ignite. I persuaded the captain that in any event, if struck, lightning would destroy us, so he might as well take the chances. We lay at anchor most of the night, and about daylight the weather moderated. Have just reported at Canby's headquarters. Gen. Canby asked me a great many questions.

August 9.—Gen. Canby gave me dispatches for Gen. Granger. The "Tamaulipas" returned to Dauphine Island to-night.

Dauphine Island, August 12th—Arrived just in time to be present at the siege of Fort Gaines, which promises to last through the month with that of Morgan.

New Orleans, August 14th.—Have again returned with dispatches from Mobile bay.

CHAPTER XIX.

Move on the columns! Why delay?
Our soldiers sicken in their camps;
The summer heats, the autumn damps,
Have sapped their vigor day by day;
And now the winter comes apace,
With death-chills in its cold embrace,
More fatal than the battle-fray.

—W. D. GALLAGHER.

LEAVING LOUISIANA—VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI, BY CAPT. NICHOLETTS—ENCAMPMENT ON CHICKASAW BLUFFS—THE ARKANSAS RAID—REPORT ON ARKANSAS RAID, BY COL. OSBAND.

ON the evening of January 7, 1865, the regiment left Baton Rouge, embarked on steamboats, and proceeded up the Mississippi River. Landings were made at Natchez and other places. It rained almost continuously from the time of leaving until we debarked at Vicksburg on the afternoon of the 9th. The regiment marched through the city and encamped outside the works at Four Mile Bridge. On the 18th we again embarked, stopped at the mouth of the White River and other places along the route. The weather was intensely cold and many men suffered from lack of sufficient clothing. On the night of the 23d the regiment landed at Memphis, Tenn., marched through the city, and encamped on Chickasaw Bluffs, about a mile south of Fort Pickering, near Nonconnah Creek, a small stream which empties into the Mississippi River, near President Island.

A sketch by Capt. Nicholetts, descriptive of the trip up the river and incidents of the voyage, is herewith given:

"Early in January, 1865, while encamped at Baton Rouge, La., the Eleventh New York Cavalry got marching orders. We embarked on steamboats bound up the Father of Waters, and,

being tired of our quarters, we were all glad to have a change. It was my good fortune to be on the old steamer "Illinois," a slow but roomy boat. The river was booming and we had a good chance to see the Mississippi "on a tear." We shortly made Vicksburg, and, as it was the first time our boys had a chance to see that famous stronghold, we were all much interested, and as soon as the boat made a landing we were surprised at receiving orders to disembark; but the news was welcome, as we all wanted to see Vicksburg more closely. After landing we were marched through the city and camped outside the works, on the Jackson road. After making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, some of us started out to see the historic city, and, as we rode through the works, we were astonished at the stupendous character of the defenses, both natural and artificial. It had been my good fortune to see a number of military strongholds in Europe, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and others, but, with the exception of the first named, the defenses of Vicksburg seemed more wonderfully strong than any fortifications I had ever seen. With a trained soldier's eye I examined them closely, and my observations con-

firmed me in my belief that Gen. Grant, the conqueror of such defenses, was a general worthy to rank with Napoleon, Wellington, and Marlborough. I could not then, and do not now, understand how a strong and brave army sufficient to man the works, properly led and well victualled, could be compelled to surrender such a place, as Pemberton did on July 4, 1863. It is true that, unless relieved or able to keep open his base of supplies, surrender was inevitable sooner or later; but he ought to have held the city as long as there was a ration or a rat for his men to eat. On entering the city we were surprised to see the caves or excavations that dotted the hillside, and we learned on inquiry that these holes in the hill had been made for dwelling places for the citizens and their families, driven from their homes by the continuous storm of shot and shell poured by the besiegers into the doomed city. Great must have been the dangers and privations suffered by the poor women and children, cooped up in the city during that fearful time. The heroism shown by the women is now a theme of song and story, but thus it always is in times of real danger; soft, delicate, and cultured women display a heroism that men and even soldiers may envy and be proud of. We rode about the city, but found that most of the damages caused by the siege had already been repaired and buildings were going up on all sides. Of course we were anxious to see the spot where Grant and Pemberton met to arrange the terms of surrender. There was not much to see, but still when the spot was pointed out to us, we felt much interested and sitting down and taking a quiet smoke, we pondered over the stirring events that culminated on this famous spot, and in our mind's eye we saw the quiet, unmoved face of our great soldier, Grant, as, cigar in mouth, he listened to the tall, handsome confederate chief, Pemberton. Few were the words that fell from Grant's lips, but momentous were the events those words decided.

After a most interesting day we returned to camp, and, although we had

enjoyed a good dinner in the city, our homely camp supper of sow belly, crackers and hot coffee in a tin cup had the same old relish. Boys, how queer it is, when we think of it now, that such fare as we used to get in those days seemed perfectly royal; but hard marching and sleeping on mother earth under the broad canopy of Heaven gave us keen appetites, and as we never appropriated cattle, hogs or poultry that belonged to somebody else, our consciences were clear, and we ate heartily and slept the sleep of the just.

Well, we were in camp only two or three days when we were agreeably surprised by the advent of the paymaster. His visits had been like an angel's, few and far between, and our purses were always thin and empty for a long time before Uncle Sam would mercifully consider our condition and send us help.

The paymaster, when he appeared, was far away the most popular man in camp, and as eight months had expired since last pay-day, the boys had a good wad of greenbacks, and were eager to get out and have a good time, as they called it, which good time consisted in spending their hard-earned pay in the shortest possible time. We now read sometimes of how the soldiers saved their money and sent large sums by express to the north, but those soldiers were like the "Black Swan" of our schoolboy days, "rara avis." In my four years of service in the Union army, I knew of but two of the "swans." One was a captain, who was also a long-headed officer, who made money by loaning money, and the other was a man of my company, who was found dead in his tent one morning at Baton Rouge. He was one of the old men, and while we lay at Baton Rouge he was sick with chills and fever. He did not wish to go to the hospital, so I let him stay in camp and do such stable and police duty as he was able to perform. He was a queer kind of man; he would go moaning around, and had not much life or talk about him. While he was

sick in camp, I understood that he was in the habit of borrowing such small sums of money as the boys had to spare. One day my orderly sergeant reported that the man had been found dead in his tent. I went to see him, and ordered that the body be carried over to the hospital, and after this had been done, the orderly came to me and said that he suspected that the man might have money about his person. I directed the sergeant to go over and search the body, which he at once did, and to his surprise found secreted the sum of \$110 in greenbacks. He brought the money to me, and it was at once expressed to the man's wife in St. Lawrence county, New York. A day or two after we had been paid at Vicksburg, we were again embarked on the Mississippi, en route for Memphis, Tenn. The trip up stream was long and tedious, the river was a rolling flood, and the good Illinois was an awful slow boat, and to while away and enliven the tedious hours the officers passed their time playing cards, and I guess the enlisted men did the same, for their pockets were full and they had no chance to "blow in" their superfluous wealth at Vicksburg, and "bluff" was a favorite game. In the saloon the officers indulged in a game called "lansquenet." It was, I believe, introduced by Capt. Raymond, and each officer took his turn to hold the bank. The writer had never been much of a card player, but as time hung heavy on our hands and our hearts and heads both were light, I was seduced among the rest by the charms of "lansquenet." No particular harm was done until about two days from Memphis, when Raymond held the bank. Dame Fortune seemed to smile upon him from the cards, and before the boat made fast to the shore at Memphis, Raymond had all our greenbacks and we held the bag; I am ashamed to say how much Raymond won, but I know that we had all to apply to him, cap in hand, for a loan. This was the first and last time I ever indulged in real gambling, and I still have a painful consciousness of how mean I felt.

We landed at Memphis, marched through the city, and encamped about a mile south of Fort Pickering."

ENCAMPMENT ON CHICKASAW BLUFFS.

This encampment in the snow near Memphis is remembered chiefly for the misery that it caused.

It seems strange that a regiment just arrived from a comparatively warm climate should have been permitted to remain inactive on a bleak hill-side, with no fuel but what could be chopped from the stumps of trees, and with no shelter but that which could be improvised from pieces of tents and blankets, or by burrowing into the sides of the ravine.

It was, perhaps, no worse than many other trials that we had endured, and at the time it received less consideration than the recollections awaken now; but it seemed inhuman to have sent men and horses to shiver and freeze at a place where there was no duty to perform—a place within sight of the city of Memphis, with all its means for comfort and rich in everything that a soldier required, and where the men and horses might have been put in good condition for the many hardships that awaited them.

It has been said by such men as those who fled to Canada to escape the draft, when their country needed defenders, that the volunteers received pay for their services, and therefore deserved no other consideration from the government. But when it is remembered that a month's pay would scarcely buy a pair of boots, the fallacy of such reasoning is apparent.

If these draft-evading economists and their soldier-hating kindred, who would deprive deserving pensioners of their meager allowance, could have but one month's service such as we had in the winter in Tennessee and Arkansas, they would be ready to render the only service to the country that such persons are able to give, by taking their kind departure to that unknown land where the warmth is greater than that we found on that frozen hill-side by the Mississippi.

THE ARKANSAS RAID.

On the 26th of January the regiment left Memphis on an expedition commanded by Col. Osband, and entered Arkansas at Gaines' Landing. The column took a southwesterly course through a sparsely settled country, which, by reason of frequent rains, was inundated from the overflow of numerous streams. Across the country, in rain, snow and sleet, the troops made their way. The ten days' rations which had been issued were soon exhausted; for much had been ruined by frequent wettings. Such roads as there were became almost impassable; the country furnished nothing for subsistence, and in a few days the men and horses were weak for want of food and worn from the toilsome march through dreary swamps. Scores of horses were mired and abandoned in the swamps. Some men, it is said, too weak to build a place to repose, or to roost like birds in the branches, fastened themselves by surcingle to trees to rest, rather than lie down in the water. Many negroes who attempted to follow the column on foot were forced to give up their flight for freedom. Fortunately, enough horses and mules were captured to replace the lost horses.

The expedition returned to Memphis on the 13th of February. Details are given in the next chapter. Since the preceding recollections of the Arkansas Raid were written and sent to the printer, the report of Col. Embury D. Osband has been published in the Official Records, and the following statement of additional dates and events is taken from his report:

The troops composing the expedition were from the following cavalry regiments, viz.: Seventh Indiana, Eleventh Illinois, First Mississippi, Twelfth Illinois, Eleventh New York, Third U. S. Colored, and Second Wisconsin—2,621 men in all. The command left Memphis January 26, at 10 P. M.; arrived at Eunice, Ark., six miles above Gaines' Landing, on the 28th, at 4:30 A. M.; crossed Bayou Mason at 1 P. M., and captured the pickets at the ferry,

January 29, arrived at Mason's Lake; marched twelve miles through an almost impassable swamp; reached Judge Belzer's on Bayou Bartholomew at 2 P. M.; the last four miles were worse than the preceding twelve. Several pack mules, exhausted by fatigue and frequent miring, had to be abandoned. January 30, marched to Halloway's Ferry; a number of prisoners, horses and mules were captured by flanking parties sent out for that purpose; burned a large grist mill. A mile and a half from the ferry a supply depot, with commissary stores, one hundred stands of arms and a large amount of ammunition, was destroyed by fire. January 31, captured the transport Jim Barkman at Poplar Bluff, with crew and fifteen other prisoners; burned a distillery, grist mill and large lot of cotton and corn. February 1, marched to Knox's Ferry; sent the captured steamboat to Point Pleasant; pushed the First and Second brigades through Bastrop, La., to Grant's Mills; sent the Third Brigade to Oak Ridge, hoping to capture Col. McNeil's force, said to number 800 men, or force him to a fight. February 2, remained at Bastrop; foraging details brought in large number of negroes, horses and mules. At 3 P. M., Col. Funke arrived and reported that McNeil's force at Oak Ridge had been greatly exaggerated, and fled on his approach and scattered in the swamps. He captured some prisoners, horses and mules. February 3, sent two squadrons of Eleventh Illinois to Prairie Mer Rouge to burn forage and cotton; command moved below Point Pleasant, and ferried across the bayou on the steamboat. The detachments sent to Grant's Mills and Monroe found those places nearly deserted, Harrison's command having moved across the Washita River. February 4, the troops having crossed the bayou, the steamboat was burned and the hulk sunk in a narrow part of the channel at 2 A. M.; marched twenty-eight miles, and camped near the Louisiana state line; sent out detachments to gather up stock. February 5, marched at 6 A. M.; country completely

flooded; the road was a perfect quicksand, while the land on either side afforded no footing whatever; reached Hamburg with the advance brigade. The crossing of the advance troops rendered the fords of the numerous streams impassable, so that the other two brigades had to build bridges to cross the streams. They lost several animals, and reached Hamburg on the 6th. The weather was the worst of the trip, being wet and intensely cold; several contrabands perished from exposure. February 6, the detachment of the Eleventh Illinois rejoined the com-

man killed, two captured, seven men left on account of sickness, being unable to ride; 252 horses and mules died or were abandoned. We captured 44 prisoners and 634 horses and mules, and brought in a large number of rebel deserters and refugees, also many negroes, 200 of whom entered the service.

This expedition had for its object the destruction of Harrison's command. The Washita River was from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width, and no boats of any kind with which to effect a crossing.



MAIN STREET, BASTROP, LA.

mand, having burned 200,000 bushels of corn and some cotton, and captured some prisoners, horses and mules. February 7, marched at 5 A. M.; had much difficulty, all the streams, creeks and sloughs being very full; reached Collins' Mill at 7 P. M. February 8, the rear brigades arrived, having been delayed by bridging streams and the wretched condition of the roads. February 9, marched through Shanghi to Bayou Bartholomew; encamped at Hughes' plantation. February 10, crossed Bayou Mason; marched to Gaines' Landing. Our loss was one

In closing his report, Col. Osband says: "It is but justice to the officers and men composing the expedition to say that the hardships of the trip were the most severe ever encountered by cavalry in this country. Anything less than their high discipline and determination would have failed to bring the expedition to a successful termination. To brigade commanders, and through them to every officer and soldier in the division, I desire to return my thanks for their indomitable energy and perseverance, as well as their soldierly conduct."

CHAPTER XX.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARKANSAS RAID, BY CAPT. NICHOLLETS—A PRISONER OF WAR AMONG THE CONFEDERATES, BY SERGT. ROSS.

WHEN the orders came for a big raid across the river into Arkansas, the news was hailed with joy, although we fully appreciated the fact that it was winter time and that the country was flooded by heavy rains. The raid would be no pleasure jaunt nor picnic. We cavalry boys did not start out on our raids with tents or camping paraphernalia of any kind, and what we could not carry on our horses we had to do without. The command on this Arkansas raid consisted of seven regiments of cavalry. Our brigade consisted of the Eleventh New York, Twelfth Illinois and Third United States Colored Cavalry under command of Lieut.-Col. H. B. Dox of the Twelfth Illinois regiment and the whole under command of Col. Osband, of the Third United States Colored Cavalry. This was the first time we had been brought into contact with the colored troops "that fought bravely," but here, let me say, that we found the colored boys to be gallant soldiers, and they did their work well on this raid.

On January 26, 1865, we embarked for Gaines' Landing on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi. We made several landings at wood-yards, and weird was the scene on these occasions. The night was very dark, and to see several hundred men, hurrying by light of pine torches, from the wood-piles to the boats was a scene that would have delighted the heart of a painter. About daybreak we made a point on the Arkansas side. I think it was not Gaines' Landing, but if it had a name I have forgotten it. Here all the boats made a landing and the troops disem-

barked. The land was low and swampy, and we saw at once that we were in for a hard old time. None of us had ever seen our commander,



JAS. MCKENZIE, 1ST LIEUT., "C" CO.
Commanding Company on Arkansas Raid.

Col. Osband; but it being reported that he was a bold and skillful officer, we expected that he knew where he was going and what he was going to do, and so we were satisfied and deter-

mined to do our duty well and leave our mark in Arkansas as we had done for three long years in Virginia, Louisiana and Mississippi. The bugles blew, and the orders were, "Forward, march!" We started full of hopes and high thoughts of daring deeds, but alas, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," as Robert Burns says, and by the time we returned again safely to Memphis, we had gone through more hardships and downright solid misery than we had ever encountered before during many a foray and fight.

As it turned out, our commander himself had no very clear views as to where we were going and what we were expected to do. In our campaigning days in Virginia, with the Army of the Potomac, we knew that we should have hard work, and generally hard fighting. Our old antagonists, Jeb Stuart and Mosby, were no drawing-room soldiers, and when we went out to hunt them up, sometimes we did the hunting and sometimes we were the hunted. Arkansas was a new field for us, and the scenery of that classic shore, as we first viewed it on a cold January morning, was certainly bracing, but not enchanting; that is to say, the air was bracing, uncommonly so, but the scenery was most repulsive. Behind us rolled the muddy Mississippi in a flood, and before us rolled the flat country and apparently interminable timber, also flooded.

Well, "all things come to those who wait," and we soon received orders to advance. The Eleventh New York led the way, then came the gallant colored boys of the Third, and the Illinois troopers brought up in the rear. After proceeding several miles, we came to a small town or village situated upon the banks of a small lake. We had no time to examine its beauties, but marched on until we found ourselves plunging through a veritable swamp. At first we did not take much notice, but when we found that there seemed to be no end to this swamp the awkward and unpleasant

nature of the situation was brought painfully to our notice. All efforts to keep a squadron formation in a column of fours were useless. Vainly I shouted orders to my own squadron to keep together; I soon found that it could not be done, and shortly the whole command, from front to rear, was scattered far and wide, each man for himself, striving as best he could to get his horse over the submerged and quaking bog. It was truly an awful



JOS. A. SMITH, 1ST SERGT. "C" CO.
Acting Lieut., Arkansas Raid.

job to get through this villainous swamp. I had all I could do to watch my horse, and keep him on his legs. One step would be on comparatively firm ground, and at the next my gallant steed would sink up to the saddle girths. Men were shouting to each other how to pick their way—"Oh, Jack, come this way, I have struck a

macadam," and before Jack could get to his comrade's side there would be a yell, and Jack could be seen dismounted, up to his knees in mud and water, tugging away at his horse, trying to get the animal out of a treacherous hole. Again would come a cry: "Oh, sergeant, I can't get out of this hole; my horse is played out. Don't leave me here; the 'Johnnies' or the buzzards will get me sure."

I had all I could do to look after my own horse, but had to see that none of the boys were left behind. We entered the swamp early in the day, but it was nearly dark when we at last emerged on a road that seemed to lead due south. By this time it was nearly dark, and we went into camp by the side of the road. After seeing our horses fed, we tried to make out a supper from the contents of our haversacks, but most of the grub was wet and spoiled, and we learned to our unspeakable disgust that nearly all of the ten days' rations we started out with was ruined, and for the future we must depend upon the country for subsistence. After supper, my orderly reported that two or three of the men had not got in. Hungry and worn out, we laid down on Mother Earth to sleep as best we could. The march through the twelve miles of swamp was certainly an unpardonable blunder. Scattered as the command was, each man struggling and straggling for himself, it was providential that we encountered no enemy. One hundred riflemen on foot and well acquainted with the ground, could have exterminated the whole command, and January, 1865, would have seen another Braddock's defeat, or something equally disgraceful. During the night the missing men turned up all right, and bright and early in the morning we were again in the saddle. On our march through the swamp, Lient. Von Weltzein, of my squadron, was in command of the advance guard. With him, as a guide, was a German civilian doctor, who had been run out of this part of Arkansas for his Union sympathies. After the troops got through the

swamp the guide remarked: "Now, in this country the third part of the peoples is Union folks." "Yes," answered Von, "I guess it is the third part, but as we have not seen a human being all day, the third must be the invisible part."

Once again on the march, we had to keep a sharp lookout, first for food and forage, and second for the appearance of the enemy. After getting over sev-



CHAS. A. MAY, "C" CO.

eral miles of pretty decent road, we struck Bartholomew Bayou. The water was high, and we had to wade and swim to get through to the opposite bank. We followed the bayou for several miles, and then went into camp. My squadron halted in the grounds of a plantation, and as I was served with fresh pork and chicken for supper I presumed the boys had found a commissary well supplied. I asked no

questions, but proceeded to enjoy what was set before me. That night some of the boys found an outhouse packed with loose lint cotton. They determined to enjoy a soft bed, so dragging out the cotton, they laid it in heaps, and then laid themselves in it; in the morning there was a crowd of white ghosts stalking around. The boys' clothing being damp, the cotton adhered to them closer than the proverbial poor relation. I think most of the boys who indulged in a soft bed had to draw new uniforms when we returned to Memphis. One of the men, rummaging about in the cotton pen, found an old stocking with some money in it; I think it was about \$20 in silver. Not being able to find an owner, and knowing that we had to live on the country, he put it into his pocket, much to the envy and disgust of his less fortunate comrades.

At last we approached a town. Just outside we met some rebel cavalry, and after a short skirmish and chase took them in. We then entered the town, called Hamburg but did not, on this occasion, enjoy the hospitalities of the place, but marched right through. After passing through Hamburg, we learned that we were bound for Monroe, La., and that we might meet with serious opposition on the road, as a large force of Confederates was reported to be at Monroe. Such roads as there were now became almost impassable. The country furnished nothing for subsistence, and horses and men were about played out for want of food. We were glad to reach the town of Bastrop, La., where we found rest and something to eat. After a rest we proceeded on our way. Small parties of Price's Bush Rangers were now and then encountered, but no large force opposed us until the Washita River was reached the expedition being now in Northern Louisiana. Here we were met by Harrison's Confederate brigade, but they fell back as the Union column advanced. A conscript camp was captured and destroyed and the enemy pursued for several miles, but they evinced no desire to bring on an en-

gagement. By the time we got within a few miles of Monroe, the expedition was in no condition to continue the march further. The horses and men were both in a sad state; hard marching and no rations are not conducive to bodily health or an effective military force. We now received orders to retrace our weary steps. But before I begin to tell of the homeward march, an incident that occurred at the crossing of the Washita River must be recorded. After entering Bastrop, word was brought, probably by an intelligent contraband, that there was a steamboat loaded with cotton on the river. A party was at once sent off to capture the boat, which was done without meeting much resistance. The load of cotton was not as large as reported, but there was a considerable number of bales. Not being able to take boat and cargo along with us, the whole was set on fire and burned up. The skipper of the boat declared that the cotton belonged to a British subject, and we would have trouble if we destroyed it. We thought little at that time of princes, potentates and powers, so away went the cotton in the fire and smoke. Some years after the war the writer was subpoenaed by a deputy United States marshal at Memphis, Tenn., to give evidence of the burning of this very steamboat and cotton, in a suit brought by one McDonald against the United States. McDonald claimed to be a British subject and sued for damages for the destruction of said boat and cotton. I appeared before a firm of lawyers in Memphis, and my deposition was taken, but whether McDonald ever recovered his damages or not I never heard, but I guess not. From the vicinity of Monroe, La., the return march began. The expedition was by this time in a terrible condition; the horses were played out, sore-backed and hardly able to move; hundreds of them had to be abandoned, and the riders forced to levy on the stables along the road. Horses, mules and even jacks and jennies were in demand, and the well-appointed body of cavalry that started out from

Memphis on January 26, in all the proud circumstance of war, was now truly a motley, ragged and bedraggled mob of mounted men. The soldiers had no change of clothes with them, and the clothes they wore had been constantly wet since leaving the banks of the Mississippi River on the morning of January 28. The ten days' rations we started with had all been rendered unfit for food, the country was almost destitute, and our subsistence was of the very scantiest description. Roasted corn and sweet potatoes were about all the grub we could get. One dollar apiece was offered for hardtack, but no takers could be found for the exchange.

Now our troubles really began. The numerous streams we had to cross were swollen by the constant rains, the whole country was overflowed, and the roads were diabolical; to add to our troubles, hundreds of contrabands, men women and children, abandoned their homes in Arkansas to follow Abe Lincoln's men, their only idea being to get away to freedom. Such a sight I never saw before, and hope never to see again. These poor, unfortunate black folks were entirely destitute of money; many had stolen away on mules and horses belonging to their masters, but the larger portion was obliged to trudge along on foot. It was a curious and distressing sight. Here you could see women staggering along, carrying their younger children in their arms and on their backs. Others came along carrying feather beds and other household goods on their heads. We had no food for ourselves, and of course we could not feed this multitude. How the poor wretches managed to subsist until we reached the steamboats awaiting the expedition at Gaines' Landing is a problem I cannot solve. Several painful and some ludicrous scenes happened among the poor darkies. One woman carrying a child in her arms found the child was dead. She cast the poor infant's body into a swollen stream and continued on her journey. The colored troopers of the Third United States

Colored Cavalry were brought into requisition, and women and children mounted behind them to cross the streams. At one stream a trooper's horse suddenly plunged into a deep hole. The soldier was holding a child in his arms, the mother being mounted behind. As the horse went down the child slipped from the arms of the soldier. The mother saw the mishap, and with a scream cast herself into the water, yelling, "Oh, my child, my child!"

Fortunately, both mother and child were rescued. When we halted at night, we interviewed many of these poor contrabands, and asked them why they left their homes, where they were going and how they expected to live. The reply invariably was:

"Oh, Massa Linkum's got we-uns free, and we is going along with you-uns. Massa Linkum will take care of us."

Some of our boys had great fun with these poor darkies. They asked them if they had ever heard of or seen Uncle Sam. They said, "Sure they had heard of Uncle Sam; he was the head man of the norf, but they had never seen him." The boys would then tell them that Uncle Sam was at Memphis waiting for them. There were cries of joy at this news, and they would shout to each other:

"Uncle Sam is waiting for we-uns at Memphis. Uncle Sam and Massa Linkum will take care of us."

These poor people certainly believed that in breaking their bonds of slavery and attaining to the dignity of free-men, they were going to a kind of paradise, where there would be plenty of good food and no work to do. You must remember these were not the intelligent colored men and women of the present day; they were the old style, slavery bred, cornfield and cotton-patch niggers, who in intellect and habits were little above the animals they used in their labors.

When we reached the town of Bastrop, some of our men were so sick they were unable to proceed. Sergt. Ross, of B company, with others, was

left in the town. They were afterwards made prisoners, and being subsequently exchanged, rejoined the regiment. After leaving Bastrop, the roads seemed to get worse instead of better, and we had some terrible marches. One march I particularly remember. We camped one night in the woods. This timber was full of Indian mounds, and as the lower ground was wet, these mounds afforded us somewhat dryer sleeping places. At dawn we started for a twelve-mile march to the town of Hamburg. A sharp storm of sleet was blowing in our faces the whole way; the day was bitterly cold and numerous swollen streams had to be crossed on our way. Although only a march of twelve miles and starting at daybreak, we did not reach Hamburg until dark. On entering the town, parties of rebels were chased through the streets and captured. I looked about for a comfortable shelter for my squadron, and finding a large carpenter shop, with an abundant supply of good seasoned timber, I immediately appropriated it as quarters. Soon we had blazing fires going, and the foragers having found some coffee and meat, we prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. On starting from Memphis, I had invested \$30 in a fine pair of cavalry boots. Since January 26 until now, about February 9, these boots had been wet, and my feet swelling, I had not been able to remove them. I now tried hard to get them off, but found the attempt useless, so had to resort to a knife. Thus was \$30 of good greenbacks offered up as a sacrifice to the cause of the Union. My lieutenant, the unique German, Von Weltzein, had in the meantime visited nearly every house in town, and now he reappeared with a bottle of the very vilest corn whisky I ever tasted. He said he found an old fellow who had just two bottles of this whisky. Von wanted to buy both bottles, but the old citizen would part with but one, for which Von paid him a five dollar greenback. The whisky was most abominable, but when mixed with sugar and hot water, to men in our con-

dition, it was most comforting. We had just sat down to take our solid comfort, when there was a shout outside:

"Want to see the commanding officer of the squadron."

The door was opened, and in stalked James R. Wood, the adjutant. "I want a detail of one lieutenant from your squadron for duty building a bridge."

Von Weltzein was the only lieutenant I had, so he was bound to go. Poor Von raved and swore. He would not go; he was sick; he would be shot before he would go! But there was no use kicking against orders; discipline carried the day, and Von went out again into the cold night, and for several hours was at work building a bridge. The men on the detail did not fancy going into the cold water, but it had to be done. The lieutenant could not stand on the bank and direct operations. He had to set an example; so in Von went, up to his waist, and worked away in that freezing water.

Some haters of the old soldiers, in the soldier-hating sheets, cry out: "These old soldiers ought not to have pensions; they were not disabled to any extent deserving a pension."

Oh, no. After riding day after day in wet clothes for three weeks, with nothing to eat but roasted corn and sweet potatoes, and then working for hours, up to your waist in freezing water, is no hardship. It is conducive to the most robust health. When these boys went through these privations and hardships they were young men, some of them in their teens; and they cheerfully endured all these evils for the sake of their country and its needs. These boys are now men of fifty years and upward. The toils and hardships they underwent in their youth and strength have broken down even the strongest constitutions. Oh, no; these men did nothing for which a preserved nation should be grateful! Is it a wonder that old soldiers get indignant when they read the howls in the soldier-hating press? For my part

I should like nothing better now than to have a lot of these howlers against pensions and send them on just such marches we went through, and then plant them up to their waists in freezing water; then I should like to leave them there.

Next morning we left Hamburg on our way to Gaines' Landing. We were about two days' march from the landing, and the last few miles the roads had no bottom, so we had to corduroy our way as we went. Any one who has gone over a corduroy of saplings laid on a rich and bottomless foundation of mud, can appreciate the fun we had getting our horses over this "patent macadam." At last, to our joy, we heard the whistle of the steamboats at the landing, and soon we were camped for the night along the levee. Bountiful provisions had been brought by the boats, and for the first time since January 27 we all had a good square meal. The next morning we embarked, arrived in Memphis on the 13th of February, and went back to our old camp below Fort Pickering. We started on the raid January 26, and although out but eighteen days, we suffered more real misery and hardships than on any of the countless expeditions we had participated in during our four years' service.

Polk, the provost marshal and a prominent Confederate of the town, from whom I received all the attention and care that it was possible to give to a suffering human being. I had a masonic emblem on my clothing, and, as Mr. Polk was a mason of high degree, it may that he was influenced in a measure by the fact that I was a brother mason in distress. But I believe also that he was actuated by the dictates of common humanity; be this



RICHARD ROSS, SERGEANT, "B" CO.

A PRISONER OF WAR AMONG THE CONFEDERATES.—RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AS A PRISONER AMONG THE CONFEDERATES.

BY SERGT. RICHARD ROSS, COMPANY B.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe
the air again
Of the freedom in our own beloved home."

I went on the Arkansas Raid with the regiment. As is well known, this was an expedition in which the troops suffered severely. I with a number of other men, worn out with the hardships and privations of the march, was left at Bastrop, Morehouse Parish, La. I believe the other men recovered from their sickness and managed to escape.

I was left at the residence of Horace

as it may, no one could have been more tenderly cared for than I, and I realize that my life would have ended in that far southern land but for the attentions of Mr. Polk and his family. Three Confederate doctors were called to visit me, among them Dr. Harrison, of Bastrop; also the Episcopalian minister, Dr. Lawson, who was formerly of Pennsylvania, but had espoused the cause of the Confederacy. It was thought by my comrades when I was left at this place that I was dying, and for two weeks I was unconscious. While in this condition, a party of Shelby's guerrillas came to the house,

and demanded that the "Yankee soldier" be given to them to be hanged.

My protector, Mr. Polk, addressed them, saying that they well knew his loyalty to the Confederacy, but that no sick man, whether friend or foe, should be taken from his home and killed so long as he had the power to defend him. I was permitted to remain at this place until I was well enough to be sent to a rebel prison. My Confederate friend endeavored to have me exchanged, but the rebel general, Kirby Smith, told him that no exchange of prisoners could be effected.

During my stay at this house a warm friendship was formed between my host's son, who was a wounded Confederate soldier of Hood's army, and myself. We occupied beds in the same room, and encouraged each other. When we parted I gave him my overcoat, and received from him a testament (which I now have) as mementoes of our friendship. In one of our conversations I spoke of my early life at my home at St. Thomas, in the West Indies; my friend asked me if I knew Waldemar Barnes, of St. Croix, and I recognized the name—a little fellow, whom I used to carry around the plantations in front of me on the saddle. I was told that this man was a major in the Confederate army, and was then in the town. He was sent for, and proved to be my little friend from St. Croix. He gave me hearty greeting, and said, "Damn you, why are you fighting against me?" I returned the compliment, and we ignored sectional affairs and renewed the friendship of former years. He sent his sister from Monroe, who vied with the others in helping me to recover.

When I left Mr. Polk he gave me \$40 Confederate money, some tobacco, and needles and thread; he said this was all he could afford, as times were so hard.

Before leaving Mr. Polk, his two daughters invited me to church to hear Dr. Lawson preach. I was the only Union soldier there, and was surrounded by Confederates.

I am reminded of another coinci-

dence. In 1863 I, with others of the regiment, was taken prisoner by the rebels under Gens. Lee, Stuart and Hampton, who were on their way to Gettysburg. One of the rebel guards, who had me in charge, robbed me of some valued photographs; I appealed to him in vain to restore them, telling him that they were of inestimable value to me, while they were valueless to him, but he would not give them back. Shortly after Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee passed by, and I appealed to them, telling them how I had been robbed, and Gen. Stuart compelled the guard to restore them. Years after I became acquainted with a merchant in New York, whose face was strangely familiar, and he seemed to remember me. One day I met him in a restaurant, and our conversation turned to the war. I learned from my friend that he had been a Confederate soldier. I told him about my capture by the rebels in Virginia; then my friend recognized me, and told me that he was one of the guards at that time, and witnessed the events that I have narrated.

But to return to my Louisiana friends: The time came when the Confederates claimed me as their prisoner, and after an affectionate farewell I was taken to the jail at Monroe. The jailer was an Italian named Delahoochie, an inhuman brute. There were sixteen Union soldiers in the prison, and there were but fourteen pairs of balls and chains, so we drew lots to see who should have the honor of wearing them; fortunately I escaped the decoration.

After about two weeks' sojourn in Monroe, I was taken to the prison at Alexandria. Here I found one other Unionist, also fourteen Confederates under sentence of death for desertion.

One of the prisoners had an old knife, and by means of it an escape was effected. A man lying on his back (to escape detection) would cut away at the plank floor, and after days of weary work an opening was made, through which our Confederate comrades in distress escaped. My Union comrade and

myself decided that in our enfeebled condition our chances for life were better in the prison, but we were badly treated thereafter for not informing the guard of the plan for escape.

I was sent back to Monroe for one week, and then sent to the Shreveport, La., "bull pen" for several months. We had hard times at this prison, and many died of starvation. Our daily ration was a small piece of bacon and a little corn meal. When we were released for exchange we

were nearly starved and too feeble to travel; we complained to Gen. Kirby Smith, who sent us coffee enough to make half a cup for each man, some flour and a loaf of bread.

We left for the mouth of the Red River on May 21, 1865, on the steamboat Tyler. I was then sent to Camp Distribution at Greenville, La., then to New Orleans, and then to Memphis, Tenn., where I met some of our regiment and received my discharge, being incapacitated for further service.



"THE BRIARS," HOME OF THE HOWELLS, NATCHEZ, MISS., WHERE
JEFF. DAVIS WAS MARRIED.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—RECOLLECTIONS, BY M. C. HYLAND—EXTRACT FROM A MEMPHIS PAPER—THE RIPLEY, MISSISSIPPI, RAID.

AT Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 24, 1865, the Eleventh New York and Twelfth Illinois Cavalry were designated as the Second Brigade, Department of Mississippi, Lieut. Col. H. B. Dox of the Twelfth Illinois commanding. Subsequently the brigade was known as the Second Brigade, District of West Tennessee, and was composed of the Twelfth Illinois, First Iowa, Second Missouri, and Eleventh New York Cavalry, Col. Hasbrouck Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois, commanding.

While the regiment was stationed on Chickasaw Bluffs, the bleak encampment was changed to a miniature city of pretty cottages made from boards or shingles split from chestnut logs.

The little houses were similarly constructed and contained four men each. The horses were picketed in front of the habitations along the company streets; the camp was "policed" daily, and was the admiration of military and civilian visitors.

"By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
Makes the frosty hill-side ring;
Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of death
To each horse's girth will spring."

While at this encampment the regiment performed the usual scouting, raiding and picketing duties; but the companies were not permitted to remain long together in the pretty village that they had constructed, but were assigned, by companies and detachments, to services at other places.

It was a somewhat singular circumstance that in the various changes of location, the regiment, or the detachments, were often relieved by the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, a regiment for which we had the greatest respect

and friendship, in striking contrast with the feelings entertained by us for another regiment from the same state.

Comrade Hyland contributes the following sketch of one of the many experiences while at Memphis:

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN.

On the last day of February, 1865, late in the evening, First Sergt. Mooney, of Company G, came down the company line notifying those boys whom he had selected that they were to be ready in the morning to leave camp before daylight. We knew nothing of the duty which we were to perform, but responded to our sergeant's command with a will, and he called the roll of G's contingent in front of our quarters that dark, calm morning, holding a candle in one hand and the roll book in the other, at the same time distributing the mail to each one lucky enough to have any.

This story is only one of a hundred similar experiences, and I tell it only because we had some sport on the expedition.

The different details from the other companies having responded in like manner, we were marched to regimental headquarters, numbering all told about sixty men. We were ordered to stop for breakfast wherever convenient. Later on Lieut. Littlewort, assuming command, gave the order, "By fours! forward march, trot, gallop," and away we sped toward that old historic stream which we so often crossed, Wolf River.

Arriving on its banks soon after daylight, we dismounted by the ford,

prepared our coffee and fried our pork, and there, in those grand old southern bowers, we discussed our hardtaek, salt junk and coffee with a relish; at the same time reading our mail.

Breakfast over, our bugler sounded assembly, and hastily mounting and forming by twos, the bugler sounded the stern command of our leader, "Forward march." On reaching the other side of the stream, we came upon the enemy's camp fires still burning brightly, with the corn still on the



MATTHEW C. HYLAND, "G" CO.

ground which their horses had not had time to eat. At once picking up the enemy's trail, the line of pursuit led almost continuously beside clear fields on one side and forest on the other; but strange to say, the foe did not stop to ambush us, which was one of his old tricks, and which, the boys of Scott's 900 will remember on several occasions, cost us many noble and valuable lives; well, however, we pushed the cavalry for fourteen miles direct, and at the end of that distance came to the

end of the road also, it having ended in the unbroken forest. Halting for a short time we faced about and retraced our steps, in the meantime keeping a sharp lookout for our wily foe. I wonder if any of the boys will remember firing on the wild geese on the new wheat. On our return, after recrossing Wolf River, we found a herd of hogs, some said wild ones; be that as it may, our boys succeeded in securing several nice porkers; the scene for a short time beggaring description; while with shooting, and the shouts of the men the woods echoed. Our pickets, some two miles distant, hearing the commotion, sent word to camp that the scouts were attacked. It was a small matter to send sixty men after a band of rebels some twenty miles within their lines, but when our firing at the hogs made the commandant think the pickets were attacked, a whole regiment would scarce suffice to drive the enemy away. Col. Davis sent out two battalions of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry to our rescue, but imagine their chagrin at discovering the men of the Eleventh New York had been making all this fuss on their own hook."

The following article is copied from a Memphis, Tenn., paper, published in the spring of 1865:

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE ELEVENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.—A MODEL REGIMENT.—A CITY IN EMBRYO.

We had the pleasure, yesterday, of a visit to the camp of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, at present in command of the veteran, Capt. Joseph C. Hyatt, stationed in the suburbs of Memphis, Tenn. We have never seen, during the last four years of this cruel rebellion, a more interesting, neat and well laid out camp than the one we are about to describe. In the incredibly short space of four weeks and three days the gallant "Eleventh New York Cavalry" changed the rugged and almost wild scene of their present encampment to one of the most lovely spots to be seen in this part of the State. The tents are regularly built and in such lovely position as to give one the idea when ap-

proaching the peninsula which stretches out into the Mississippi just at the head of President Island, that he is approaching a magnificent tented city. Once in the camp, the proportions of the streets dividing it are so splendidly laid out, the drainage so well attended to, and everything so neat and clean that he who is most fastidious can not help admiring the order and cleanliness which are met with on every side. The idea that one is in camp quickly disappears when he visits the commissary and quartermaster's quarters, and he passes to the saddler's tent, the lines



JOSEPH C. HYATT, CAPTAIN "E" CO.

of muleteers, and thence to the hospital department. In fact everything is so well arranged that a man who had never seen military life cannot help admiring the camp of the Eleventh New York Cavalry. The headquarters are arranged in a most admirable military style, (and the flagstaff is the most imposing one to be seen in the whole military encampment in that neighborhood), and one that would do honor to any soldier, than whom no braver or more thorough one exists

than Capt. Jos. C. Hyatt, the present temporary commander of the regiment. He entered the service in 1861; fought at the battle of Bull Run, and was made provost marshal of Alexandria under Gen. Franklin, a post which he filled with honor and the satisfaction of every loyal man of that city. Three of the companies of the "Eleventh" fought at Gettysburg and Shepherdstown, and as is well known, the former battle was the turning point of the rebellion. After passing through the headquarters we wended our way through the well laid streets of the camp (which were as clean and neat as any lady's parlor) and in a short time came in sight of the yellow flag. The hospital stands in a magnificent position, where the refreshing and healthful spring breeze wafts its invigorating flush on all standing on the well chosen position. Determined to see Dr. Charles Gray, the surgeon of the brigade, we passed around to his dwelling—as neat and cozy a little residence as any happy mortal could desire to dwell in—and made ourselves known. We found him a thorough gentleman, one who understands his business to the letter, and to our surprise, though young in years, a veteran in his profession, having served in the Crimean war, the Sepoy rebellion of East India, in China under Lord Elgin, and as surgeon of Col. Ellsworth's regiment in the early stages of the rebellion. The healthful position and sanitary measures of the Eleventh New York speak in the highest praises of the doctor's ability. Accompanied by our new medical friend, we passed through the hospital, and found everything arranged in such a manner as to give the utmost satisfaction; airy, neat and clean to a fault, while the edibles were of such nature as to be relished even by the most sickly. Under such a gentlemanly and clever doctor, it is no wonder that sixty-four sick when he took charge of the hospital, in the short space of four weeks were reduced to twenty-four. It is a pleasure to walk around the hospital grounds, to view the well laid out gardens, the cozy spring, the choice grape

vine clustering around the artificial arbor; and last, but not least, the ice house at the base of the hill, which must send a thrill of joy to every feverish brain in the hospital.

After examining the doctor's department we retired into his tent and partook of a hearty repast, which was made doubly happy by the appearance of his lovely and accomplished better half, who by the way, is the pride and admiration of the brigade.

The regiment is not to be outdone by anything, and we were forcibly reminded of this fact when we visited the commissary department, in charge of Sergt. Millett, who is every inch a military man, and one who is bound to win the affection of all who make his acquaintance. He is one of those young men who are bound to win proud names for themselves. Lieut. Wood, the adjutant of the regiment, is just another such man, and one who would carry out the most difficult command in the obedience of orders, and who is bound to make a mark in his profession. There are many others who are deserving of mention, but space forbids.

The regiment has more than its proportion of wits, and as an example of their funny doings we find the following joke perpetrated when the time of the regiment was up (however, more than two-thirds of the brave boys re-enlisted).

The captain commanding woke up one morning and found a head-stone (of paper) planted in front of his door, bearing this inscription, immediately following the figure of a man, running from a dead horse, with a bundle marked "For New York."

"Sacred to the memory of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, who departed this life on the 30th of April, 1865, dismounted and forlorn."

"The virtue of the brave boys none can impeach,
For they never took anything out of their reach."

This is the only New York regiment now doing service in the west, and although its original term of service has

expired, the regiment has re-enlisted for the war, and the great Empire State may be proud of her brave sons in this portion of the land, for they would be an honor and credit to any state or country. We can very well conclude with the refrain "God bless our brave boys in the field."

THE RIPLEY, MISS., RAID. — EXPEDITION
IN WESTERN TENNESSEE AND NORTH-
ERN MISSISSIPPI.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of March 3, 1865, the reveille was sounded and at daybreak, in a pouring rain, the



LEROY EVANS, "I" CO.

regiment formed in line with Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson in command.

The cavalry division left Memphis in the early morning; the roads, by reason of the recent heavy rains, were in bad condition and marching was difficult. We arrived at Germantown, Tenn., about fifteen miles east of Memphis in the afternoon of March 4th; drew ten days' rations at Germantown; marched about ten miles and went into camp about 9 p. m. March 5. Weather clear and cold, reveille at 4 a. m. "boots and saddles" at 6:30. "to horse" at 7. "forward" at 7:30. Marched through

the town of Mount Pleasant, Miss., and bivouacked beyond Lamar. Our regiment, which was in the rear, reached camp at 9:30 P. M.

March 6th—Broke camp at 6:30 A. M.; marched through Salem and camped near Ripley at night.

March 7th—The expedition went as far as Kelly's Mill, Miss., on the Tallahatchie. A large number of prisoners had been captured since leaving Memphis, many of whom seemed pleased to be taken. Private property, except horses and mules, was protected and many of the inhabitants expressed the wish that peace would soon be restored and the supremacy of the United States government established. Reconnoitering expeditions were sent out towards Holly Spring, Oxford and other places. Capt. Smith with a foraging party encountered a few of the enemy about twenty miles out on the Oxford road and took some of them prisoners.

The railroads were running under a flag of truce by an agreement between Gens. Thomas and Forrest.

March 8th—Scouting parties were sent out in all directions; there were numerous skirmishes, and many rebels gave themselves up, apparently thankful to be relieved from service in the Confederacy. The pickets on the New Albany road were attacked, but were strengthened and then drove the enemy away.

March 9th—Reveille at 5 A. M.; left Ripley at 7 o'clock, marched to Saulsbury, Tenn., had some skirmishing in the advance while on the way, and captured some prisoners in the town; rained hard during the early part of the day, then snow in the afternoon, when it cleared off cold. There was considerable suffering from cold on this expedition, as camp fires at night were not allowed.

March 10th—Broke camp at 7 A. M.; passed through Grand Junction and La Grange; crossed Wolf River at 1:30 P. M. The march was through a hard country with bad roads. Camped at 7:30 P. M.

March 11th—On the march at 8 A. M. A considerable force of Forrest's men were encountered, and for an hour or



ALBERT PERKINS, "B" CO.

two there was some lively skirmishing, but as the enemy would not stand, the result was insignificant. The column reached Germantown at 6 P. M., rested half an hour for supper, and then continued the march, reaching our old camp at Memphis just before midnight.

On the 11th of March, 1865, Maj. S. P. Remington, who had so often and ably commanded the regiment, was discharged by reason of expiration of term of service, and the men parted with him with feelings of regret.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MEMPHIS PATROL.—RECOLLECTIONS, BY ALBERT J. PALMER AND CARMAN A. ROBINSON.

ON the morning of March 14th a detail of two or three men from each of the several companies of the regiment, in charge of a sergeant, reported at military headquarters at Memphis, and was put under the command of a lieutenant of an Iowa regiment and proceeded, via the Pigeon Roost road, out into the country. The road was patrolled about a dozen miles, and seeing no evidence of the enemy the detail started to return by the same route. Information was given by a negro to the lieutenant that a large force of rebels was concealed in the woods awaiting the return of the patrol. The officer, hoping to escape the ambuscade, turned off the road by a narrow way that led through a ravine. The enemy attacked the patrol in the narrow passage; the lieutenant, who was in advance, deserted the men, who fought as best they could against the large force that surrounded them, but the result of the fight was disastrous to the patrol. Private A. J. Palmer of Company I, gives the following account of this unfortunate affair:

"On the morning of the 14th of March, 1865, a detachment composed of about thirty-four enlisted men of Scott's 900, detailed from the different companies of the regiment, left Memphis, Tenn., for the purpose of patrolling the roads leading to the city.

This patrol was commanded by an officer of a western regiment. (I cannot understand why an officer from our own regiment was not detailed) but whoever he was, I did not know him, and he seemed to have but little "sand" in his composition.

We assembled on that never-to-be forgotten morning at the call of the bugle, the men seeming particularly gay and happy, evidently enjoying in anticipation a ride through the country on that beautiful spring day, little dreaming that for some of them it was to be the last day on earth.

We left Memphis, taking the Pigeon Roost road, and marched by twos about ten or fifteen miles into the country. We were happy, and maybe careless, and were enjoying our ride. We saw no signs of the enemy, and our column was turned about and we started on our way back to the city. My friend and tent mate, Perkins, a St. Lawrence county man, was behind me; we had got nicely under way when a darky came up and spoke to the officer, telling him, as I afterwards learned, that a large force of rebels was in ambush in a woods awaiting our return. Our officer had not inspected us before we started to see if we were properly armed, and he did not at this time ascertain if we were in readiness for a fight. I had no revolver with me, and my carbine was unloaded. The enemy who were lying in wait for us proved to be Club-Foot Fort's notorious band, which never made an attack unless they had greatly superior numbers and whose boast it was that they took no prisoners. Our commander led us off the main road by way of a narrow road that bore to the left, hoping, I suppose, to evade the ambuscade. We kept on this road until we reached a house, then we turned towards a ravine which led to the main road. Had we continued the march on the main road I think we would have been better per-

pared for an attack than in this ravine. We were about half way through the pass, when we saw the enemy on the hill to our right coming towards us in overwhelming numbers, with a yell that many a poor boy heard to his sorrow. The officer in command, as soon as he heard the yell, put spurs to his horse and forsook us; perhaps under the circumstances it made little difference, but private soldiers naturally expect better things of their officer; I think if he had made a fight we would have lost less. We had no one to direct us, and it was every man for himself now. I slipped a cartridge into my carbine, but somehow I couldn't make the thing work.

The enemy cut our column in two just behind me; the rebels had every advantage in both position and numbers, and it is a wonder that any of those in the rear of where the column was cut escaped, and I am not sure they did. It is well for them that they had no thought of surrender, but that against the fearful odds, in front and flank, they fought with a desperate gallantry worthy of the regiment. Several of the men who were killed or badly wounded, fell from their saddles; a few others, most of whom were badly wounded, cut their way out. One of our wounded men who fell in the brush and escaped observation, reported that the wretches killed the wounded men who were lying on the ground after the fight.

My tent mate was riding a high-spirited horse, which in the *mélée* became unmanageable and dashed into the ranks of the enemy. The rebels seized my comrade, who, as he could not help himself, gave up his arms, expecting to be treated as a prisoner of war; but alas for my unfortunate friend and companion, he suffered untold agonies from their hands even with the weapons they took from him; shooting him with the revolver and sinking the sabre into his head and leaving him for dead in the road where he fell. A civilian picked him up and brought him to the hospital at Memphis, where he died that night. Thus

ended my comrade and bunk mate, so full of life and happiness in the morning; at night he was numbered among the dead.

I don't know what saved me from sharing the fate of my friend, unless it was the merciful hand of Providence. I had no revolver, my carbine wouldn't work, and I had a very poor horse, perhaps the sorriest beast in the troop; he was broken-winded and wheezed and blowed like an old porpoise. I stuck my spurs into his sides, hoping to catch up with the men ahead, but it was no use, I might as well have stuck the spurs into a log; my poor animal was doing his best, he could go no faster. Two rebels, who saw me lagging behind the others, called on me to stop, and emphasized their commands with bullets that flew around my head in a lively manner; but I heeded them not, I had no desire to continue the acquaintance, my sole ambition was to get away; and fortunately for me they gave up the chase. I finally caught up with the boys, who had halted. We spoke about going back to the place of fight, but as it seemed like throwing our lives away, we went back to Memphis. Such is the story of that patrol, and the day that opened so gloriously in the morning and which ended in darkness and death at night.

Phisterer's book, "New York in the War of the Rebellion," says of this affair, 5 enlisted men wounded and died, 27 enlisted men wounded and recovered. Now, I don't know how this record was obtained, or the number of men killed, but there must be some survivors of the regiment who remember the number of the dead as they lay in the camp ground at Memphis after being brought in by the rescuing party."

THE STORY OF THE MEMPHIS PATROL.

BY CARMAN A. ROBINSON, COMPANY E.

On the 14th of March, 1865, a detail comprising a sergeant and about thirty-four men from the Eleventh New York Cavalry, commanded by a

lieutenant of an Iowa cavalry regiment, left general headquarters in the city of Memphis (where the officer received his orders) and marched out on the Pigeon Roost road. I have never been able to ascertain what duty we were expected to perform; perhaps we were intended as a sacrifice to the God of War, for our party was not strong enough to fight the large gangs of guerrillas, commanded by "Club Foot" Fort, Sexton and others, that disgraced the Confederacy in Western Tennessee.

We saw nothing suspicious on our way out and were returning when we stopped at a house about seven miles from Memphis. A young colored man came out with a pail of water and gave the men a drink and told us that "Club Foot" Fort and his band were "laying for us," about a quarter of a mile further on. The lieutenant acted as though he did not believe the informer; he gave no orders to the men to look to their arms and we started on without an advance guard and without flankers.

A few rods from the house the road took a "smart turn" to the right; but the lieutenant kept straight ahead and entered a large tract of timber land where the trees were rather sparse in number and somewhat widely separated.

When about twenty rods from the road I heard a yell and saw a hundred or more guerrillas charging down a hill on our right, shouting and firing as they came.

I was near the rear of the column, there being about four men behind me. I observed that the column was well closed up, and that the men, with their revolvers ready, but not firing, were waiting for orders. I turned to the front to look for our commander, and saw with astonishment and deep humiliation that instead of ordering our column into line and charging the enemy where their line was thin, as he might have done, he and the head of the column were riding away as fast as their horses could carry them. They must have known that the rear of the column could not escape, being completely cut off.

I was in the same state of mind that a person is said to be in when drowning, for I did a lifetime of thinking in a moment of time.

I saw there was no escape for us by going ahead, as we were irretrievably cut off. I cried out: "Boys! let's get to the road!" and wheeled to the right where the rebel line was thin, the lads following me. Tom Myers, of my company, and I forced our way through; but the gang closed in on us so fast that those behind us were headed off and driven back in the old direction. As soon as I was clear of the rebels I turned to see if the other boys had succeeded in getting away, but when I saw their plight I said to Tom Myers that I was going back to help them. Tom said that he would go too; our horses maddened by excitement and goaded by the spur, we now turned short around and dashed at full speed into the fighting crowd of men. The gang closed in on us and we were one solid mass. Our boys had fought their way for quite a distance and were doing good execution against the overwhelming numbers that they were slowly but hopelessly driving back. Every one of our lads must have been wounded once or more, but none of them were down when I got back. I was firing my last shot from the revolver when the breast of a guerrilla's horse struck my horse's hip and I saw the rebel was about to shoot me in the body. I had no time to draw my sabre, so I swung myself over in the saddle and the ball entered my right arm just above the elbow, breaking and shattering the bone. My revolver had dropped from my hand when I was hit; I could not use my carbine or sabre and I expected to be riddled with lead.

All the shooting, except that which was being done for my benefit, had been off to the right; but now I heard firing to my left, and looking in that direction I saw two young ladies firing with revolvers into the gang. A guerrilla officer asked them whom they were firing at, and one of them answered, "You, you robbers." He told them that they were not robbers but were Confeder-

ates. The ladies stopped firing, for as they told me afterward, they did not see that they could do any more good, and they would get into trouble if, indeed, they were not killed.

While this was going on I had cleared myself of carbine and sabre; I threw my right leg over my horse and slid down between the horses that surrounded me, crawled under several of them, and emerged from the crowd about the time the ladies ceased firing.

The latter saw me and ran to me, and with one on each side I was hurried into their house. One of the young ladies took a position at the window; the other removed my overcoat, cut open the sleeves of my jacket and shirt and tied up the wound in my arm, which had been profusely bleeding.

While I was being led away from the fight, one of the ladies, who had been looking back quite often, exclaimed: "Your brave men are all lying on the ground, either dead or wounded, and the robbers are riding around them and shooting into their bodies."

By the time my wound had been bound up the young lady at the window reported that some of the guerrillas were coming toward the house, and she told me to lie down on the bed and to groan as if I was dying. I did as I was directed to the best of my ability, but as I went toward the bed I took one of the ladies' revolvers, for I had determined that if they were coming to kill me I would not die alone.

A number of the gang rode close up to the door and heard me groaning; the ladies told them that I was dying, and one of the guerrillas exclaimed: "Oh, hell! let's get out of this as soon as we can; he will soon be dead!" and they turned away and joined the gang that was just then riding by.

The young lady who was watching at the window said that there must have been quite a number of the guerrillas killed and wounded, for, as the gang rode by, she saw many of them holding others on their horses.

The ladies, into whose kind hands I had fallen, were named Ida and Lizzie Southworth; all of the family were

away from home that day except the two daughters, and the young negro of whom I have spoken. These ladies were school teachers, were strong Confederates, and the men to whom they were affianced were in the rebel army; but they told me that they hated robbers as much as I did.

The Misses Southworth made me as comfortable as possible, got a large spring wagon ready, and when I had rested awhile they took me to the Gayoso Hospital in Memphis.

One of our men who was found after the fight was alive and was brought to the hospital; he had been shot many times, and in his forehead were five bullet holes where it is supposed he had been shot as he lay on the ground; he lived, in an unconscious condition, five days.

My arm was amputated near the shoulder on the eighth day after my entrance, and being strong and healthy I was soon on my feet again.

Ida and Lizzie Southworth came quite often to the hospital to visit me; they brought me fruit and flowers and other nice things, until the 1st of July, when I came away. They used to call me their "Yankee boy," and I would dearly love to hear them call me by that name once more.

I corresponded with them for a number of years, but they moved away from Tennessee; a letter went astray and their address was lost, and I never could find them again.

I have named my eldest daughter Ida Southworth, and I often think of the fair rebels to whom I owe my life.

A few days after the fight some of the gang came to the house and whipped the poor darky boy nearly to death.

How many of our boys were killed that day, what were their names, or to what companies they belonged, I never knew; but this I do know, no braver boys ever wore the blue. They fought until the last one went down, and fell with colors flying, and are now looking down from above to see if we are protecting the flag that they gave their lives to save.

In the latter part of May I saw, from

the window of the hospital, a steam-boat loaded with soldiers stop at the landing. I walked down the street toward the boat and met Tom Myers, who, I supposed, was killed on that terrible 14th of March; he told me that he had been knocked off his horse soon after he had plunged into the fight and knew nothing more until the guerrillas were leaving. He said that he awoke as if from a dream; that his face was smeared with blood, and that one of the men, more merciful than the others, had claimed him as his prisoner and had saved his life. He was the only man made prisoner and was taken to a Mississippi prison and released when the war was ended. He went to Vicksburg, and, when we met, was on his way to St. Louis, to be discharged.

I took Tom with me and gave him the best dinner he had had in many a day; gave him nearly all the money I had, bade him good-by as the boat steamed away, and have never seen him or heard from him since.

It has taken me some time to give the details of our struggle for life, which lasted scarcely more than five minutes before most of my brave comrades were entering their last long sleep.

Oh! for a Remington, or a Burgess, or any of a dozen others of our old regiment that I could mention, to have been in command that day; to have wheeled our little column into line and to have charged the enemy when they attacked. With our better discipline, and—I believe—more steady courage, we would have stood a better chance for life, or have been mustered out forever with greater glory.

Comrades of my old regiment! I have with reluctance told this story. I believe I am the only one alive today that was in that fearful struggle; for if

Tom Myers were alive I would have heard from him years ago. I do not want any one to believe that I blame our boys who got away; we were deserted by the cowardly cur who was in command that day, and in the absence of orders they did what was probably best, and saved themselves when they had the chance.

Many times since then I have in dreams met my dead comrades, and as they looked upon me, smiles were on their faces; and, cripple though I am, I thank God that I stood by those who died that day, and I go through life with a prouder heart and a clearer conscience because I did not leave them in their brave fight against such fearful odds.

"O, star-spangled banner! the flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied!
Fling out to the glad winds you red, white and
blue,

For the heart of the Northland is beating for
you!

And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a
will,

Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and
still!

Here's welcome to wounding and combat and
sears

And the glory of death—for the stripes and
the stars.

O God of our fathers! our banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has
blown—

We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O lead us! till wide from the gulf to the sea
The land shall be sacred to freedom and thee!"

A company of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, encamped near White's Station on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, when they heard of the disaster to our patrol, endeavored to overtake the enemy, and followed in their track beyond the Nonconnah Swamps, but the gang had too great a start to be caught.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his heart like an amulet!

Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in
tune!
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the murdered
dragoon."

THE MURDER OF JOHN KNAPP, COMPANY F—RECOLLECTIONS, BY JAMES H. HAIGHT—NEWS OF THE SURRENDER OF RICHMOND—THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE LOSS OF THE STEAMBOAT, "SULTANA."

THE headquarters of the regiment remained at Memphis until the 22d of May, but most of the companies were stationed along the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, the principal encampment being at Germantown. The men at all the stations were kept busy picketing and patrolling the roads, although the war was believed to be nearly over by both Unionists and Confederates.

Many rebel soldiers came into the camps and surrendered. One day in the latter part of March three rebels rode up to a vidette at Germantown, who, believing that they were approaching for the purpose of surrendering, permitted them to come too near; upon being halted the rebels fired at the man on picket, Private John Knapp, of Company F, who was mortally wounded, and died on the 28th of March. The rebels were immediately pursued by the reserve pickets, under Sergt. McDonald, of Company C, who, in attempting to head off the enemy, had his horse killed by a bullet and was severely injured by his horse falling upon him. Corp. Cerncross, also of Company C, who attacked one of the rebels with his sabre after he had emptied his pistol, was wounded by a pistol ball through the leg, which also entered his horse's side.

James H. Haight, of Company F, who was on post next to Knapp, gives the following account of the affair:



LEWIS E. CERNCROSS, CORPORAL "C" CO.
Wounded (shot through the leg), in fight with Guerrillas
at Germantown, Tenn.

THE KILLING OF JOHN KNAPP.
A WANTON MURDER.

"I was on picket one day, and on the

post next to me, in the road, and plainly distinguishable from where I was, John Knapp, of Company F, was stationed.

"John had joined the company in December, 1863; he came from Lysander, N. Y., and was a steady, reliable soldier; he was looked upon by the boys as an old man, but the question of age depends upon the point of view; he was but thirty-five, and in this latter day a person of that age would be considered by the comrades who survive him a young fellow.

"The guerrillas of West Tennessee were desperate characters, but were not considered likely to attack any one in daytime, unless by means of the deadly ambushade, and not then except they had greatly superior numbers.

"While I was sitting on my horse keeping a watch on the approaches to the town, I saw three rebs ride up toward where Knapp was posted. I kept an eye on them, but thought that they were coming in to surrender, and I suppose John Knapp had the same idea; however, when they got near John, too near I thought, they stopped; probably they had been ordered to halt, but immediately and simultaneously they fired at Knapp, who fell from his saddle, killed I thought; but the records say he died in Adams Hospital from 'gunshot wounds, March 28.'

"As soon as I perceived the action, I drove the spurs into my horse, leaving my post to take care of itself, and went after the rebs, who had wheeled about, and being splendidly mounted, were fast disappearing down the road. I was joined by two men, one of whom I think had left his picket post as I did; the other, I believe, was a German named Ebals, a corporal of F company.

"We chased them for several miles, keeping up a running fight; we were gaining on them but our revolvers were nearly empty. The rebs had come prepared for the business and were well armed; they would turn in their saddles and with a revolver in each hand blaze away at us, but fortunately one of our last shots struck one of their horses. Then they halted and faced

us; we for a moment drew rein and closed up, for we had no more shots. The dismounted reb ran to one of his comrades, placed his hands on the rump of his horse and with the agility of a circus rider mounted behind his companion and away they went again, while we, with our sabres, were closing the distance between us. By this time some more of our men had joined us, and the rebels took to the fields. In jumping a fence the fellow who was riding behind fell off and we were upon him in a moment. Our German with raised sabre leaned over him, saying "Surrender,



JAMES A. YOUNG, "F" CO.

you ——,' but the answer was a pistol shot, and I cried out, 'Kill him!' The blade descended on the rebel's head with a force that put him to sleep and from which I doubt if he recovered. The rebel's horse, relieved of his extra weight, seemed to fly over the ground, and with his comrade, which had apparently been lagging for the sake of companionship, quickly escaped from the men who tried to overtake them.

"The rebels had evidently braced themselves with whisky and I was glad to rinse the dust from my mouth by a drink from a flask, which we took from the captured Confederate. But for the intervention of some officers who came

up we would have hung our prisoner, for we looked upon the killing of John Knapp as murder. When we got back to camp another attempt was made to hang the murderer, but the officers saved him and sent him to Memphis, and I don't know whether he lived or died."

The guerrilla captured as above stated gave his name as Ray and claimed to belong to the Second Mississippi Cavalry. The officer commanding our picket was Lieut. Littlewort, and it was through his exertions that the prisoner's life was saved from the indignant soldiers who wanted to lynch him.

On the 4th of April news of the capture of Richmond was received and salutes were fired from the forts.

In the early morning of Sunday, April 16, 1865, a steamboat was observed coming down the Mississippi River, with her flag at half mast; when she landed at Memphis the startling news that President Lincoln had been assassinated was communicated to the people and there was intense excitement in the city. The hearts of the Union people were sad and their countenances expressed their deep sorrow; on the other hand there were expressions of joy in the faces of many Confederates, who could not conceal their satisfaction.

Some of the rebel citizens who were overheard by the soldiers in their expressions of delight were roughly handled, and some, it is reported, died from their injuries.

A day or two after the news of the President's death was received the troops around Memphis marched in solemn funeral procession through the streets, in respectful memory of the martyred leader of the people.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMBOAT "SULTANA."

At the time when the headquarters and part of the regiment were at Memphis, there occurred the most appalling disaster in the whole history of inland navigation.

The Mississippi River steamer "Sul-

tana," Capt. Mason, left New Orleans on the 21st of April, 1865. On the 23d she stopped at Vicksburg, Miss., her boilers leaking badly. Notwithstanding her unserviceable condition, and that there were several good steamboats at the levee landing, the captains of which were begging for a share of the prisoners, and that the registered capacity of the "Sultana" was only 375 passengers, she took on board 1,966 Union soldiers and 36 officers, who were paroled and had been released from Andersonville and Cahaba prisons; in addition to these passengers there were a few women and children on board, the whole number including crew being 2,175.

Howard Henderson, the Confederate exchange commissioner, says that "several boats had passed up the river on which they might have been shipped, and this made a suspicious circumstance suggesting bribery, whispered on the day of shipment, but boldly charged after the disaster. The men covered the hurricane deck and the 'Texas,' and it was feared that their weight would crush the roof of the cabin. The guards of the cabin were filled and the boiler deck was so crowded that the men sat thick on the gunwales, their legs swinging over the sides of the steamer, which sank so low when the vessel careened, while running, that their feet touched the water. They were so anxious to get away that they feared to complain, lest they should be left behind; they even claimed to be entirely comfortable, but their wretched position excited universal comment and provoked earnest protests."

It was rumored about the camps at the time that Capt. Mason had boasted that he would blow up the vessel and the load of Yankee soldiers, if he went up with her; it was also said that rebel sympathizers had placed torpedoes in the coal, but at the official investigation no evidence was submitted to substantiate the charges.

7. Capt. Frederick Speed, acting federal commissioner of exchange, was tried by court martial, convicted, and sentenced to be dismissed from the service for per-

mitting so many paroled prisoners to go on board the boat.

The record of the proceedings, findings and sentence of the court, was reviewed by the Bureau of Military Justice, which exculpated Capt. Speed. Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, in delivering the opinion, said that the arrangements with Capt. Mason of the "Sultana" were made by Capt. Hatch, quartermaster-in-chief of the department.

Capt. Hatch fled to escape arrest and could not be found to be placed on trial.

On the 24th the steamer left Vicksburg, where her boilers had been bun-

scalded to death; others were trampled by the rush of the crowds of men trying to reach the sides of the vessel, anxious to take their chance for life in the water, rather than die in torture amid the steam and flames on the boat.

The water around the doomed vessel was quickly black with the mass of struggling humanity trying to escape almost certain death.

The nearer shore was the Tennessee side of the river, a quarter of a mile away. The strong current of the river bore the burning boat and the people in the water swiftly down stream. The flames on the steamboat were driven



THE "SULTANA" AT THE WHARF, HELENA, ARKANSAS.

The photograph from which the picture was made, was taken the day before the explosion.

gingly patched with thin iron, the probable cause of the disaster. On the 27th she landed at Memphis, Tenn.; about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 28th, after coaling, she proceeded on her way up the river. The steamboat had gone only a few miles from the landing, and nearly all of the passengers were asleep, when the boilers exploded. The pilot-house and cabin roof fell in and the boat immediately took fire.

The awful scenes on that overcrowded boat it is impossible to describe; hundreds were hurled into the air; many were killed outright; many were

aft by the wind and about 500 men were huddled together on the forward deck. In a few minutes the wheel houses fell outward and the boat swung round, the bow down stream, which caused the flames to be driven upon the crowd of victims on the bow of the boat. There was no chance for them but the river, and those who leaped in first were borne beneath the waves by others jumping upon them. Gang planks were thrown into the river upon the mass of struggling humanity, to be sunk almost immediately by the loads of human freight which jumped or

climbed upon them. Some strong swimmers reached the Tennessee shore; some fortunate ones clung to planks and doors and floated down the stream; a number reached the trees on the submerged lands of the Arkansas shore and were rescued, and some were found dead in the branches.

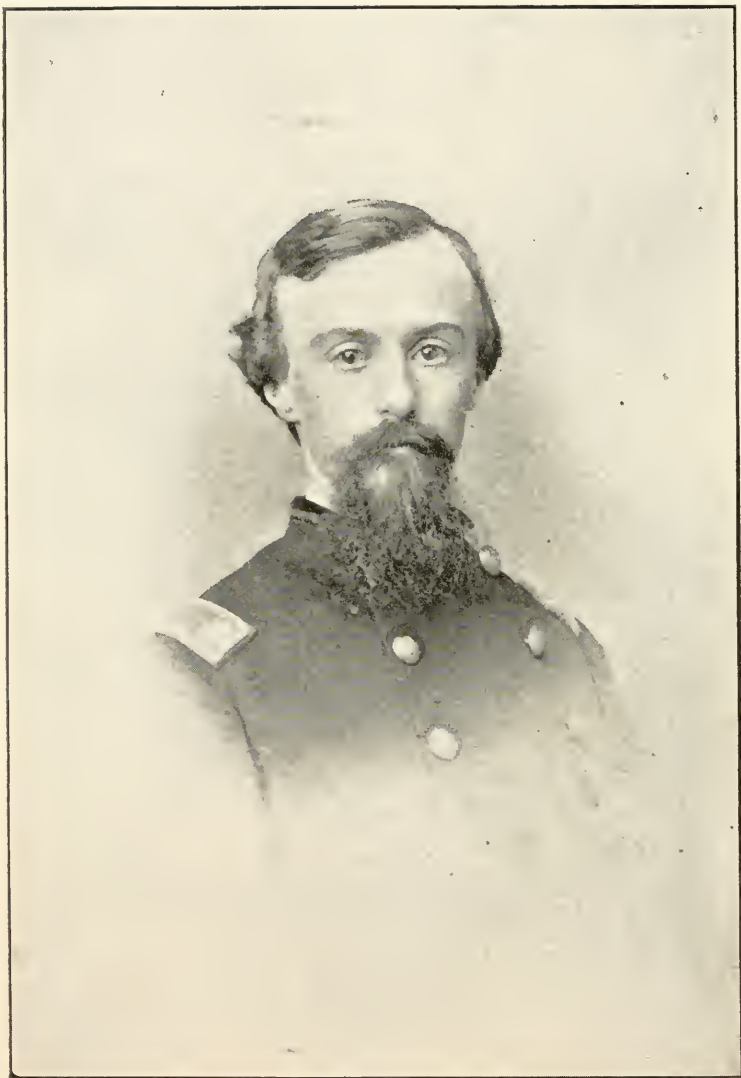
At 4 o'clock in the morning the river in front of Memphis seemed strewn with dead, dying, and struggling soldiers. Every means at hand were used in the work of rescue and many men of our regiment, who were in the city, took active part. The only member of "Scott's 900" known to have been on board was Lient. Massey, one of the prisoners liberated from Andersonville, who was among the saved. Some of the survivors floated

down the river as far as our camp near President Island, and among those who were rescued by our men at that place were a woman and a child.

Of the 2,175 persons reported to have been on board the ill-fated vessel, more than 1,700 were lost. There was a greater number of soldiers' lives lost than at the battle of Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, and equal to that at Chickamauga. They were soldiers who had passed through the dangers of the battle-field and prison pen, who had started on their homeward voyage after years of service, happy in the belief that only a few short days separated them from their friends; and, with home almost in sight, they found their graves beneath the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Down on the vale of death with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

—WM. FALCONER.



SAMUEL H. WILKESON, LIEUT.-COLONEL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On southern hillsides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
And jasmine wears its yellow crown,
And trumpet creepers clothe the hedge,

Along the shores of endless sand,
Beneath the palms of southern plains,
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,
The brothers of our gallant band.
—GEN. CHAS. G. HALPINE.

THE GERMANTOWN PATROL—RECOLLECTIONS, BY WILLIAM CUNNINGTON AND LIEUT. MILLS—ATTACK ON CAMP AT GERMANTOWN—FORMATION OF THE BATTALION.

ON the 18th of April, 1865, the last fight occurred east of the Mississippi river, in which any one was killed, and Scott's 900 had the unfortunate distinction of furnishing most of the corpses on that occasion.

It was the more distressing for the reason that it happened after the war was over, and when the men were hoping soon to be discharged, and they had perhaps grown careless in the belief that the rebel forces had been disbanded.

Western Tennessee was noted for its bands of daring and relentless guerrillas, and woe to the straggling Union soldier that fell into their hands, or the small body of men that they could lure into an ambushade.

One of the most notorious of the bands of bushwhackers was that of Capt. Fort, or, as the captain was known in western Tennessee) Club-Foot Fort, and it was into an ambushade of this band that our unfortunate patrol fell.

Many attempts to destroy this band were afterwards made. Parties from the regiment went out at night and lurked in the woods at various places where there seemed to be a chance to find the rebels. One of these parties that had been in hiding near a settlement on the banks of the Clearwater river succeeded in capturing a few stragglers from the band, one of whom

was said to be the son or brother of Capt. Fort. William Cunningham, of



THOMAS MITCHELL, LIEUTENANT, AS FIRST SERGEANT "M" CO.

Company M, gives the following account of the affair:

THE GERMANTOWN PATROL.

"I was in the last fight or scrimmage that Scott's 900 Cavalry took part in.

It was on the 18th of April, 1865; part of the regiment was stationed at Germantown, a small place about fifteen miles from Memphis, Tenn., on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. It was somewhere near 9 o'clock A. M. when we fell into line and started toward Collierville. This patrol was in command of Lieut. John Mills of Company D. We were marching by twos. I had just finished smoking a big meersch-chaum pipe that I had purchased in New Orleans, and knocking the ashes from the pipe I remarked to David Miller, of Company M, that I'd like to see a few rebs as my horse was feeling exceedingly well, and by the way, said horse was the same (Cob was his name) our lamented comrade, W. F. Bailey rode so long. All the men of Company M will remember him, for he was the worst horse to bite we had in the company, and there were very few, if any, that came within his reach that did not get a bite from him at some time during the service. As I was putting my pipe into my saddle-bag, we received a heavy volley of buckshot and slugs from an old barn on the opposite side of the railroad track, and I believe most of the men and horses were wounded at the first fire; a body of rebels then crossed the track a short distance in front of us. I was in the last set of twos with Comrade D. Miller; we could not see very well, but could hear Lieut. Mills' order, "Front into line," when Miller and I immediately broke to the left, advanced on a trot to form into line, when, to my surprise I found there were only five in said line; of the five I remember seeing Sergt. Coonrod, Lieut. John Mills, Miller and your humble servant. By this time the rebels had crossed and were in the road immediately in our front; I got one shot at them from my colts' when they charged us, shooting as they came. My horse became unmanageable, running off across the prairie with me for nearly half a mile before I brought him to a halt. Coonrod came rushing up, his horse running into mine. We then turned around and went back into the road where the

fight was going on, when Lieut. John Mills shouted, "Get out of this the best way you can, they are too many for us."

When Sergt. Coonrod and I returned to the fight and Lieut. Mills gave orders to get out the best way we could, there was a running fight going on. In front of me was a reb popping away at one of our men and I in turn was popping at him, when he turned in his saddle and shouted, "Shoot that damned Yank behind me." Turning to the right and rear I saw a reb with his gun leveled at me; I dropped as flat as it was possible for a man to do on his



PERRY L. AUSTIN, SERGEANT "M" CO.

horse, when Mr. Reb blazed away. I felt a little warm spot in my hip, for he put just one lone buckshot into me, then it was my turn; turning in my saddle, I raised my colts' and took as deliberate an aim as possible and shot his horse in the shoulder. I supposed the reb in my front had gone, but I found to my sorrow he had not; he was just hiding behind a clump of brush, and as I came along he fired at me, putting a ball into my left knee, which knocked my foot out of the stirrup. We were near a big mud hole and my horse fell, having been wounded since the first fire, and which was the

cause of his running away. I fell on my hands and knees, and just as I did so the reb with the wounded horse came limping along, and seeing me he shouted, "There is that damn Yank who shot my horse," then he pointed his pistol at me and shot me through the fleshy part of my left thigh as I lay on the ground, three balis in one leg from three different rebs in three minutes was a little more than I could stand, so rolling over I played dead. One of the rebs dismounted and took my pistol, belt, hat and spurs, then feeling in my right pocket he took out a small piece of tobacco and an old knife which he kindly returned, then, turning me over, he went for the other pocket, taking out \$76 and three postage stamps. Oh, what a fine chance I had to kill him, for in his left boot leg he had a big butcher knife! It would have been the easiest thing in the world for me to have seized the knife and buried it in his side; but he had two partners, and they were both looking on with guns cocked, and prudence told me to let the reb alone. About six feet from me lay Miller dead, and if my memory serves me correctly about ten feet further lay Cronk. I may be mistaken in the men, but I think not. After robbing the dead of their money and arms they rode off. In a few minutes there came along a detachment of "Johnnies" guarding six or seven of our men. I remember quite distinctly one of the prisoners was Raymond of our company; he said, "There lies Cronk, there's Miller, and, my God, there lies Bill!" After they were gone I began to wonder how badly I was hurt and how I could get away. Leaning on my elbow I saw some cotton wagons coming down the road; niggers were driving and some white folks were walking along beside and behind their wagons. I begged and implored them for a drink of water, but either they were too scared, or did not wish to help me, and I think they were going to leave me when one of the darky drivers said, "Hold on, massa, till I git from dis yar mud hole," then dismounting from his mule (for

you know they ride one mule and drive the led mule with a jerk line) he brought me a cup of water from the mud hole, and warm and muddy though it was, it seemed the best I had ever tasted. Now I began to think it a pretty good thing to get away, and if they would only take me up on a load of cotton, how nicely I could ride into Germantown; but they were afraid. Some were for leaving me, others for taking me along; finally they picked me up and placed me on top of a load, covering me up with a quilt. I rode



FRANK A. LEWIS, CORPORAL "M" CO.

about three-quarters of a mile, when my wounds hurt me so much that I begged them to leave me at a house by the roadside, which they did, and I was placed on a mattress on the parlor floor. There I lay, my boot full of blood and my leg and foot swelling. There were two ladies who tried to help me and give me water, and begged me to be of good cheer, telling me also that out on the road there were two or three

more of our dead. A young lady came running into the house, saying, "They are coming back." "From which direction?" I asked. "From Germantown," she replied. I asked her if they had sabres; she went back to see and when she returned she said, "Yes, I can see the sabres glittering in the sun." I told her not to be afraid, that they were our own men, and most likely with the doctor, and asked her to stop them and tell them to come in, which she kindly did. I do not remember who the doctor was, but Charlie Harrison and John Mills came into the room to see me. The doctor proceeded to cut off my boot, rip up my pants leg and examine my wounds. After dressing them, he went on to see and help the others, but I heard afterwards that they were all dead by 1 o'clock. The train came along, stopped, and took me to Memphis, where I lay in the Gayoso hospital for about six weeks; then I was discharged. Sergt. Coonrod went in on the same train and lay in the next cot to me; he was thought to be mortally wounded, a ball having passed through his body. There were many others wounded, but I have forgotten their names."

THE LAST SKIRMISH OF "SCOTT'S 900,"
ELEVENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

BY LIEUT. JOHN H. MILLS.

Many of the men of the regiment will recall the summer of 1865 in West Tennessee, and may remember the last fight that any portion of the regiment was engaged in. I have been requested many times to write a description of this, the last engagement I was in, and only do so now, hoping that it may help to keep in remembrance the names and memories of the brave men that "Went out into the unknown" that morning.

Several companies of our regiment, in command of Maj. George W. Smith, were encamped at Germantown, Tenn., fifteen miles from Memphis on the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, doing scouting and patrol duty.

Orders were issued from department headquarters to run a patrol, consisting of seventy-five men, from Germantown along the line of the railroad to Collierville some eleven miles distant. I was then in command of a squadron composed of parts of Companies E, G, L and M. The duties of the patrol were to prevent the railroad from being destroyed in any manner by the Confederates.

I was detailed as officer in command of this patrol, and ran it daily for some two weeks. After some ten days an order was received from brigade headquarters (Col. Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, being then in command of the brigade) cutting the patrol from seventy-five down to from sixteen to twenty-four men.

I protested more than once, stating that with seventy-five men there was little danger of being attacked, and if attacked I would have men enough to make a stand with, while with the lesser number it was placing the lives of the men in great danger each trip, as Col. "Bill" Forrest and "Club-Foot" Fort could bring from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty men against me at and time they saw fit to attempt it.

Col. Davis thought there was no danger. There was none to him, and when he went over the road he had one hundred men at his back. Two days after my last protest, April 18, 1865, I started with eighteen men. Our route ran for nearly the whole distance parallel with the railroad. When within some three miles of Collierville I was attacked by what I learned later was a band of men commanded by "Club-Foot" Fort, or one of his officers, some eighty-five in number. There was very little time to form a line, and I thought then and I think yet that a line formed of eighteen men in an open road was not much of a barrier to eighty-five well armed and well-mounted Confederates. We opened fire, as did the enemy, as soon as they turned the corner into the main road; the distance of a few rods was soon covered by the Confederates, and not more than two minutes elapsed ere both sides

were mixed. We all kept up a fire from rifles and revolvers. Mine was empty too quickly. Kipp, Miller, Cronk, Mills and Reynolds went down at the first discharge. Sergt. Coonrod was shot through the body and William Cunnington was badly wounded in three places. It was quite a hand to hand fight. "Yanks" and "Rebs" dashing about and blazing away whenever the opportunity offered. The leader of the rebs seemed to single out your humble servant, and when not more than six feet from me fired his revolver. The bullet struck the back of my left hand, giving me a wound that bothered me for some days. That hand was useless for the time being; down went my rein on the horse's neck and away went the horse into an open cotton field. I dropped my revolver, which was tied to my belt, and let it swing, using my right hand to guide my horse.

I have heard many times that laughable incidents often occur at serious moments. One occurred to me then. In the field hogs had made a mud wallow, and the rains had softened the earth in the holes, my horse went into one with both front legs, went down to his breast, and stuck fast, my hat went over his head to the ground. I said good-bye, John, to myself, as shooting or capture seemed the alternative.

However, I wanted my hat. In dismounting I must have cut the horse with the spur; he kept up his struggles and out he came on firm ground. I swung myself back into the saddle, wheeled about and went back into the road among the rebels again. When I reached the road six of my men were down, some others were wounded, dismounted and captured, and then was the time I told what was left to "get out of this," which Cunnington speaks of. I started back toward Germantown through and among the enemy. I concluded that it must be done as quickly as a "thoroughbred" could do it (and I had one under me.)

In the race that followed some twenty or thirty started. The leader of the

Confederates again singled me out, and as he rode a good horse it was close work for some distance. As I gained on him he aimed his revolver and called on me to surrender or he would shoot; he was not six feet from me, in fact so near, that could I have had the free use of my right hand I could have cut his horse on the head with my sabre. I concluded that he was in the same condition as myself, "had an empty gun," so I told him to shoot and be d——d, as that was the only way he could get me. They followed me some two miles or more, and in that distance I gained on the leaders about an eighth of a mile. The men who escaped were some distance in front, having had some minutes the start, and were riding good horses. Another incident came my way just then, that had I not been well mounted, might have ended my earthly troubles then and there. The bridges over the rivers and streams had been destroyed; across this road ran a shallow stream that we forded when crossing; the bridge, or rather the space where the bridge had once been, was about two or three feet above the water and twelve feet between the abutments. I was looking back watching my rebel friends and let my horse run, he followed the raised stone roadway toward the open space and when I turned in the saddle, I found myself in a trap. The alternatives were, jump the open space, jump over the side some ten or twelve feet down, or go back with the "Johnnies." I rode towards the span; I could feel the muscles of my horse quiver as he saw the opening, and he gaited himself for the jump. I gave him his nose, and with a light touch of the spur into the air we went over the space with some two feet to spare. I eased him up and again turned to see where the enemy was just in time to see a rifle raised and fired, and I think it was the last shot fired between Unionists and Confederates in West Tennessee.

The man made really a good shot, as his lead came too close to be comfortable. They then turned, waved their hats to me and started back. I rode

as fast as possible into Germantown, and reported to Maj. Smith, who at once turned out the men and took the road again for Colliersville.

I found, as a result of the morning's work, six men dead, two badly wounded. Sergt. Coonrod, G company and William Cunningham, M company, seven captured with the horses and equipments, with the three men who escaped with me made the counting up of the eighteen good men that had gone out with me that morning. The dead were sent to Memphis by railroad train, the wounded went to hospital. I went into Memphis and saw the dead laid to rest with military honors.

I have never since felt kindly toward the man who ordered the diminution in the number of men on the patrol, the result of which was, six lives lost, two good men crippled for life, and widows and orphans left at their homes to grieve and suffer.

I cannot close this sketch without paying a tribute to the men killed and wounded that day. Brave and true men all of them. They stood their ground and fought as long as they were able, when they might have retreated and escaped. I remember particularly the conduct of Frank E. Kip, a man who had spent some years in the gold mines of California. Cool and steady, he aimed and fired across his bridle arm, sending death into the rebel ranks, and only ceased when he fell from his saddle with a bullet through his head—and every one of the others did their duty fearlessly, as well as they had done it for three years and more, and I believe that when the final roll-call is sounded the power that placed each and all of us here for better or for worse will not be too hard on the men who died for the cause in the last fight of the war in Tennessee."

ATTACK ON CAMP AT GERMANTOWN.

At midnight on the 26th of April an

attack was made on the camp at Germantown. A large number of mounted rebels drove in our pickets, dashed into the town, firing into the camp and creating considerable excitement. Another party of the enemy attempted to capture the horses tied to the picket ropes, but our men turned out too quickly for them to accomplish their purpose.

The rebels did not remain long enough for our men to do them much harm, but seemed more anxious to get out of the place than they had been to get into it. No damage was done to our men or horses, and it is not known that the enemy were injured, although civilians reported that they had some men and horses wounded.

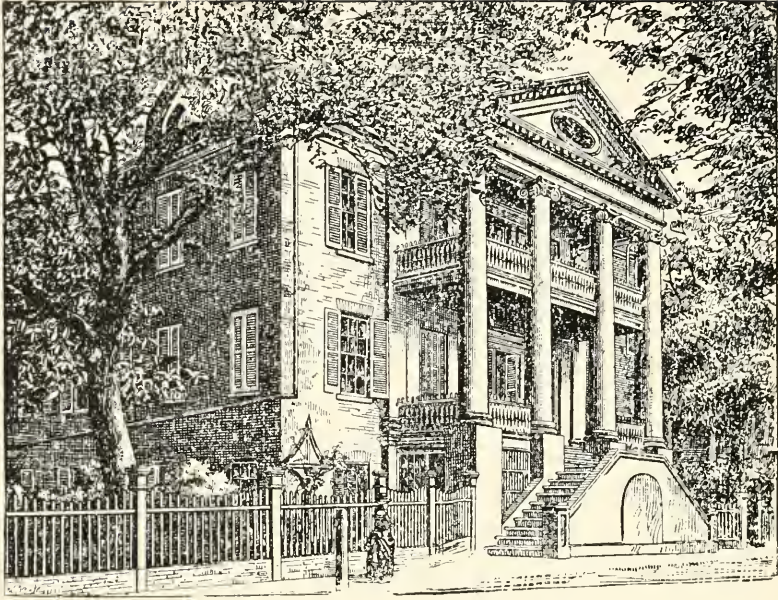
FORMATION OF THE BATTALION.

The term of service of the original members of the regiment who had not re-enlisted began to expire in December, 1864, and they were discharged when their three years' service was ended. Recruiting for the regiment had been stopped, and by the 1st of June, 1865, a large number of the men had been mustered out by reason of expiration of term of service.

On the 12th of June, pursuant to orders from the War Department, the men whose term of service would expire in 1865, were mustered out; thus taking from the regiment the 1862 men, who had not re-enlisted, and the one-year men who had enlisted in 1864.

The rest of the regiment, which comprised the re-enlisted men and those who enlisted for three years in 1863, were, on the 21st of July, formed into a battalion of four companies, commanded by Maj. George W. Smith.

The officers rendered supernumerary by the consolidation of companies were discharged.



RESIDENCE OF HON. G. M. DAVIS.
Military Headquarters, Natchez, Miss.



"CONCORD," RESIDENCE OF SPANISH GOV. GAYOSO, NATCHEZ, MISS.
Built in 1789.

CHAPTER XXV.

SERVICES OF THE BATTALION—THE END OF SERVICE—THE BOYS GO MARCHING HOME, HURRAH!

THE services rendered by the battalion in Western Tennessee, in addition to the regular routine of picket, scout, and patrol, were somewhat of the nature of mounted police. Detachments were stationed at Germantown and Collierville, and subsequently at Jackson, La Grange, Brownville, Ripley and Purdy, the whole force being under the command of Maj. Smith.

The war being ended there was no trouble with regular Confederate forces, but thieves and bushwhackers endeavored to continue their nefarious practices, and it required the presence and vigilance of Union soldiers to keep them in subjection.

Many of the inhabitants were Unionists, and the men who had recently returned from the Union army had old scores to settle with their Confederate neighbors, who had ill-treated them.

The discharged Union and Confederate soldiers were bitter toward each other, and the chief occupation of our men was to keep the turbulent spirits in subjection until time could quiet their vindictive feelings.

It is impossible to give the details of this service, but the following sketch by Sergt. Hartwell will sufficiently illustrate the nature of some of the duties of the battalion.

A BARBECUE IN TENNESSEE.

"In August, 1865, while the battalion was stationed in Tennessee, it was our privilege to witness many scenes that are unfamiliar in the North. Among these was a barbecue.

At the time of which I write, the war

had been closed several months; there were many ex-Union and ex-Confederate soldiers who had returned to their homes, and political and party feeling ran high.

We were called upon sometimes to act as a sort of constabulary force, and



RICHARD GILLOREN, "B" CO.

to keep the peace at popular gatherings.

There was a political meeting and barbecue at a place between Purdy and Jackson, and I was ordered to leave a guard at the quarters, and take the troop to the meeting to keep order.

We arrived at the place designated, in good season, very few people having

as yet assembled. I cautioned my men not to partake too freely of the "ardent," a failing which some of the men had in times of excitement. I told them not to go off alone, but to keep in squads and mingle with the people on the grounds. Our horses were tied to trees, and a guard placed over them.

We then went to see the preparations for the meeting. A number of men, some white, some black, were employed in cooking the meat; they had dug trenches about three feet deep and four feet wide, and long enough to roast all the meat they had. They were engaged in roasting 4 beeves, 12 hogs and 15 sheep; the beef was cut into large chunks, the sheep were halved, and the hogs quartered. I was told that it took nearly twenty-four hours to cook the meat properly.

Their mode of cooking was, first to fill the pits with wood, set it on fire, and when it had burned to coals that did not smoke, to lay the meat across green poles, and place it over the fire. When the fire got low, they would put the meat aside, fill up the trench with wood, and when the coals were again ready place the meat over it, and keep up the operations until it was cooked.

Enough long tables were provided for the feast, and a platform for the speakers.

About 9 a. m., the people commenced to arrive, men, women and children, in all kinds of conveyances and on horseback; horses, oxen and mules provided locomotion for the vehicles.

When a good-sized audience had assembled, the speaking commenced. Col. Hearst, who was formerly a judge, made the first address. He was a strong Union man, and had been driven from his home at Purdy for his loyal sentiments. He raised a regiment of Federal cavalry, and served in the Union army.

He was a candidate for circuit judge, against a rebel general. In the address of Col. Hearst there seemed to be nothing too bitter to say against his opponent and rebel soldiers and sympathizers.

The rebel general spoke next, and was much milder in his talk than the Union colonel, and claimed that the Confederates had only been fighting for their rights.

Ex-Confederate and Union soldiers were candidates for the other offices.

When the colonel and general had finished their speeches, dinner was announced, and those who could gathered around the tables and partook of the feast; others took slices of corn bread and meat in their hands and ate them; each one sliced off the meat to suit himself. Nearly every man was provided with a bottle of peach brandy, and occasionally took a drink and got off some rough joke or story. After the white folks had eaten all they wanted, the black people came upon the scene, and after filling their stomachs, carried off the remnants of the banquet.

After a short time spent in smoking and talking, the speech making was resumed.

The rebels were milder in their talk than the Union men, and several times I had occasion to caution the latter to be more moderate in their remarks. I suppose the Unionists, knowing we would protect them, were trying to even up old scores; and I have since wondered how they got along with their neighbors after we left them.

I sat upon the platform so as to overlook the crowd, and when I saw a number of men together, talking excitedly, and paying no attention to the speakers, I knew that some trouble was brewing, and I would take a few men and go among them and quiet them down. Several times knives and pistols were drawn, but my men were always in time to prevent bloodshed, which is a wonder considering the bitter feelings that were manifest; and I was heartily glad when the day was over and the people had departed for their homes. When I got my men together I found that three of them seemed to have taken too much peach brandy; they were not exactly drunk, and I feared that they might have poisoned. They could ride well enough, but their eyelids had closed,

and they could not open them. I was worried about their condition, and had a man ride beside each one and lead his horse, and thus we returned to our camp at Purdy, where we put the sick men to bed, fearing I would have to send them to Jackson where the battalion surgeon was stationed. The next morning, however, they were up at reveille with the others, and seemed none the worse for their indulgence.

I would have enjoyed the barbeque more if I had not had the responsibility of keeping the peace."

On August 3, 1865, the dismounted men were sent to Lafayette, Tenn. and on August 22 headquarters were established at La Grange.

On September 18 the battalion assembled at Memphis, and on the following day the horses were turned in.

"Special Order No. 21," issued from headquarters at Knoxville, and directing the muster out of troops, was published at battalion headquarters, and was received by the men with thanksgiving and joyous acclamations.

It meant that the remnant of the old regiment would be discharged from

further service; that a reunion with dear ones at home was close at hand, and that a reunited country, with a stronger foundation, had been established; it meant that the weary marches, the bivouac fires, the silent watches of tired videttes, the fierce encounters with daring foes, would soon become memories of by-gone days; it meant that the accoutrements of war were to be laid aside, and that no more would we be called on to march with flying guidons and glittering sabres. The turmoil of war, the exactions of military discipline, and the days of soldierly service were ended.

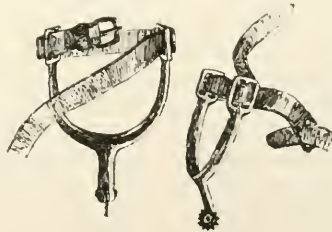
Farewell to the loyal companions of years in camp and field! With this farewell there goes out from our hearts loving remembrance for hundreds of comrades, who, yielding all that men hold dear, became sacrifices to the integrity of their country and to the principles of eternal justice.

On September 30, 1865, the battalion was mustered out at Memphis, Tenn., and was sent thence to Albany, N. Y., where "Scott's 900" disbanded forever.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give him a hearty welcome, then, hurrah,
hurrah,
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, hurrah,
hurrah,
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah,
hurrah,
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home."



CHAPTER XXVI.

WE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours.
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this.
We have drunk from the same canteen.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green,
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
We have marched and fought in all kinds of
weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest;
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen.

—GEN. CHARLES G. HALPINE.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, CAMP FIRE YARNS AND STORIES RELATING TO THE
REGIMENT, TOLD BY MANY OF ITS MEMBERS—REMINISCENCES, BY JAS. H.
HAIGHT, LIEUT. CALVERT, BUGLER TISDALE, SERGT. BARKER AND CAPT.
DAGWELL.

REMINISCENCES.

BY JAMES H. HAIGHT, COMPANY F.

HAVING been requested to write some recollections about "Scott's 900," and the subject suggested being "feeling for the enemy," it seems to me that the enemy feeling for me might also be considered.

But to tell the feelings of a soldier would be to chronicle each day's service and would require a pathos and a humor not to be expected in a private of cavalry. I will therefore only attempt to give some incidents that I believe others have forgotten; with the hope that these recollections will give those unacquainted with the scene an idea of cavalry life as seen from the ranks, leaving the important circumstances to be told by those who were in charge. There were many marches, scouts and raids, the objects of which I

was never able to ascertain; at the time of the Second Bull Run where Company B was engaged; returning from Port Tobacco to Washington, we went at night to Falls Church, then to Vienna, thence to Drainsville and back again to Washington; this was in the early part of our service and was good practice in horsemanship, but bad for horse flesh.

During the first month of my service the company was detailed one night to guard the residence of Secretary Stanton. Sergt. Massey posted the pickets, telling each man the same story—that an attack by Mosby's men was expected, and that on the night before the man on that particular post had been shot; and cautioning all to keep a sharp lookout. There was no relief that night and toward morning I noticed my horse seemed alarmed and I cocked my colt's revolver; I heard the hoof-beats

of horses and in the gloom saw a platoon of horses charging toward me; my quick challenge was unanswered, my revolver barked and with thankful heart I saw the column wheel and disappear in the darkness. To the officer who appeared, I told of the attack and was admonished to keep a close watch. To me the charge was just as real as that of the light brigade at Balaklava or of Keenan at Chancellorsville, and I thought my vigilance had saved the day, or rather the night, for the Union Army; but daylight disclosed the



JAMES H. HAIGHT, "F" CO.

charging troop to be a lot of horses galloping through the pasture.

In company F was an old soldier named Dennis O'Neil; he was a veteran of other wars, but his physical powers had outlasted his mental faculties. In each fleecy cloud he saw an exploding shell and the spirits he saw in the air were stronger than any that entered his canteen. Henry Martin's wife, who was the company washerwoman, had bewitched O'Neil's shirts, and for that

reason payment of the wash was refused, which was the cause of many a wordy war between Scotch Martin and Dennis. One day at drill O'Neil's horse in an attempt to kick a fly off his nose hit his stirrup, whereupon O'Neil dismounted, saying, "Be gorra, av ye're agoin' to ride, I'll walk." This story may sound like a "chestnut," but it was original with Dennis more than thirty years ago. O'Neil was finally relieved of all duty but stable guard, and each night he would march up and down in front of the horses talking to, and counting them in Irish; and no man would go near his horse at night without getting the permission of O'Neil; sometimes Dennis would give us an address about the royal family of England, telling of the escapades of prince and princess and how a Dutchman came over to marry Queen Victoria, while she was longing for a "three-square Irishman." Poor Dennis was sent to the asylum, and Company F lost its most efficient stable guard.

I remember Orderly Sergt. Massey; how at water call he used to yell out, "Every man take two horses. Haight, d—— your sowl, ye niver takes two horses. Come back, d—— yer, and take thim suphernunaries." We used to enjoy watching a new recruit take his horse to water the first time at Camp Relief; the thirsty horse, with his bare-back rider, would make a rush down the hill, then stop suddenly at the brook and lower his head to drink, when the new rider would slide over the horse's head into the water.

Tom Smith's comrade, well known in the regiment and in the veteran association, was my bunk-mate in the service; we were schoolboys who enlisted and returned home together. Shortly after our enlistment we went to Washington without the formality of getting a pass; coming out of Ford's Theater at the end of the performance we found ourselves arrested by the provost guard. "I've got a pass," said Tom, showing an envelope, and without looking at it the sergeant permitted him to go; but I was detained, as I had not thought

of showing any paper. Seeing that I did not escape Tom returned, saying to the officer, "This pass is for two, come on Jim." "Let's see it," said the officer, taking the envelope—and finding it wasn't even a pass for one, Tom was also arrested, and we passed the night in the Central Guard House; but the officer in charge let us remain in the office until morning, and then permitted us to return to the regiment.

A soldier's feelings are various and his enemies numerous. It strikes me

quired the nature of the queer proceeding, and soon discovered the cause of my crawling feelings and learned a new lesson in entomology.

After reaching the river bank, I saw a negro fishing from a boat and I inquired if he had any fish. He says, "Yes, Massa, heaps of 'em." I asked if he would sell them to me. He agreed to come ashore and make a bargain. I offered him a twenty dollar bill, which he could not change. I told him to come over and get his money. He went to fasten his boat, and I went back to where we were in camp with my load of fish. Soon after I saw the old "dark" going around to the different soldiers, inquiring about something. I approached and heard him say, "Some of you-uns sojers bought a right smart lot of fish of me out on the p'int, and I'm after my money; but you-uns all looks alike and I don't know which of you-uns 'twas." The amount of goods that twenty dollar bill purchased would fill an ox cart; still I had it left, as none of them had the amount of change. After leaving Chapel Point we took, one morning, a wild ride down the river (I don't remember where), chasing some rebel recruits, who, when they saw us, jumped from their wagons and took to the fields. We went after them across lots, over fences and ditches, and captured them all. It was in the early days of our service and I was unused to such hard riding, and at night I was used up, for the saddle had taken the skin off of an important part of this cavalryman's body.

After Tom Smith and I had got our scanty supper prepared, we sat down to eat in the rear of my horse (which was lying down), when the animal began kicking violently, covering our supper with dirt and nearly knocking my brains out; I rushed to his head and held him, when he became quiet—for he was dead.

The captain next morning gave me charge of a wagon load of the captured rebel recruits to drive to Washington; wasn't I glad; for I thus got an opportunity to attend to some painful matters that were in arrears. I arrived in



THOS. W. SMITH, "F" CO.

an enemy feeling for me was my first experience. After a forty-mile ride to Port Tobacco one July day in '62, thinking a dip in the Potomac might relieve a creeping sensation, which I attributed to the dusty ride, I started for the river, observing on my way a soldier in buff undress uniform, seated on the ground beneath a friendly bush, curiously and carefully examining the inside of his trousers; pausing for a moment, I in-

Washington O. K., and with other drivers turned my load of prisoners over to the authorities, and waited for my wounds to heal. I remember the fine peach orchards, and the peaches, melons and berries, and the slaves that used to come into camp; the butting matches, and how we used to throw the darkies up in blankets, and that they were as pleased with the performance as we were. A wench ran away from her master and lived in camp; she had one white cheek from the explosion of a pipe half filled with powder. Some of the boys, it is said, used to beat the planters by taking a horse or a slave and then releasing them for a consideration of fifty or a hundred dollars; but I don't want any one to think that I was one who did it.

In March, 1889, being in Washington and looking over the old camp, I was desirous to see Port Tobacco again. Upon inquiry I found a company of state militia going back there. With my wife I took the boat and we started down the river, after which I found out the boat landed eight or ten miles from Port Tobacco. I asked several of the militia if they remembered the time of the war, but they did not, as most of them were not born then. They showed me an old "dark" who had always lived there. I approached him, asked him if he lived near Port Tobacco. "Deed I does, Massa." "How long have you lived there?" "Oh, right smart long time, I reckon." "Do you remember the first soldiers that came down there?" "Deed I does, lots of men on horses went out on Chapel Point." "Do you remember selling them anything?" "Yes, indeed Massa! I went down to see the sojers; they says, 'Old man, got any yeggs home?' 'Yes.' 'Bring 'em down here and we will buy 'em.' 'How much you give me?' 'Fifty cents a dozen.' I goes home, gets my yeggs, comes back agin; they flocks around me and says, 'Old man, how much?' 'Fifty cents a dozen.' 'Are they fresh?' 'Deed they are.' One man takes yegg in his hand, holds it up to the sun, and says, 'Old man, that ain't

fresh yegg; you just look through it.' I took it, held it up to look through; man says: 'Shut that tother yi.' I done so and says, 'I don't see nothing.' 'Don't you see that speck, you can see my finger through it!' I looked and looked; blim by I thinks my basket on t'other arm getting light; I looks, and my yeggs all gone. One day they says, 'Old man, can't you bring down some whisky?' 'What you give me?' 'Fifty cents.' 'Let's see it; is it good whisky?' 'You give me dat fifty cents and I show you; can't play no more yeggs racket on me.' I sold them the whisky, but got my money first."

I remember the enemy at the foot of the hill near camp. An old lady used to put it in our canteens when we had the price of a quart. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and the fellows had a kindly feeling for the old lady.

I recall the feeling of satisfaction with which I deposited my belongings in a bunk on the old transport "Cahawba," when ordered to the Gulf. Thinking I had a preventive of sea sickness in my canteen imagine my chagrin on discovering that in two hours' absence my "preventive" had been abstracted. This was caused by the act of an officer of the company, who to favor a sergeant of another company, threw Tom's things and mine out of the bunk and delivered up our sleeping-place. In the eyes of a man in the ranks, this was an unpardonable offense; for an officer is expected to look out for the men of his own company. I tore around, expressed my opinion very forcibly, hunted the steamer for my canteen, but could not find it; but found another about half full which I took the benefit of. My comrade and I found a place on the deck where in pleasant weather we lodged, and in stormy weather we went down in the hold and slept with the horses. A traveler used to the luxurious apartments of a modern steamer might think a berth beneath the hatchway on the floor of the hold, amid the vapors caused by the horses and the foul water of the bilge, an unendurable

location; but we were content and at night slept the sleep which only youth and health and clear consciences can give, heedless alike of the rain that fell on us through the opening, and the wet rats which scurried across our faces. We had no need to use our "preventive," and in spite of our undesirable quarters, I look back upon that voyage from Alexandria to New Orleans as one of my pleasantest experiences.

The feelings of a recruit on his first mounted drill are interesting. The hard trotting horse, the trousers-legs which would creep toward the thigh, the new cap which rose and fell with every hoof-beat, and the awkward spurs which pricked the restive steed will never be forgotten. Many men can recall, how after drill they strained their necks to view their galled flesh; and if it be true, that "first impressions are the most lasting," the impressions or imprints made by the McClellan saddles must be there yet.

In the early days of the enlistments in the regiment, it was believed by the men that they were joining the United States army; many of the men had previously served in that army, and most of the men thought themselves "regulars"; subsequently men were enlisted as New York volunteers, and it became a question frequently discussed, whether we were "regulars" or volunteers. Gen. Porter tells of an Irish soldier who had a horror of the regular service. He was taken sick and brought before the regimental surgeon; the physician looked at Pat's tongue and feeling his pulse said, "My man, you have a strong pulse." "Indade I have, doctor, it goes thumping away like a blacksmith's hammer." "How is your appetite?" asked the doctor. "Divil a better," said Pat; "faith that will be last to leave me." "Are your habits regular?" inquired the surgeon. "Regular is it," said Pat; "indade there's not a d—d thing at all about me that's regular; I'm a New York volunteer."

Though many years have passed and time has changed the lads, who rode together in those distant days, we can

still see in memory's glass visions of White's Ford, and Edward's Ferry, of Offutt's Cross Roads, and Muddy Branch, of Poolesville and Monocacy, and of the Maryland girls who despite their sectional feelings had a bright smile and warm welcome for the boys who wore the blue. At Poolesville, when appetite was strong and rations scarce, a party started out one night in search of food, and from the dirt cellar of a farm near by was passed out to eager hands hens, ducks, and geese until all the boys were well supplied. Quietly a retreat was made, but Henry Lehmkuhl, thinking it easier to carry his gander by the feet than by the neck, changed ends, when from the long neck came shrieks which caused the boys to double-quick, while ducks and geese and dogs and hens sounded the loud alarm. Lamps were lighted and windows were opened, but not a fowl escaped. A head protruded from a window and some one shouted, "You devils, get out of that hen-house,"—but too late; we had gone out. With us were two or three men mounted on mules, the blacksmith, and some others; we had the blacksmith with us, as the door was fastened with hasp and lock. I had been there before, but could not get in.

Next morning young Lehmkuhl said, "I lost one of my gauntlets in the raid last night and feel very badly, as they were from home." I said to him, "Never mind; I will get it." During the day I went over to call on the old lady and purchase a canteen of milk; when she came to the door she said, "I hardly know how to look you soldiers in the face." In great surprise I asked "Why?" She replied, the cavalry men came over last night and stole all my poultry. I told her it was certainly not the cavalry, as they would not do such a thing. She said, yes, it was, as there were horse and mule tracks. I finally convinced her that cavalry men did not ride mules, and that it was not us, but said, "If I could in any way assist you in finding out who the mean scamps were I would do so and get them punished."

I also told her if we could only find out who one man was we could find them all by going to headquarters. She said she had found a glove with a man's name on it. "Just the thing," said I: "you let me take it to headquarters and I'll find out who the rascal is." She agreed, after filling my canteen with milk free of charge for my services. I returned to camp and gave Lehmkuhl his glove. He said, "How the devil did you get it?" I suppose the old lady, if not dead, is waiting for my return yet. Young Billie Lehmkuhl, as we called him, light-hearted, generous, manly, yet boyish trooper, met an untimely fate on the lost steamer, "North America."

a company of union infantry opened on us from the Maryland shore, while the rebels did the same from the Virginia shore, and we were between two fires. Yet not a man was hit.

In the summer of '63 we were engaged in picketing the fords of the Rappahannock, and one day, accepting the invitation of a rebel picket on the other side of the river, I crossed, and, upon the assurance that I would have safe conduct back, I went to the rebel encampment, where I was cordially received, and the best the camp afforded was at my disposal. The soldiers seemed to have no personal animosity toward the New York soldiers, but the Maryland regiments they despised. The



KELLY'S FORD, RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, VA.

In light marching order a party of us went to Leesburg, with orders to return as quickly as possible as soon as we had ascertained what troops occupied the place. We got near enough to learn that the place was full of rebels, who saw us as soon as we discovered them, and we returned with our report quicker, probably, than was expected, with the rebel cavalry in close pursuit. The race was long and the pace was fast, the bullets vainly endeavoring to overtake us. We reached the Potomac, but the rebs were too close behind for us to attempt to cross, and we went up stream toward the Monocacy, where we plunged into the river and gained a footing on an island, when

relative merits of the armies were discussed, and the hope expressed that the war would soon be ended. They wished to play cards with a "Yank," and for half an hour or so we played; then I bade them good-by and was conducted back to the ford. I crossed the river and was promptly arrested by the Union picket and taken to the officer in command. It was with difficulty that I explained my position and was permitted to hasten after my company, which, having been relieved by a company from another regiment, had departed.

The stories of foraging are of little interest to cavalymen, but I will tell of the capture or attempted capture of

a pig near Poolesville. Sergt. Barker and I were looking for fresh pork; we espied a hog lying in a pool of mud and water, near a house in a grove. We held a council of war, and agreed that, as Barker was a good shot, he was to shoot the hog through the heart and I was to jump on the animal and keep him from squealing.

When Barker fired, I mounted the hog, and put my hand around his snout to keep his mouth shut. We had it rough and tumble in nearly a foot of mud and water; sometimes I was on top, sometimes the hog was on top, and sometimes you couldn't tell, because of the mud, which was on top. Just imagine rolling around in a mud puddle with a hog. The hog finally got my hand in his mouth, and tried to chew it off. As soon as I could break from him I did so, with the blood streaming from my hand and the forefinger mangled. Rubbing the mud from my eyes I looked for Barker, and saw him lying on the ground convulsed with laughter. Just ask Barker what I said. We disagree now; he says we captured the hog, and I say we didn't; at any rate my hand still bears the marks.

This reminds me of the plantations. There are many stories of hunting and fishing in Louisiana. We used to borrow nets fastened to an iron hoop on the end of a long pole, then, standing on the banks of the Mississippi, place the nets up stream and sweep them down the river. This was hard work, but we sometimes caught a buffalo fish, and were well repaid for our exertions.

One day, with my companion, I was roaming through the woods, when we saw a yellow object moving in some underbrush. Drawing our revolvers, we cautiously advanced, and saw a large owl blinking in the daylight. I put my cap over the bird's head, my comrade grasped his feet, and Tom Smith's hand bears yet the marks of the fraternal grip of this "companion of yellow." We took the bird to our quarters over the stable at Manning's, as we told the lads, to catch rats; but, worried by the noise at night, some

one put the string with which he was fastened around his neck, and dropped him out the window.

Orange Grove Plantation, what pleasant memories cluster around the name! The warm air, melodious with the mocking bird's song, was fragrant with the magnolia's bloom. Happy lad whose turn of duty or of pleasure led him to this enchanted spot! and yet, perhaps, the recollections of the "Scott's 900" man (Charlie McDonald) who escaped from the jayhawkers by crawling into an oven, and who passed the night in close confinement in the ashes, are not particularly entertaining, but my companion ought to have sweet remembrances of the place. We were there one day, and before returning to camp he filled his canteen with syrup from the sugar house, slung it across his shoulder, and we trotted towards home. The jolting of the canteen caused the syrup to effervesce; the result was an exploded canteen, and Tom's clothing had a sweet-scented bath.

My horse broke down on that wild night ride from Liberty to Brookhaven in Mississippi, which I can never forget. I started from Brookhaven with the rest, and had gone about ten or twelve miles, I think, when my horse fell into a ditch, and I thought he would never rise again. My old chum, Tom Smith, stayed by me until I got him up; then I told Tom to go on, and I would get back the best way I could. I led my horse a long way, finally mounted him, and got back to Liberty, where I found the rest of the command. The orders were to keep the horses saddled, but I unsaddled mine and turned him loose. I then scouted for something to eat, and got several pots of preserves, killed a chicken and had it spread out in good shape, hoping my old chum would soon return, and I would give him the biggest feast he had had in a long time. Just as I got ready to eat, firing commenced; "boots and saddles" was sounded, then "assembly"; everybody rushing, and I too, looking for my loose horse, which I found and saddled as speedily as possible. We charged

the rebels, Von Weltzein leading, and drove them back to the edge of the woods, where they remained behind fences, fighting us for some time. Finally, a howitzer was placed in position near the court house; we gave them a few shots and the rebels were gone. The court house was filled with rebel soldiers captured in a camp we had surprised on our way to Liberty. The yelling and cheering of the rebels in the court house beat all the hallooing and yelling I ever heard; they thought they were going to be liberated by their friends, but were mistaken. We made a reconnoissance, and found the coast clear; then I returned to where I had my meal fixed so nicely, but found that some one had been there while I was gone. Reports were circulated that the Brookhaven boys were all gobbled up. Others told us we would be gobbled up before morning. We were more than one hundred miles inside the rebel lines, and it was not pleasant to contemplate. We left Liberty, marched quite a long distance, and went into camp; a barrack filled with cotton, in the field where we camped, supplied us with good bedding. Some time before morning the boys from Brookhaven joined us, much to my surprise and joy, fagged out with lots of prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and best of all, plenty of tobacco; and as my chum did not use the weed, he turned his share over to me.

On our return to Baton Rouge, we had nearly as many prisoners as there were soldiers in our command, lots of contrabands, and hundreds of captured horses and mules. How the cannons belched forth a welcome as we marched into the city! To my mind this was the most successful raid ever made in that part of the country. To finish my yarn: I was discharged from the hospital in time to escape being sent a way on the lost steamer, "North America."

I was taken with the fever on the Davidson Raid, and put aboard the transport, and nearly drowned in the storm on Lake Pontchartrain; I was roasted in Louisiana, frozen in Tennes-

see, and starved in Arkansas, yet these escapes were as nothing compared to one in Virginia, where, returning from Sulphur Springs, we saw this sign on a large board: "Two miles to Hell," and the troop galloping straight down the road, but happily for us, just before the two miles were passed we turned off the road, and thus escaped everlasting destruction."

REMINISCENCES.

BY LIEUT. HENRY M. CALVERT, COMPANY F.

Comrade Thomas W. Smith, the regimental historian, is like a bugler rousing the scattered members of Scott's 900 Volunteer Cavalry from long and sound sleep. The echo of his note reverberates, "faint, from farther distance borne," and wakens memories of the storied past. If he shall act on others as he has already acted on me, the result will probably be a rich sea of remembrances, dear and sacred, gleaned from the odd corners of many brains.

The raid, or trip to Port Tobacco, seems to have had a special charm for him, as though something very good or very pleasant had happened to him there. By me it is remembered chiefly as a period of semi-starvation, when I had to supplement Uncle Sam's provisions with luscious blackberries that grew profusely in the hedgerows, and with apples from the neighboring orchards. Whether this was due to the cravings of appetite, "from pure digestion bred" in a healthy man in the open air, I cannot now determine. Probably it was due in a large measure to the unkindliness with which I took to the steady diet of salt pork—which Huckleberry Finn would have called "dismal regular"—and which drove me to live almost entirely on hard-tack and coffee, to the exclusion of pig, during the thirty-nine months of my field service. On various raids, and notably in Arkansas, while half famished, I learned to relish raw ham; but, whether hungry or not, boiled fat pork was always my aversion.

Among several trivial episodes at Port Tobacco was a snake adventure.

My bed fellow was Private Frederick Hillier, of Company F., a red-headed Englishman who had been a clerk in



THOMAS McDONALD, 2D LIEUTENANT,
AS SERGEANT "F" CO.

the London custom house, and who sang comic songs fairly well. We were in our first sleep, when suddenly he started out from under his blanket and ran several yards off, crying out "a snake! a snake!" Then we remembered that a snake had been seen on that very spot the previous day, and concluded that its home was in an adjacent cluster of bushes. Hillier could not be prevailed on to return to bed, because, he said, the creature had crawled over him, and he did not desire any further visitation from it; so he went off to another part of the camp to finish his night's rest, and I was left in undisputed possession of the "bed-clothes." When urged to change my position also I replied that the snake was probably as much scared as Hillier was, and would hardly venture out again that night—a prediction which proved true.

Some of my readers may recollect that Hillier wrote an exceedingly good business hand, having the rare merit of easy legibility, and that he was detailed during a long period on clerical duty in one of the government departments at Washington. After the Pascagoula raid, he joined the regiment at Carrollton, about six miles above New Orleans, and in the summer of 1865 came to New York City, where I saw him daily for a short time, until, suddenly and completely, he disappeared from my sight. Since then I have never had a scrap of news about him. He was expert at sketching comic figures rapidly and effectively. One of these represented Lieut. Thomas McDonald, immoderately swollen, presumably by his elevation to the rank of regimental commissary, and was really cleverly done, although it may not have been just to the lieutenant, who was a very modest and unpretentious man.

Comrade Smith has touched on the



JOHN N. JOHNSON, SERGEANT "F" CO.

ride to Vienna, and the art of feeling for the enemy. I have a very feeling remembrance of that event, for I had charge of the extreme advance guard from first to last.

Four picked men were given me, one of them being Sergt. John N. Johnson, of Company F, and now of Doland, South Dakota, an earnest and reliable soldier. We used to ride along the lonely roads in the dismal night, ahead of the advance guard proper, and halted when challenged by a distant sentinel. The following dialogue then took place: "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friends with the countersign." "Advance one and give the countersign." Leaving my comrades I would ride forward, until, when about thirty or forty yards from the challenger, I received the order from him, "Dismount!" This I at once did and led my horse over the intervening space, delivering the countersign in a low voice, and having the muzzle of a revolver or carbine pointed at my breast. The interview then being satisfactory, the sentry then called out, "Advance, friends!" and the column came up. Of course, if I had stumbled on a confederate picket, the result would have been widely different. Indeed, it sometimes happened that the darkness of the night, aided by the thick shade of the over-arching trees along the roadside, made it impossible for me to determine whether the uniform of the picket was blue or gray. I had a fright along this line one very dark night. The challenging sentry hesitated after I gave him the countersign and seemed to be thinking. He then asked me to repeat it, which I promptly did, for I had no alternative, and, after some more thinking, he relieved my anxiety by saying "all right." The truth is, he had himself forgotten the password, and did not recognize it when he heard it. Long years spent amid the stir and bustle of the metropolis have not sufficed to make me forget that the word that night was "Suffolk," for, in the few brief moments of parley, my whole life seemed to pass before me in a flash, terminating in a prospective walk to Richmond. The tension, or mental strain, was harrowing to my comrades of the extreme advance guard. Sergt. Johnson said that on more than one occasion he was on the point of galloping up with them

to see what had become of me, because the time between my setting out and the order of the sentry to advance seemed too long to admit of any other theory than that I had been captured. It was the same feeling in kind, although, of course, lesser in degree, as that experienced by the Astronomer Mitchell, when he had, after infinite calculation, determined the exact moment when a certain celestial phenomenon should take place, and ascended



HENRY HOLLAND, "F" CO., AS CHIEF BUGLER.

his observatory five minutes before the time predicted. After remaining there, as he thought, considerably beyond the required limit, and long enough to believe that all his calculations must have been erroneous, he called down to his assistant to know how long a time had passed since he had begun his observation, and was answered, "Just one minute."

I well remember an amusing incident which took place on the Vienna ride. A sutler drove in amongst us one day at noon. He had a well-filled wagon and we were desperately hungry, but absolutely penniless. He took his stand at the tail of the wagon ready for

business. Presently one of our hungry men precipitated matters by mounting on front, and, seizing a pie, asked "how much is that?" Before the owner could realize the full significance of the act, the pie and several others had been distributed amongst the crowd. On seeing this the sutler ran to the front of his cart to prevent further depredations in that quarter, and this was a signal for a general assault in the rear. The unhappy man then sprang to the seat and tried to whip his horses into a run, but a number of men clung to the bridles, rendering flight impracticable, and in a very short time the entire stock of eatables had disappeared into our stomachs. War is a dreadful thing—but the pies were good.

I have likened my comrade and friend to a bugler rousing his fellows from sleep; and this reminds me of the English bugler, Holland, of Company F, whose splendid rendering of "Lights out" allured the officers of the brigade nightly to visit our headquarters at Pooleville. How many times since then have the varying moods of nature changed the face of that peaceful landscape! How many ears which then were sensitive to every vibration of sound are closed, to hearken no more upon earth! And yet, as though it were but yesternight, I seem to hear the rich, sweet notes of the call to sleep, swelling clearly from the lips of Holland through the evening air, and slowly dying amid the hills and brooks, the orchards and gardens and groves of "Maryland! My Maryland!"

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying!"

O hark, O hear! How thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scaur,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying."

THE BUGLE'S REVEILLE.

Out of my brazen throat each morn
I sound the call at the break of day,
And my hollow notes on the wind are borne
High over the hill and far away;
But first they wind through the drowsy camp,
Then on through the valley and over the hills,
By field and river and wood they go,
Till the mellow music the wide air fills.

The trooper starts from his bed on the ground,
Where all night long in sleep he lay;
The war horse neighs when he hears the sound
Float on through the camp at break of day;
And the trooper buckles against his side
The trusty blade he has worn so long;
And away over river and field and wood
Wind the mellow notes of my morning song:

I can't get them up,
I can't get them up,
I can't get them up this morning.

I can't get them up,
I can't get them up,
I can't get them up at all.

The corporal is worse than the private,
The sergeant is worse than the corporal,
The lieutenant is worse than the sergeant,
The captain is worse than them all.

REMINISCENCES BY BUGLER TISDALE, COMPANY D.

Bugler W. H. Tisdale, of Company D, regretting his inability to write like some of the more gifted comrades, says: "There are many interesting circumstances connected with our first taste of camp life at Staten Island that can well be told by the many ready writers among those of old Scott's 900, who are still left on the stage of life. They can tell of the daily routine of camp duties; of our first experiences at guard and picket duty at various places, and the impressions the new life left on the minds of the boys, so totally unaccustomed to such a style of living. Pages could be written about the peculiarities of some of the officers and men, the delicacies of our daily diet, the strangeness of having to obey orders, however objectionable we might think them, and above all, to ponder over the thought that all this was a desirable and necessary preparation to make us more fitted as food for powder.

Boys, you will remember Bostwick, the sutler, when he first arrived at the

island and set up his "Robbers' Den"; how some of the men went for those pies and other cheap truck, some even to the extent of two months' pay; but that was one of the failings of a certain class among the boys in blue—they could never control their appetites, and always fancied themselves hungry. Then, how glad we were when orders came to leave for Washington. At last, we were ready for killing, and were called to the scene of slaughter. However, camp life in Washington was better than on the island; it had more variety. Our stately abode in Sibley



WM. H. TISDALE, BUGLER "D" CO.

tents, our everlasting dismounted drills and our occasional visits to see the sights of the capital city were a change much appreciated. Then came the day we were first mounted on the pick of the horses from the government corrals, and felt that we were at last cavalrymen in fact as well as in name. I will revert to a few instances that are amusing. When our band first played, after being dismounted, it was ludicrous in the extreme; the horses fresh from the corrals were unused to such a performance, and at the first blast of

the music the fun commenced. They began to snort and cut up. Tom Lake's horse gave a lunge, then reared up, and away went the snare drum. Charley Boynton's horse danced a jig while Charley vainly tried to manage him and the bass drum at the same time. It was "no go," and away went the big drum, and Charley followed, plowing up the ground after it. About that time Tom Lake got on bad terms with his mount, and at length shot up in the air, and went head first into the big drum; poor Tom looked sad and forlorn. Boynton ripped around and said many things I never heard him say in our Sunday school class, when we were mates together at home before the war. Tom Lake now says that it was not he that caromed on the big drum; that it was the cymbal player. However, I do not think my memory has entirely failed me, and he can't shove it off on the poor Italian cymbal player.

Just after the second battle of Bull Run, the wounded were being brought into Washington in great numbers, and the hospitals were filled to overflowing, especially the one between our camp and the Soldiers' Home. After the ambulances had deposited their loads, they hauled down to the side of the hill, just across the creek from our camp, and about feeding time the ground was covered with mules and wagons. The mules set up their usual sweet music, so

familiar to soldiers' ears during the late unpleasantness. I, with some of my comrades of D company, stood near our picket line, taking in the sights. In the midst of the fearful

braying of the mules one of the boys remarked: "Hark to that outlandish noise." I answered that he must be mistaken, that was only Capt. Joe Hyatt "hollering" to his men. This remark of mine caused quite a



TISDALE'S OLD JOE
"By the gods, Sir."

laugh, and as I turned around, there stood Capt. Hyatt just behind me. To say that the old captain was mad would be drawing it mildly, for a madder man I never saw. He began to fume and sputter, and ordered me to go up to my company commander's quarters (Lieut. Nicholetts was then in command of D company). Old Joe went up ahead of me and complained to the lieutenant, and when I arrived I heard old Joe damning and Nick laughing. Capt. Hyatt was furious; he was for preferring charges against me for insubordination and all the crimes in the military calendar. Finally, by a judicious drink of "commissary," Nick calmed old Joe down, and he went off. Nick then took me into his tent; he tried to keep a sober face, and to impress upon my mind the gravity of the situation. About that time some of the other officers came in, and as soon as they heard all about the case they all broke out laughing. I was told to go to my quarters, and that was the last I heard of it.

There were several very comical characters among both officers and men in the old regiment, and Lieut. John Orphin Massey was one. He had many jokes played on him. Massey was an Irishman, and like most of his countrymen, was very fond of the girls, and whenever he had a chance to show off before them he lost no time in doing so. While we lay near Poolesville, Md., a number of the officers, with the band, went out to serenade a young lady, and Massey was invited to go along; but on this occasion he did not seem to enjoy his treatment, so when they went back to camp, Massey told the band boys that he had a place to go to the next night where the girls were charming, and where they would be royally treated, as he, Massey, was the particular favorite of the house. The band consented to go with him. Now it seems that Capts. Slauson and McCallum and Lieuts. Dagwell and Nicholetts heard about Massey's projected trip, so they laid their heads together to put up a job on poor Massey. The place where Massey was

going to, was kept by a jolly fellow, who had three fine daughters; he kept a grocery store, and sold whisky in a back room. Massey intended a surprise party, but the officers fixed things up that day so that when Massey, with the band, arrived, the officers were all hid away in the house. The band struck up and there stood Massey in front, as proud as a peacock. They played two or three pieces, but not a soul showed up and not a light was to be seen in the house. Finally Massey said: "Be dad! I think everybody is away from home." He knocked several times at the door without response. At length a shock-headed boy appeared with a lantern, and informed Massey that the folks were very tired and wanted to go to sleep, but if he and the band would follow him to the store he would give them some refreshments. They all went, and lo and behold, they were handed a tin dipper and were told to help themselves from the whisky barrel and a box of crackers. The band boys were, of course, thoroughly disgusted, and went for Massey in the most unmerciful manner, and geyed him about the grand entertainment his dear friends had provided for them and the fine time they had. Poor Massey was in a terrible state of mind; he had been so often to this house, and had always been treated so well that he could not understand why he had been so uncereemoniously snubbed on this occasion, when he wished so particularly to show off before the band boys. It was some time before he found out the joke put upon him, but he never again asked the band to go serenading with him.

I will now give an incident that happened to me many years after the war. In the winter of 1891, I was traveling for a medicine house of Rochester, N. Y. I went through all the Southern States, and visited all the famous battle fields, going over the entire ground where Sherman made his famous "march to the sea." When I arrived at Nashville, I was detained there about two weeks on business. One day I went down to the railroad depot

to see about some freight, and while there stood in front of some "darkey" houses, looking for a truck; I noticed an old negro woman grinning at me, so I said, "Good morning, aunty." She replied, "Good morning, sah. I tinks I knows you." "Oh, no," said I "I guess not; I am from the North." "I don't care of you is, sah," she replied; "I tinks I knows you. Didn't you use to blow de bugle for de cavalry at Germantown?" I said I certainly did. "Den don't you member Chloe, what used to wait on Maj. Smif's wife?" I then said I did remember her well. Then said she, "I's dat nigger sure." I was very much surprised that she should remember me after so many years. I called on the old negro woman that evening, and she told me lots of things I had quite forgotten, but she refreshed my memory, and I must say that I greatly enjoyed the visit I paid to old Aunt Chloe. She had a little home all paid for, and she had three children, and seemed to be comfortably fixed. She knew my fondness for birds, and as she had two fine, young mocking birds, she made me a present of one of them. That bird I still have, and think a great deal of him; his name is General Sherman, and he is a fighter like his great namesake.

I think I have now said enough, so will close, hoping to enjoy lots of yarns from the boys when the long-looked-for "Story of Scott's 900" appears in print."

CAMP LIFE ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

BY SERGT. BARKER, COMPANY F.

In the winter of 1862-3, Company F was doing duty on the upper Potomac River guarding the several fords, and patrolling the river banks. We were quartered in a block house, on the heights overlooking the river, from which we commanded a view of several miles each way up and down the river, and also the opposite Virginia shore; and from our block house we used to make frequent incursions across the river into Virginia.

In this vicinity happened one of the worst disasters to the Union cause that

occurred in the early part of the war; that was the battle of Ball's Bluff, which was fought directly opposite our block house with Harrison's Island midway in the river.

There was a family living on Harrison's Island, in which were two young ladies, and in our travels back and forth across the river some of us had made the acquaintance of the girls, and as opportunities for us soldier boys to attend anything of a social nature, where ladies were present, were rather scarce, when a number of us were invited to a dancing party on the island, we were not slow to accept it.



GEO. H. BARKER, SERGEANT "F" CO.

The girls at the farm house put in the proviso that they were to be allowed to invite an equal number of young men from the Virginia side of the river who, they said, were farm boys, but who in reality were members of Mosby's command of Confederates; the girls made us promise that we would not wear any arms; but nevertheless each one of us had his navy revolver concealed somewhere about his person. Well, in due time, the

evening arrived for the party, and we who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation got leave of the commanding officer to attend. When we reached the farm house on the island, we found about an equal number of young men, and ladies enough for dancing partners, also a couple of old colored gentlemen with violins. The dance was started soon, but it was some time before the novelty of the situation wore off. In a little while we became better acquainted, and both sides threw off the restraint we had been under and were having a really high old time. One object in telling this story is to repeat a remark made by the young lady with whom I was dancing, and which was so strongly impressed upon my memory that I can never forget it.

You are aware that thirty years ago some of the Southern people were slow to adopt new manners and phrases. The dance now known as the quadrille used to be called the cotillon. While standing on the floor waiting for the dance to begin, I was trying to be agreeable to the young lady, and in order to keep up the conversation I asked my partner what they called the dance we were then formed for; the reply she gave nearly caused me to have an attack of heart disease. She looked at me with a very confident smile, and said she believed they called it by the new name, the "quadrillion".

I was rather taken back by the magnitude of the name, but managed to keep on my feet and finish the dance. There was another thing happened that evening that came near being more serious than the new name. We had in our party a young man by the name of James Conly, who was a gentleman and a good soldier on all ordinary occasions, but one who could not always control his appetite for ardent spirits, and as it was customary in those days for almost every farm house to have a supply, it so happened that Jim found his old enemy, and imbibed a little too much. The rest of us knew Jim's failings, and cautioned him before arriving at the party to be careful,

as we were treading on dangerous ground, but he told us not to worry as he would keep all straight; but his good resolutions all came to naught, for along towards morning we saw a little commotion, heard loud voices off at one side where Jim was talking with some of the visitors, and about the same time Jim pulled his revolver, which act caused us, his friends, to jump to his side, and immediately the other party stationed themselves on the other side of the room, all with drawn revolvers. About this time matters began to look exceedingly interesting, and no doubt would have become so but for the intervention and pluck shown by the girl with whom I was dancing when she made the large remark. All the other girls flew out of the room, but she instead sprang into the center of the room between the belligerent parties, and kept rapidly moving back and forth, thus making it impossible for either side to fire without being in danger of hitting her; at the same time demanding of both sides that we put up our revolvers, reminding us of the promise that we had made to do nothing that would cause any trouble. Through the presence of mind and pluck of this daring girl there can be no doubt that a number of lives were saved, and her intervention gave us a little time to collect ourselves and an opportunity to make explanations; thus the affair was bridged over to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the party on Harrison's Island came to a close without bloodshed.

As we old comrades are aware, nearly every company in the service had its odd character. My company was no exception to the general rule, as we had one, and a good soldier, too, Charles McDonald, whom we had nicknamed "Garibaldi"; it seemed that fate had decreed that I should be the cause of a number of mishaps to him. At the time of which I am writing, we were in a country where we could not get any fresh meat as a part of our rations, and in consequence, if we had any, we had to forage for it (just bear in mind

that word "forage" as it was the term generally used by all soldiers when inclined to help themselves to anything they wanted; there is no such word as steal in the soldier's vocabulary). Now, it so happened that the desire for fresh meat occurred to "Garibaldi" and myself the same night, and as another comrade and myself had planned to forage a little on our own account, and having located a fine young pig a short distance from camp, we went out that night and got it, and knowing that there were very strict orders from our officers to do no foraging in our vicinity, we were cautious, and took pains to secrete our pig, as we knew the farmer would be in camp in the morning in search of it.

Now "Garry," knowing it to be against orders to do any foraging near camp, and intending to be on the safe side, saddled his horse and went a distance of three or four miles, taking him nearly the whole night to make the trip. He returned to camp about daylight in the morning, with a nice young pig strapped in front of him on the saddle. Now, this pig happened to be almost an exact counterpart of the one we had in hiding, and "Garry," thinking that because he had been a long distance to procure his pig there would be no necessity for him to hide it, and desiring to make the rest of the boys a little envious, he hung his pig on a tree in front of his tent, then filled his pipe and lit it, and sat down where he could watch the anxious glances cast upon the pig by his less fortunate comrades. About this time the farmer had missed the pig that we had, and had come into camp to report the loss to the major in command, and in passing through the camp had espied "Garry's" pig hanging on the tree. He thereupon reported to the major that some of his command had taken one of his pigs. But the major said he must be mistaken, as he knew his "boys" would not steal a pig; but the farmer asked the major to accompany him, and he led him to the tent where "Garry" sat very complacently guarding his pork. "There,"

said the farmer, "is my pig." As the evidence seemed very conclusive, the farmer having identified the pig, it was useless for "Garry" to protest, and claim that he got it three or four miles away; the result was poor "Garry" had to give up his pig, and go to the guard house for disobeying orders, while two other very innocent appearing troopers were enjoying sparerib and other choice pieces of fresh pig.

There is one other circumstance that happened wherein "Garibaldi" and myself were among the principal actors. During the war it was customary that if a man was drafted he had the privilege of hiring a substitute to serve in his place; but it was very seldom that one soldier had an opportunity to send another as a substitute to a rebel prison as I did. It was during the Gettysburg campaign that three companies of Scott's 900 were stationed at Maryland Heights under command of Gen. French. On the morning of June 29, 1863, a detail was made for patrol and picket duty to be performed the following night, and I was one of the detail. We had been doing considerable scouting, and some of our horses had become badly used up, "Garry's" horse being one of the number. On a previous occasion, "Garry" had been one of a scouting party that had been over the river, and he had heard where he could get a horse that he thought would be better than the one he then had; so this morning, hearing that I was one of the detail, he offered to go in my place if I would take his place the next time it came his turn to go on this same kind of duty; but as it would be no object for me to make the trade and it bid fair to be a pleasant night, and it might be a stormy one when I should take his turn, I refused. "Garry" seemed to be very anxious to make his horse trade, and finally said he would go over the river in my place and do his own duty when it came his turn. When the time arrived the patrol crossed the river on the pontoon bridge to Harper's Ferry, that being the only bridge there at that time, the

other bridges having been burned by the rebels some time previously.

Early in the morning of June 30, the advance guard of one of the rebel cavalry divisions, on their way to Gettysburg, surrounded the patrol and after a sharp but unequal fight our men were forced to surrender, the loss to our company being Private Gallagher killed and Sergt. John Ryan and Private Chas. Clark and my substitute, Chas. McDonald, alias "Garibaldi," being taken prisoners, with a lieutenant and nine men from the other two companies, and who were for awhile confined in Libby prison at Richmond, Va., and then taken to Belle Isle, where they were confined for several months enjoying the hospitality of the rebel authorities; but they were eventually exchanged and returned to the regiment.

THE DUTCH RECRUIT OF CO-C.

BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

I've come shust now to tells you how,
 I goes mit regimentals,
 To schlauch dem voes of Liberty;
 Like dem old Continentals,
 Vot fights mit England long ago,
 To save dem Yankee eagle;
 Un now I gets my soger clothes;
 I'm going to fight mit Siegel.
 I gets ein-tam big rifle guns,
 Un puts him to mine shoulder,
 Den march so bold like a big jack horse,
 Un may been somding bolder;
 I goes off mit de volunteers,
 To save de Yankee eagle;
 To give dem rebel vellers fits,
 I'm going to fight mit Siegel.

—OLD WAR SONG.

I want to add another story about one of Capt. Nicholetts's queer characters, previously mentioned by me in the story of the "Ambulance Train," the boss liar, Lieut. Don Von Weltzein, and for a clean-cut-out-of-whole-cloth lie, Von could worst any officer in the regiment, and it had some good ones.

When recruits arrived in camp for the regiment, I was sure to get those that could neither talk nor understand English, and I made a kick about it to the colonel; I told him I did not care

of what nationality the recruit was, if he could speak and understand English I would make a soldier of him; but that I did not want any more Dutch that would say "yah" when they should answer "no," and nein for yes.

Just before tattoo, one night, the colonel's orderly came to my quarters and told me the colonel desired to see me immediately. I hustled over to headquarters, and found the colonel in his office talking to another officer. I took in the dress and make-up of the stranger from a back view of him; small military cap with strap under his chin (to keep it from sliding off), jacket, tight pants, with top boots, and sabre. I supposed he was some staff officer; I saluted the colonel and asked if he had sent for me.

"Yes, lieutenant!" and his eyes twinkled as he said, "I have got another 'Dutchman' for you."

"Colonel, C company has got all of the Dutch recruits it wants."

"But this one, Dagwell, is a present from the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward; let me introduce you to the gentleman. Lieut. Weltzein, this is Lieut. Dagwell, the commander of the company you are assigned to."

I was nicely tricked by the colonel for my kick on German recruits, and although I was mortified, I enjoyed the joke fully as much as he did. I took the lieutenant to my tent, and provided for him the best I could on such short notice. I tried to explain the situation to him; he would say "Yah" to try me, then "Oui" to see if it hit better than the first. It was a circus for a little while, and the colonel had fixed me for sure. When he found I did not parlevoo France, he got out a small book, and when knocked out by a word (which was often) his little book would define it, but he was an apt scholar, and Capt. Nicholetts speaking French helped him along not only in teaching him to talk English, but in getting him into trouble in numerous ways, by telling him the government furnished certain articles of comfort and luxury that the officers bought. For instance, I had bought

scantling and matched flooring, and had it made into a portable floor to put under my tent, and when Weltzein came, I let him have the use of my tent until another tent could be drawn from the quartermaster. Just before the battle of Antietam, I was detailed with forty men as provost marshal of the Virginia end of Long Bridge. Our camp was on swampy grounds, and we were all having a siege of chills and fever, and I, owning a tent floor, decided to have it brought down to my camp. I sent Sergt. Slafter to camp to get it and bring it down in the wagon they sent our rations in. Weltzein would not let the sergeant have the floor; he said the government furnished the officers with these floors, and as there were two officers in the company and only one floor and one tent, he had as much right to it as I had. The consequence was I had to go up to camp myself; I went the next day, and took Slafter with me. I explained to Weltzein that I had bought the lumber and had the boys make the floor for my tent, and that whoever had told him the government furnished the floor had done it to make game of him; but it was useless to try to convince a man that could not understand English any better than he could. I told Slafter to get one of the company wagons, then take the lieutenant's bunk out, and also the company desk, then to raise the sides of the tent and pull the floor out, and put the bunk and desk back in the tent.

When they brought the bunk and desk out, Von sputtered in French and crucified English until they raised the tent and made ready to slide out the floor, then with a few choice words in French he ran in and stood on the floor. "You can take him not, *sacre dieu*." The men hesitated and looked at me in a convulsed sort of way, as though they wanted to give vent to their risibilities; but I did not feel that way; so I told them to pull the floor out, and to pay no attention to the lieutenant. Slafter spoke to the men, giving them directions what to do; they got in shape and Slafter gave the word. They gave

the floor a jerk, then tilted it up quickly, and Von tumbled a back summersault out of the other side of the tent; he jumped up and made a rush back into the tent to get his sabre, but it was on the bunk outside. I stepped to the bunk just as he came back out of the tent (he was nearly crazy for the time being), and spying his sabre, he strode over to the bunk, saying: "You insult me, sir; I fight you mit de sabre." As he reached for it I took it myself; he halted and looked at me in amazement. Then I told him it was impossible to insult a man that was making a fool of himself and his company, and if he was not satisfied that I was the owner of the floor, he could go to the colonel and ask him whether the government furnished it. I threw the sabre down on the bunk, he grabbed it, at the same time making a hissing noise, and had the blade half out of the scabbard, when I took him by the neck with one hand and the other drawn back. I said, "Drop that sabre, Lieutenant," and he dropped it. Then I told him that I was the commanding officer of C company, and when I told the men of the company to do a thing I expected them to do it, and if he was a soldier he ought to know his place as an officer. He replied, "I same officer as you," pointing to the strap; our straps indicated the same rank, but I was a second lieutenant and he was a second lieutenant by brevet—our regiment at that time had brevet second lieutenants attached to about every company. I finally made him understand the difference, and that I was his friend, and would always put him straight if he would come to me for information. I offered my hand, he took it, and we parted friends.

On another occasion, a party of the officers arranged among themselves to have a wine supper down town. Weltzein borrowed my little gray horse to go with the party. It commenced raining during the afternoon, and just after retreat roll call, it rained hard for half an hour, then it settled down to an all-night drizzle. I bunked in early, and about 12 P. M. Weltzein came into the

tent wet through, the water was running all over the floor, his boots were full, and his paper collar had wilted, leaving his necktie alone on his throat.

Before I could say a word, he said: "Shorge, I buy your little grey horse; I give you a hundred tollars more as you give for him. He save my life dis night, and I love dat horse."

Somewhat recovered from my astonishment at his truly comical appearance, I asked him what he was talking about, and what was the matter with him.

"Shorge, I told you! I vas coming acrost Long Bridge from Alexandria, and ven I git to de draw, de railroad cars come mit de pig light, and de pig light fright de little gray horse, and he chumps right away by his side, right over de bridge in de river. My Côt, Shorge, ven I go down in dot vaters I see all dem colors, ret, blue, green and vallers, and I tinks mit evertings from ven I vas a poy, den I comes on de vaters, I looks me round, and dat little gray horse, he swims me round and turns me him tail right mit my face in, like him say take mit your hand, and I squeeze dot tail, and he swim me right to de land on. He is a prave horse, Shorge; he vas a compan-e-yon like one man. I give you anyting for dot horse; he safe my lifes."

"Well, Von, I am glad, old boy, you came out of your scrape all right, and now you had better call Marcus to take

care of the little gray, and get out of your wet clothes as soon as you can."

"No, Shorge; no tam nigger feed dot little gray dis night. I do dot myself; he safe my lifes."

"All right, Von; good night."

The next day I told Lieut. Nicholetts the narrow escape Weltzein had from being drowned, when he burst out laughing, and said:

"What a beastly liar that Dutchman is!" Then he explained: "You know the ditch that runs diagonally across the open lots between Fourteenth and Seventh streets?"

"Yes."

"Well, the heavy rain of yesterday and last night filled the ditch bank full, and when coming to camp last night we came up Fourteenth street till we struck the open lots, then struck across to Seventh street. Weltzein struck the ditch where it was about eight or ten feet wide, and through his superb horsemanship got himself and horse both into the ditch. We caught the horse, and when Weltzein got out he told us not to say anything to 'Shorge' about it. But it is too rich to keep after the lie he has made out of 'whole cloth.' " So Nick told it to every one he met, and it finally got to Von, who went for Nicholetts, and gave him a dressing down in French, Nick laughing at him all the time. Finally Von stopped, looked hard at Nick and said: "Nicholetts, you no shentlemens," then turned and strode off.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REMINISCENCES CONTINUED—AT ARLINGTON ON PICKET, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—
—HOME ON FURLOUGH, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—OFFUTT'S CROSSROADS,
BY CAPT. DAGWELL—A RIDE WITH HEINTZELMAN, BY SERGT. HARTWELL—
—A VIRGINIA GIRL AND NORTHERN MARYLAND, BY LIEUT. HOLMES—
WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, BY GEO. S. PARSONS—RECOLLECTIONS,
BY JAS. G. HAMLIN.

AT ARLINGTON, VA.—"ON PICKET."

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

The tents that whitened Arlington have vanished from the fields,
And plenty where the cannon stood a golden harvest yields;
The campfires gleam no more at night, and pleasant mornings come,
Without the blare of bugles or the beating of the drum.
—S. M. CARPENTER.

THE morning after the Fairfax fight and consequent scare in Washington shelter tents were issued to the men, and the same afternoon we went to Arlington, where we camped in the woods just below the Arlington house. There were six or eight companies in command of Lieut.-Col. Wilkeson. Three picket guard details were sent out every night, each in command of a commissioned officer; one on the Columbia pike, one on the Little River, and one on the Mt. Vernon roads. The two former joined at Page's tavern, where the reserve met after posting at different places on the way. Our captain was on duty one night and two days after he got a pass to go to Washington. He made out the pass himself, getting the lieutenant-colonel to sign it, but it had no date except the month. He got it countersigned by Gen. De Russey, the omission of the date not being noticed. The captain was "sparking" a widow in the city, and did not return that night, but he was detailed for picket duty. I told the sergeant-major to say nothing, give

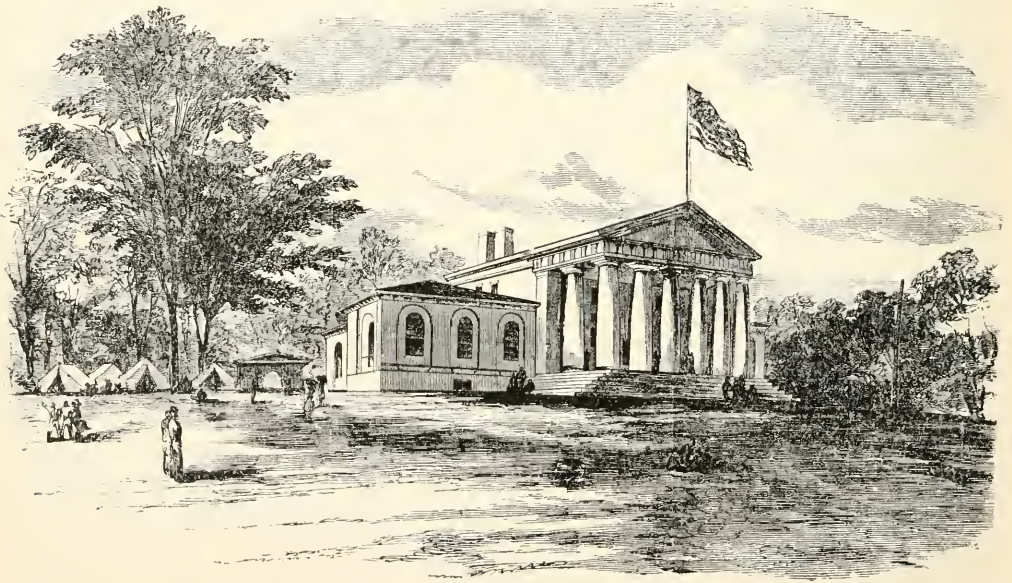
the captain credit for the duty, and that I would go in his place. I put on the captain's coat and overcoat and reported at the fort as the officer detailed for picket. Receiving my instructions and taking the Columbia pike detail, I proceeded on my way, posting men at different places, and upon arriving at the tavern I had but one man left. We sat on our horses for a long time, awaiting the other picket detail to join us. I was getting anxious, but after a while we heard them coming and rode out into the road. Four men, who were in advance, when they saw us cried out, "There's the rebs!" wheeled and stampeded the rest, and down the road they went. I feared they would alarm the fort and went after them. I caught up with the rear and told them who we were, and stopped them before the artillery pickets were reached. The captain, who was with the widow at Washington, returned to camp the following morning, and inquired of me if he had been detailed for picket. I told him yes, and that I had gone on in his place. Two days after, with the same pass, he went again to Washington. I suppose it was pleasant to be "sparking" the widow. Well, he was detailed that night, and I went out for him again and reported at the fort in his name. We had a miserable night, for it rained all the while. I got tired of sitting on my horse and took a seat on the root of a tree, leaning back against its

trunk. A stream of water ran down my neck. I jumped up and it ran into my boots. The balance of the night I walked around trying to keep warm.

"With ready piece I wait and watch;
Until my eyes familiar grown,
Detect each harmless, earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume
And think of other times than these.

"Sweet visions through the silent night!
The deep bay windows fringed with vine,
The room within in softened light,
The tender, milk-white hand in mine."

out of his pocket, put it on a blanket, then put his coat on it for a pillow, rolled himself in another blanket, and laid down for a "snooze." He had a "fly" stretched between trees for a tent; it was about five feet from the ground in front and sloped to about two feet in the rear. From where we stood we could see the captain's head and the bottle. When he had fallen asleep I said to the quartermaster sergeant, "You do as I tell you, and we will both have a drink." He said he would. Then I said, "I will raise the captain's head; you get the bottle and take a good drink, then place it to my mouth



ARLINGTON HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

Former home of Gen. R. E. Lee, now the National Cemetery, known as "Arlington," on the south bank of the Potomac, opposite Washington.

When we were relieved we went back to camp; the sun came out, but neither the sun nor hot coffee had the power to warm me. I said to the quartermaster sergeant, "I'd give a quarter for a good drink of whisky." He thought he'd like a little himself. While we were thinking about it the captain rode in, but did not see us. He gave his horse to a darkey, pulled a long bottle

and give me a drink, and take it away when I wink, for it will take both of my hands to keep his head steady." I raised the captain's head and the sergeant got the bottle (it was two-thirds full), stepped back and took a long drink, then placed it to my lips. I drank all I wanted to and winked for him to take it away, but he still held the bottle up and down it ran. I kept

winking and swallowing, and thought I would surely choke, but he kept it running until all was gone. He then corked the bottle and put it back. I laid the captain's head down and walked away. When we had gone a short distance I said, "Didn't you see me wink when I had enough?" He said, "Yes, but I knew you were good for it." We went back to the cook's fire and after a while I heard the captain calling me. I grabbed a piece of sassafras root, and chewed the bark to take the whisky smell away, filled my pipe and commenced smoking. I thought may be the captain was playing "possum" and was going to have me up for stealing his whisky. Soon a man came down and said the captain wanted me. I walked leisurely up the street smoking. When I saw him his hat and coat were off, hair standing up, and with his bloodshot eyes he looked ugly. I expected to catch the devil, but thought if he came down too hard on me I'd get square about the pass business. He said, "Was I detailed for picket last night?" Then I knew I was all right. I said, "Yes, and I went on in your place, and we had a tough night, and I feel chilly yet." He said, "Sergeant, will you have a drink of whisky?" "Yes, captain," I said quickly, "I'm as dry as the devil." He bent down, pulled the bottle out, held it up to see how much there was, looked at me and again at the bottle. I can't describe his expression, and had to keep pinching myself to keep from laughing. Finally he said, "I'd swear that bottle was nearly full when I laid down." I said, "Captain, that's rather thin, to get me all ready for a drink and then show me an empty bottle; next time let me have a drink before you lie down." I thought some time when I had a chance and the money at the same time I'd buy a bottle and then tell him all about it. However, I paid well for it, for he borrowed \$30 from me. I was sent on a ship with the men and horses to New Orleans, expecting him to follow with the remainder of the company, but he resigned and I never saw him—or the \$30—since.

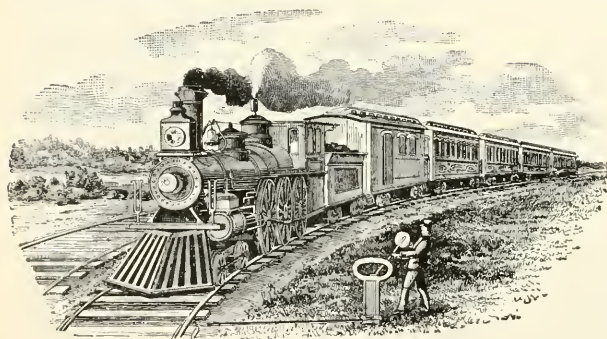
HAPS AND MISHAPS; OR, GOING HOME ON FURLOUGH.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL, COMPANY B.

"O say not o' war the young soldier is weary,
 Ye wha in battle ha'e witness'd his flame;
 Remember his daring when danger was near
 ye,
 Forgive ye the sigh that he heaves for his
 hame.
 Past perils he heeds not, nor dangers yet com-
 ing,
 Frae dark-brooding terror his young heart is
 free;
 But it pants for the place whar in youth he was
 roaming;
 He turns to the north wi' the tear in his ee."
 —OLD SCOTCH SONG.

I could tell of many a "hair-breadth escape" in camp and field, but this story is of scenes far from "madding strife," while seeking some repose in the abodes of peace. In the fall of '63 the United States government offered to the men, who had been in the service for two years, \$300 bounty money, payable in installments of \$50 every six months, and a furlough for thirty days, if they would re-enlist for three years. Some of our men accepted the offer and received an additional bounty from Kings County, N. Y. I did not care to re-enlist, but I did want to go home on a furlough, as I was getting tired of soldiering. Previous to my enlistment in "Scott's 900" I had served five months in what was supposed to be the three months' service. It seemed to me that the men at home ought to do their share toward putting down the rebellion, and I wanted to give them a chance. There was little prospect of honor or advancement for an enlisted man in Scott's 900, and the amount of pay he received for his services was hardly worth counting, and I believed that nearly three years' service had paid my debt to the country. However, I wanted to go home on a visit and there was no way to get a furlough but to re-enlist, so when on the 6th of January, '64, the colonel told the men that he had a telegram from the mayor of Brooklyn that the quota was nearly filled and that if any more of the men wanted to re-enlist they must do so right away, I put my name down.

About eighty men re-enlisted at that time. In addition to the United States bounty we were to receive \$300 from the city of Brooklyn, and were allowed ten days' furlough, the other twenty days we were to get somewhere in the uncertain future. I, as a first sergeant, was the ranking non-commissioned officer, and was directed by the colonel to take charge of the men and bring them all back again at the expiration of the ten days; to take the men to the city and report to him again before taking the train for New York. We marched down Seventh street and then up Pennsylvania avenue to the War Department, where we found squads of men from other regiments waiting to be mustered out and then to be mustered in for three years more. We waited a long time before our turn came, then we went to the pay master



for our first installment of bounty, then to the quartermaster for our transportation. It was 6 o'clock P. M. before we got through, having been all day on lines at the different offices. I hurried back to camp, as directed by the colonel, telling the men to meet me on the train. The colonel told me not to let the men drink, to bring them all back on time, and many more things that I have forgotten, and I was compelled to interrupt him by telling him it was nearly time for the train to start. It was 7 o'clock and the train left at 7.30. I rushed out of camp and ran to the car station and saw the horse car going over the hill, and another would not leave for ten minutes. I ran and rested and ran again, then got on a car

at Pennsylvania avenue. When I got to the station the bell was ringing; I ran to the ticket office, threw down my transportation papers, and asked for a ticket to New York and return. The agent said I was too late, that the train had gone. I said, "No, it is just starting. My men are on the train and I have got the muster rolls, and they cannot get their bounty unless I am with them." The superintendent said, "Give him his ticket, perhaps he can get the train." I got my ticket, rushed to the gate, and rushed through, only to be stopped by two infantrymen, who demanded to see my papers. When they were through with me I started for the train, which was leaving the depot. With my tickets, muster roll and furlough in my hands, I hastened after the cars, which were getting under good headway; the thought of the

eighty men losing \$300 apiece if I did not catch the train spurred me on. I had just caught up to the train and was reaching out my hand to grasp the rail of the platform when I struck my toe against something and fell, but managed to grasp a rod on the rear of the car with my left hand and was jerked out straight. Still, I held on regardless of consequences. Twice my feet struck the ties; the train was under full speed. I noticed the sharp stones between the ties and felt that it was death to let go; my left arm was getting weak; it was dark, and no one saw me. I knew that I must do something, so with great effort I managed to grab the rod to the right of the opening with my right hand and then drew my body onto the platform, where I lay with my legs hanging down until we got to Annapolis Junction, seventeen miles from Washington. My strength was nearly exhausted, but I managed to get on my knees, and by the aid of the rod on the side of the door to get on my feet. I was trembling all over, and could not stand without holding on to something. When I got into the car one of B company men came to me and asked what

was the matter, and said I looked like a ghost. I told him of my efforts to catch the train, and my troubles on the platform. He gave me something to eat and a pull at his canteen, and then I felt better. We got to New York early in the morning, and went to Lovejoy's hotel, where we got our breakfast. My left arm was very painful, and I discovered it was swollen and black. I sent for some liniment and gave it a good rubbing, then we went to Brooklyn and were in time to get the bounty money, but the boys little knew how much I had suffered to get it for them. I told the men to meet me at Lovejoy's hotel in nine days, went back to New York and took the 3 o'clock train for Catskill, which left in those days away down town near Washington market. Catskill is on the west side of the Hudson, and when we alighted from the train the hotel runners told us we must walk across the river, as the ice was not strong enough to bear wagons. There were a good many of us and we spread out so as not to bear too hard on any one place. After going a few steps one of my feet went through the ice, but as the other was on firm ice I pulled the wet foot out and plodded along. I had got nearly across the river when down I went through the ice and up to my armpits in the cold water. I called for help and a runner came and pulled me out. When I got to the hotel my clothes were frozen stiff. I was thawed out by a roaring fire, washed out on the inside with hot whisky, given a good supper, and put to bed in a room with a good fire, where I got my clothes dried, had a good rest, and, when I was called to take the stage at 4 o'clock in the morning, I was feeling quite comfortable. It was a stormy morning, the stage was full, and three men were riding on top. We rode to Cairo, where we got our breakfast, after which we started on again. About two miles from the town we were stopped by two young ladies, who wanted to ride. The driver told them that the stage was full and that they had better wait until another time, but the girls said they must

go. There was no room for any one to stand in the stage, and Col. Pratt, who was sitting by me on the back seat, said, "Neighbor, if you will hold one of the girls I'll take the other." The girls promptly accepted our offer to take them on our laps, and when all were ready we got under way again. Now, as is well known, there was a lack of woman's society in the cavalry, and perhaps this scarcity of petticoats in the service made me particularly gallant to the ladies, and at first it seemed pleasant to have a plump, rosy-cheeked maiden nestled comfortably in my lap, and for a while I enjoyed the novel sensation. But as we journeyed along the old coach pitched in the gullies and jolted over the stony road, the hours grew long and the girl got heavier, and, shift the burden as I might, I bitterly regretted the gallantry of the morning. "All things come to those who wait," and the time came for my girl to go, and when she left me the thanksgiving that rose to my lips choked any desire that I might previously have had for a further acquaintance. When I got to the end of my journey, I could hardly get out of the coach, and I do not think I would have felt worse if I had walked. After making short visits to relatives in Green, Delaware, Schoharie, and Otsego counties, I returned to New York city, having been gone eight days. When I got to the hotel I met Tom ———, of B company. He seemed real pleased to see me and wanted to borrow \$5. I did not think he could have spent all his money so soon, and asked him what he had done with it. He said he had spent it on his sweetheart, and wanted me to go with him to see her. He took me to Crosby street, where I saw his girl, and learned that he had given her a gold watch and chain, diamond rings and earrings, and had taken her to the theatre every night, and carriage riding every day, until his bounty money was all gone. It was a case of "A fool and his money soon parted." I refused to lend him a dollar, but paid his running expenses until I got him back to camp, where we all

arrived on time, ready for duty, and when I looked at my arm and thought of my ride on the car platform, of my icy bath in the waters of the Hudson, and of carrying a young lady in my lap all day over the Catskill mountains, I was thankful to be safely back in Uncle Sam's service.

AN INCIDENT AT OFFUTT'S CROSSROADS,
MARYLAND.

BY CAPT. DAGWELL.

Capt. Michael Angelo McCallum, of Company F, with a squadron of the regiment, was stationed at Offutt's Crossroads in the fall of 1863, patrolling the river road and guarding the Muddy Branch crossing of the Potomac river. On the left of the road from the river to the camp at the forks, where it branched to Poolesville and Rockville, was a one-story building that had been used for a blacksmith shop. In the rear of this shop was an immense field of corn that bordered the river road for 2,000 yards, and extended back fully 500 yards. About 1,000 yards from the camp, up the river road, was the intercepting road that led down to the Muddy Branch culvert, under the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. One morning Company C, at Camp Relief, received orders to proceed to Offutt's Crossroads and report to Capt. McCallum for duty. The order was a welcome one and was obeyed without unnecessary delay. The company had been at the Crossroads about two weeks when the captain received orders from Camp Relief to exercise extra vigilance, as Gen. Heintzelman was about to start on a tour of inspection from Washington to Point of Rocks, "without notice." Now the supposition on our part was that our Department commander (a bluff old regular soldier) wanted to surprise us, and see personally if we were maintaining proper vigilance and discipline, and we, at the same time, considered it a friendly notice from the colonel, not to let the old "Mexican war horse" catch us napping; but in reality it meant that if Mosby knew of the inspection tour it was necessary to

keep the time and date of starting a secret. Previous to this notice, Capt. "Mac" and I had been over to Poolesville on several occasions, for the purpose of procuring information of the movements of "Mosby, White & Co." Capt. McCallum had a way of procuring information that was unique. Col. Mosby and Maj. White had able and well-protected outposts in Maryland, and our officers at Edwards' Ferry were jealous of "Mac" and thought he was "mashed" on a young lady of that town. There lived in Poolesville a sister of Maj. "Lije" White, who



MICHAEL A. M'CALLUM, CAPTAIN "F" CO.

had a charming young daughter, and this daughter had captured the fancy of a number of our officers, but it was finally conceded by them that Capt. "Mac" was her favorite, and McCallum, believing in the old saying "All is fair in love and war," allowed this little Poolesville world to believe that he was badly smitten with the young lady, in order that he might gain information from her about her rebel uncle's movements. "Mac" was also well

aware that the mother's distinctive friendliness for himself was a "blind" for her rebel brother's benefit. The mother was playing a rebel queen against a Union king, but later on, to the mother's discomfiture, she learned the king was the better card. Now, although I had been told of "Mac's" scheme, I had not been able to discover that the young lady's attachment for the captain was strong enough for us to put any reliance on such information as she might give until this last visit

of times during the evening I saw an expression on her face, when looking at her mother, that seemed to me as though she was pleading with that lady for the safety of the man by her side, and the mother's answer would be a frown and a haughty but guarded cresting of the head. Noticing this, and combining it with the mother's unusual desire to entertain us, I began to partake of the young lady's nervousness, and, as it was getting late and "Mac" and I had a long ride before



COL. JOHN S. MOSBY, 1862, CONFEDERATE PARTISAN RANGER.



COL. ELIJAH WHITE, 1896, 35TH VIRGINIA BATTALION.

before receiving the notice of the contemplated inspection. All previous information from her had proven to be nothing but kittenish fun, causing us to increase the work of our patrols and guards. But on the last night I discovered that the young lady, although, as usual, vivacious and entertaining, was laboring under a mental strain that she could hardly control. A number

us, I proposed to him that we return to camp, and, as the other officers hadn't far to go to reach their camp, they could choose their own time. Catching "Mac's" eye I notified him with a nod of the head that I wanted to go, or else to speak to him. The young lady's face brightened, which convinced me that she also wanted "Mac" to go. The mother, discover-

ing that the rest of the party would leave when we did, said that she did not think it was very late, and she would be very much disappointed if we did not stay and partake of some simple refreshments she had had prepared for our entertainment. One of the officers present (Capt. Slauson, I think), reseating himself, remarked that her kindness was wholly unexpected and duly appreciated, and he felt that he was speaking for the balance of the officers when he assured her that nothing could make him disappoint her. The mother retired to the kitchen to look after the lunch, and the young lady turned to "Mac" and in a hurried but earnest manner led him across the room to the piano, where she assorted and arranged her sheet music while she talked to him. I was standing near to the entrance door when "Mac" turned to me and said, "Dag, let's go and see whether our horses have been fed." I answered all right, and as soon as we were outside I told him of my suspicions, which he verified by telling me that the young lady had begged of him not to remain any longer, but to go immediately to camp, and go by the Washington pike road. He said he had pressed her for the cause of this earnest desire on her part, but she would tell him nothing further than that her uncle might come to the house at any moment, and that he never came alone. We hurriedly put together a scheme to frustrate any devilment on the madam's part and went back into the house, and, walking over to the table where our sabres were, we snapped them into our swivels, and turning to the officers "Mac" said, "Well, gents, Dag and I are going to the Crossroads. A courier from Washington has just passed through town on his way to your camp, and he told us he had just passed Col. Lowell with the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, who were ordered to Poolesville yesterday. I don't want the colonel to catch me away from my camp, so we are going to skip while we have the opportunity, and you had better follow suit." The mother had come into the room in time

to hear this piece of manufactured news, and, when we turned to her to make our excuses and regrets, she granted everything with a palpable anxiety so foreign to her former insistence for our remaining as to make the situation significant, to say the least. We bade the mother and daughter good-night, and the officers separated for their different camps. After "Mac" and I had ridden a lively pace for a half mile, we halted and faced about and watched the town. We had hardly done this when a rocket shot up into the heavens; then, after a short pause, two more shot up together; then one lone rocket appeared from the other side of the river and that ended the pyrotechnics for that night. But it was enough; our little "bluff" about Col. Lowell and the Second Massachusetts cavalry had done its work thoroughly. The officers were safe from capture by Mosby, White & Co., and Maj. "Lije" White had been properly notified by his sister to stay on his own side of the fence for that night. "Mac" and I arrived in camp without accident.

The following night I was officer of the camp and guard. Everything had moved along smoothly until the third relief went on duty. One of the men of this relief had stowed himself away under the bellows of the forge, to sleep some liquor off, and neither the corporal of the relief nor the sergeant of the guard could get him out to go on post. We had no lanterns and it was pitch dark inside of the building, and not knowing where he was located but by the sound of his voice, I called him by name, and ordered him to turn out. He answered, "To h—I with you! I'll not come out for any of yees." "You won't?" "No, I won't." "Then I'll make you," and stepping up closer I struck at him with the flat of my sabre, but instead of hitting him my sabre struck the edge of the anvil, putting a nick in the blade that I was never able to work out of it. The man spoke up and asked, "Who's that?" The sergeant who was directly behind me said, "It's the officer of the guard, and he'll run his sabre clear through you if you

don't get out." "I'll come, sir, I'll come." And he did. When this man came off post at 1 o'clock he came to me and said that there was a "hape" of horses or cattle in the cornfield; that he could hear them from his post tramping and "aiting" the corn. I went through our camp and made sure that our horses were all fast to the picket line, then I went back to the guard-house and questioned the other men of the relief. Some of them said that they heard the tramping, but thought it was nothing more than some cattle. I sent the corporal around to instruct each man on post to keep his eyes and ears on the cornfield, then I went and woke up "Mac," and, after telling him about it, I asked him if I hadn't better find out what was in the field, and if it was cattle to drive them out. He said no, that it was cattle fast enough, and we were not guarding cornfields. But just the same I went to C company and had Sergt. Ackerman wake up every man quietly and get them ready to fall in at a moment's notice. When the second relief came off post at 5 o'clock they reported having heard the cattle going out of the cornfield about 4 o'clock. In the meantime, the men on the road that led down to the river had reported during the last two "tricks" of having heard horses neighing down toward the river. About half-past 5 o'clock P. M. Gen. Heintzelman and three or four of his staff, with Lieut. Burgess and twenty-five men of Scott's 900 as escort, came up the road from the river and halted on the crossing of the roads. I met them at this point just as I was returning from an inspection of the cornfield, by Capt. "Mac's" orders, who had just been telling the general about it. The general, turning to me, said, "Lieutenant, did they do much damage?" "Yes, sir! After feeding their horses all that they would eat, they must have carried off a large amount, besides what they left shucked and unshucked in piles on the ground." "Feeding their horses; shucked and unshucked—what do you mean, sir?" Then, realizing that they did not know what

I knew, I said, "Why, there were at least two hundred mounted men in that cornfield this morning, and they came out of the field at the intersection of the Muddy Branch road, passed under the culvert, and crossed the river." The old general became excited at once and ordered the captain to fall in a squadron and follow them up and give them h—l. When he reached the point where the rebs came out of the cornfield he made a critical examination of the ground and decided that there were three hundred of them, thus making them too strong for our squadron of one hundred and twenty men to attack. So he called for a volunteer courier, and, taking out a pocket memorandum book, wrote a note to Col. Lowell, of the Second Massachusetts cavalry, who was stationed in the vicinity of Fairfax, Va., and requested his co-operation in bagging the bushwhackers. Out of the volunteers he chose a man from B company, I think, and, giving him his orders how to find Col. Lowell, he told him if the "rebs" captured him to chew up the paper and swallow it. He told us to cross over and give them h—l, and wished he could go with us, but as he couldn't he would send us assistance from Edwards' Ferry. Now, it was amusing to hear the old general talk and cuss. He had been shot through the neck in the Mexican war, and the bullet had cut his palate off, which made him talk like a person with a hair lip. Now, in so far as the courier and the other men that crossed the river in pursuit of the "rebs" are concerned, I believe that part of the affair has already been written, so I will drop them and complete my story by giving the reasons offered why the rebs did not jump our camp. Capt. "Mac" thought that they got lost in the cornfield, and, after tramping over it in a pitch dark night for some time (as our pickets had reported), they finally halted in a bunch, and while some of them were sent out afoot to locate us (as their foot tracks showed), the rest fed the horses and kept them quiet, but not being able to locate our camp until it was too late

to make a successful night attack, they stole quietly away at daybreak. My theory was this, taking into consideration the inspection tour of Gen. Heintzelman, and of our Poolesville friends' capacity for supplying their Virginia brothers and uncles with accurate information, and to my mind, the important fact that the rebs did not attack our camp, although 300 of them were within 600 yards of it, they were certainly after Gen. Heintzelman, and they missed getting him, simply because he decided to bivouac on the road a short distance up from the canal, instead of coming to our camp late at night. Now, if he had come on up to our camp to remain over night, the rebs would have jumped the camp and gobbled the general (or attempted it) the same as they did when they captured Gen. Stoughton at Fairfax, Va., at an earlier date. The rebs expected, no doubt, as we also expected, that the general would reach our camp by the river road when he came (and they had the date of his leaving Washington correct). Then the convenience of a river crossing at this point made our camp a desirable place to nab him, and again, from the fact that they did not attack our camp, it seems evident to me that they were waiting the arrival of the general. It would have been a great catch for Maj. White, and it was a very close miss for Gen. Heintzelman. Still, I had my men ready, and we would have had the first shot at them and would have given them a good hard fight.

A RIDE WITH HEINTZELMAN.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

Although for many months the headquarters of the regiment was at Washington, and from three to six companies were employed in and around the capital, the services of all the companies were in constant demand and were of a lively nature.

Whenever the general in command of the department wished for an escort, or it became necessary for a cavalry detachment to investigate some rumor of rebels being in the vicinity of the

city, the men of Scott's 900, who chanced to be quartered at Camp Relief, were detailed for the duty.

Frequent requests were made by commanders in the field for the services of the regiment, and active duty at the front for the whole regiment had been requested by the men; but the War Department ruled that it was necessary to have a good regiment of cavalry in or near the city, and for that reason Scott's 900, or part of it, was kept so long in that service.

To record the numerous expeditions from Washington would require the ability of a writer of volumes, but to illustrate the nature of the service I will tell a few incidents that come to my mind.

In the fall of 1863, when Gen. Heintzelman was in command of the department, an escort was detailed from the companies at Camp Relief, consisting of a lieutenant, and about twenty-eight enlisted men, to accompany the general and his staff to Monocacy Bridge. The general had with him a negro servant who led an extra horse, so that the general, by changing horses, was kept well mounted.

We went out by the Tenallytown road, and, as soon as we had passed the line of defenses, the general ordered that, besides the advance guard, pickets should be stationed on every road leading to the river, and he would not go past a cross road until the pickets were posted; then he would ride like the devil.

When we got to Offutt's Crossroads we learned that the night before a considerable force of the enemy had been hiding in a cornfield near by. The pickets reported hearing noises in the field, but they were supposed to have been made by cattle, as no human voices had been heard. But the morning investigation disclosed that men and horses had been in the field. One or two companies of our regiment were at this place and the officer in command reported the state of affairs to the general. Heintzelman thought a trap had been set to catch him, and he tried to spring a trap on the enemy; he

wrote a note to the commander of the cavalry then at Fairfax, and asked for a volunteer to deliver it. Nearly all the men volunteered, and a young fellow was selected. It was hoped to get this party of rebels between two forces and crush them. The men stationed at the Crossroads went to the ford, and discovered the rebels on the opposite shore, who dared our men to cross; but, as they had been instructed not to cross if the enemy were discovered on the other side of the river, until there was reason to believe that the cavalry from Fairfax had cut them off, our men replied to their taunts with words of a similar nature, hoping to gain time for the bearer of the dispatch who had crossed further down the river. Unfortunately, this courier was discovered and cut off from the road he had intended to take, and was chased along the road almost as far as Chain Bridge. On the way a mounted rebel picket called a halt, but a shot from the courier's revolver caused the rebel to slide off his horse and take to the woods, leaving his horse standing in the road. Our man in passing caught the animal by the bridle and brought him back to camp by the way of Chain Bridge, but the effort to co-operate with the cavalry at Fairfax could not be accomplished.

To return to the general and his escort. We camped somewhere on the trip, but I do not remember where. When we got to Poolesville the general's horse was covered with foam and he took a fresh one; our horses were well warmed, but we had no change. We went as far as the Monocacy River, where we rested about an hour and then started back. We took the Rockville road instead of the way by Offutt's Crossroads. It seemed the nearer we got to Washington the faster Heintzelman rode; the horses of the escort could not keep up with him, and his staff and the men were scattered and stretched out all along the road. I think the lieutenant, one man, and myself were all that were with him when he arrived at headquarters about 10 P. M.; his staff and the remainder of

his escort kept arriving all night, the last man getting back about daylight.

Lieut. Holmes tells the following story of

"A VIRGINIA GIRL."

Much has been said and written about deeds of heroism of the soldiers of the war, but, as I find little mention made of the brave women, I will tell you of an incident that happened in 1862.

In June of that year, Company D, of which I then was 2d Lieutenant, was on duty near Leesburg, Va. I was sent to the village of Middleburg to capture some horses for the cavalry. A widow lady had a team of bays that was admired by the Yankee officers and I was detailed to get them. Maj. Remington was at that time captain of the company; he was, in appearance and action, a good deal like Gen. Custer; he was a fearless soldier, a fine horseman, and a kind and gentlemanly companion, "with a heart in his breast as big as a pumpkin."

I went to the home of the widow and found her and her daughter sitting on the wide front piazza. I raised my cap and told her that I had been sent to take her team of horses; that the government was greatly in need of cavalry horses, and that my orders were to bring them to the cavalry camp near Leesburg. While I was talking the young lady left her seat and went into the house; a minute or two later she returned, passed by me, and stationed herself in front of a gate between the house and the barnyard. I paid but little attention to her until after we had haltered on the team, and had got as far as the gate, where the young lady stood, pointing a big revolver in my face.

I was somewhat startled by her action, and tried to argue with her; but her large black eyes snapped like fire, and she said she would kill the first man that passed with the horses.

Up to this time I had considered myself brave enough to perform any duty that I was ordered to do, however dangerous it might be; but here was some-

thing unexpected—a beautiful woman defending her home. I could not use force with her, and my arguments were in vain. Leaving the horses I said to the sergeant who was with me, "We will let Remington get these horses," and I left them and rode back to camp.

I told Remington of my experience and why I did not get the team; he said I was chicken-hearted. I made a bet with him of a turkey and wine supper that he would fare no better than I did. Remington mounted his horse and we rode to the widow's farm. The young lady, who by this time had grown more beautiful to my eyes because of her bravery, stood at the outside gate and refused Remington admittance even to the house. The captain talked and argued with her and said he must and would take the horses, but she kept her revolver ready and said that no one could enter the gate. Remington rode over to me and said we never could get the horses unless we shot the girl. I told him I would not shoot her or any woman for all the horses in the Confederacy. He said, "Neither would I." We said good-by to the brave lady, and rode back to camp without the horses.

In December, 1862, I was 1st Lieutenant of Company B which was stationed at Offutt's Crossroads, in Northern Maryland. A part of Company L was at Poolesville. There was plenty of duty for all the men, for small detachments had to watch a large extent of country.

The good people of Poolesville invited the men to go to church on Sunday evening, the 14th of December, ostensibly to save their souls, but it turned out otherwise.

Lieut. Smith, who was in command, told the men that they could go to church if they wanted to, probably supposing that few would care for the privilege. Quite a number, however, went to church, and while the services were in progress one hundred or more of White's men appeared at the door and invited the lads to come out; while about two hundred others attacked the company quarters.

Most of the men, thinking that the door was not the best way out, made for the windows and escaped. Some of them reached my camp about 2 o'clock Monday morning and gave the alarm. I at once started with my command for Poolesville, nine miles distant, and got there in the early morning. We overtook and captured four of the enemy, but the others had crossed the Potomac before we reached the river.

The Company L boys had made as good a fight as they could, but, as the enemy were about ten to one of our men, the result was that Company L was captured. Sergt. Stiles, an old regular, was killed in the fight, and several men were wounded.

The result of the affair was that Company B was sent to take the place of Company L at Poolesville.

We made camp just out of the town and things appeared to go smoothly until the second night after our arrival. I thought the threats of vengeance against the people had died out, but our boys thought that Company L had been purposely entrapped, and I guess there was little doubt of it, for it was reported that Poolesville men had guided the rebels to the camp and the church.

I was awakened one night by the alarm of fire and hastened to the town and learned that some Company B men had broken into a drug store, captured a barrel of whisky, and set the place on fire. After two or three stores had burned down we succeeded in putting out the fire.

This unfortunate incident caused my arrest by order of the department commander at Washington. I was released about six weeks later, after the affair had been investigated.

We had several small engagements while at Poolesville—one at the Canal and others near Edwards' Ferry, but as our Company B lads were always alert and ready, and tried to put the casualties on the other side, none of us were injured, but the enemy did not get off so easily. We wounded a good many of them, and they left one with a dan-

gerous wound to die at the grocery at the Ferry.

CAVALRY SONG.

Our good steeds snuffed the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;

The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabre's jingle!

Halt!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball;

Now, cling! clang! forward all

Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome;

Through level lightnings gallop nearer!

One look to heaven! No thoughts of home;

The guidons that we bear are dearer.

Charge!

Cling! clang! forward all!

Heaven help those whose horses fall!

Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!

They fall! they spread in broken surges!

Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,

And leave the foeman to his dirges.

Wheel!

The bugles sound the swift recall;

Cling! clang! backward all!

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY GEO. S. PARSONS, COMPANY I.

On the 6th of January, 1863, Companies E, F, and I went to Poolesville, Md., thirty-five miles from Washington, arriving there after dark, and were fortunate enough to find room for the whole company in the town hall, on the second floor, where we lighted the lamps, built a rousing fire, made our coffee and had the good fortune to smell the savory odor of some home-made sausage that three of the boys had received in a Christmas box from home. My! Didn't it smell good? But the smell was all we got of it.

That night it snowed, and it was cold. I remember the next morning how dreary it was when we looked out of the window, and could see the battle field of Ball's Bluff, about three miles away, across the Potomac in Virginia. Out in the little graveyard we read the names of several soldiers with the inscription, "Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry, killed at Ball's Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861."

Poolesville was a small insignificant

place of three or four hundred inhabitants. The streets were narrow, and the weather-beaten houses were huddled together without order; everything had a tumble-down, decayed appearance. There were two poorly-kept taverns, two stores and a church. People came in from the country, mostly on horseback—sometimes the whole family—as many as four riding one horse. Yet this village was surrounded by one of the richest agricultural districts in Maryland, whose broad fields, sloping hills and valleys yielded immense crops of wheat, corn, hay, etc.



GEO. S. PARSONS, "I" CO.

But the people lacked that thrift and ambition that Northerners possess to make the most of their resources.

After the first night we were quartered in new A tents, four men to a tent. In a few days we had quite comfortable winter quarters, building stockades and using the tents for roofs. Each tent was provided with a small sheet-iron stove. We built stables for our horses out of rails, and covered them with straw. Besides our three companies of cavalry, there were the Tenth Vermont, Fourteenth New Hampshire, and Twenty-Third Maine infantry regiments, and a Rhode Island

battery. Off to the west of us, about eight or nine miles, was Sugar Loaf Mountain, where signals were displayed by colored lights at night, and flags, with different emblems, in daytime.

Our duty here was principally to picket the fords of the Potomac, to patrol the Chesapeake and Ohio canal from Great Falls to Point of Rocks, and to keep a general lookout for guerrillas, of which there were many skulking about. Our command was kept busy during the winter and spring in keeping the rebels out of upper Maryland, and if it had not been for our troops that part of the country would have been overrun by rebel hordes, and robbed by Confederate foraging parties.

Navigation opened early: canal boats by the thousand—laden with provisions, flour, hay, grain, etc., to supply our troops—were constantly on the move, and were protected by our troops.

In April, Company I moved about three miles and went into camp. The new camp was called Camp Heintzelman; we remained there about three weeks, then moved to Edwards' Ferry, and camped on a high hill overlooking the canal and Potomac, across into Virginia, where the Blue Ridge could be seen extending away in the distance for forty miles or more. Hardly a day passed without our seeing groups of rebel cavalry on the Virginia side, that took the precaution to keep at a safe distance from us. While in this vicinity, in addition to our government rations, we used to get once in a while a "possum" or a rabbit. Sometimes turkey, chicken, and occasionally a nice fat pig, would be brought into camp in some mysterious way. Tobacco was one of the products of that part of Maryland, and I noticed that those who used the weed were never short of a supply. Negro slaves used to frequent our camp selling eggs, biscuit, hoe-cake, etc. Many of them were almost white. Most of the inhabitants claimed to be Unionists, yet they would give themselves away by saying "your people."

On the afternoon of June 20, on the

far-distant slopes of the Blue Ridge, we could see bodies of troops put in an appearance, then more and more would wind their way along the different roads with their long wagon and ambulance trains. By evening the whole country was covered with white tents and bright camp fires. The Army of the Potomac was on its way to head off Lee, who was entering Maryland above Harper's Ferry. The many bands filled the air with music.

Two pontoon bridges were laid across the river, and the next morning we were surrounded on all sides by the



FRANKLIN H. PAYNE, "I" CO.

army. We packed up and moved away with them, Scott's 900 going to Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, where it joined the forces under Maj.-Gen. French, and was present at the evacuation of that place June 30, 1863. On that day the Twelfth Virginia Confederate Cavalry engaged our picket on Bolivar Heights, killed one of Company F's men, and captured a lieutenant and a dozen men of our regiment. Wm. A. Lansing, of Company I, killed one rebel and wounded another before

he was taken. We buried our man who was killed under the shade of an oak on Maryland Heights.

July 1st we went to Frederick, where we were occupied for a week in scouting in connection with the Gettysburg campaign, and then joined the Second Division of Pleasanton's Cavalry, Army of the Potomac.

When we were ordered away from Edwards' Ferry we had to leave our

times it rained, and at other times it poured.

The day we left Maryland Heights it was late in the afternoon when our column took up its line of march. The cavalry was the last to evacuate. From early morning infantry and artillery had been moving out. A large quantity of government supplies had been burned up, the heavy cannon were spiked, and everything that would be



WEST PATRICK STREET, FREDERICK, MD.

comfortable quarters. It was wonderful how much bric-à-brac, little pieces of furniture and useful articles that would accumulate in and about a soldier's tent, when in camp for a short time, and it was quite a sacrifice to leave them. Now, in our light marching order we were without any shelter other than the blue canopy of heaven; and that was not always blue, for some-

of use to the rebels was destroyed. It began to look serious, as the rebels had burned a number of bridges and torn up many miles of the railroad track leading to Baltimore, our only connection by rail. It rained all day, and the roads were in terrible condition. We camped that night about 11 o'clock, on the road leading to Frederick. As we turned in a meadow the water

would splash at every step of the horses in the tall grass. We did not remove the saddles from our horses; we spread our blankets on the wet grass, and laid down for a night's rest in the rain, with the halter straps tightly held in our hands. This gave our horses a chance to eat and tramp around us, which they relished. I never knew a horse to step on a man; they seemed to understand that they should be careful. The cavalryman and his horse were always on the best of terms, and in most cases seemed as devoted as brothers.

Morning dawned clear and fair. This day on our march we were badly mixed up with infantry, artillery, baggage and ambulance trains. We often had to crowd our way through and past the different organizations. The infantry never liked to give us the road, but would delight to crowd us into a ditch or any place that was difficult to travel. It was not pleasant to a tired infantryman, with his heavy load, to see the cavalryman ride along so easily, never having to wet his feet and legs by fording the many streams that were in the south. Sometimes to banter them when they were a little out of humor, we used to say to them, "How are you, Dough-boy?" which would always bring out a quick retort, "How are you, Donkey?" We often had to halt for a few moments on our march. Now, this time was well put in, for some of the men were always on the hunt for something to eat. Cherries were ripe and abundant, a large, fine variety. The trees were in the fields and along the highways, and the boys went for them like blackbirds. At midday it was intensely hot. I saw many soldiers fall out by the wayside completely exhausted, and some died. The ambulance corps would pick them up, and a number would be buried in one grave.

"Like a furnace of fire blazed the midsummer sun,

When to saddle we leaped at the order,
Spurred on by the boom of the deep-throated gun

That told of the foe on our border.

A mist in our rear lay Antietam's dark plain,
And thoughts of its carnage came o'er us;
But smiling beyond surged the fields of ripe grain
And we swore none should reap it before us."

We arrived at the outskirts of Frederick City about 3 p. m., and camped in a field. Just over the fence was a large, nice field of wheat. The reapers were at work cutting it. We helped ourselves to the sheaves, and let the horses eat some of the grain, appropriating the straw for our own beds and the horses' also. A groceryman with a supply of such things as a soldier needs drove on the grounds. He asked such an exorbitant price for them that it disgusted the men, so two or three jumped in the rig and began throwing the things out lively. The driver whipped up his horses, and got away at a lively gait. His load was relieved of boxes of cigars, cakes, pies, writing material, etc. I remember that I got badly bruised in the scramble for some of the plunder.

There were three thousand cavalry in and around Frederick. On the 4th of July we were routed out on the double quick, on account of about sixty rebel cavalry making a dash in on the other side of the city, and capturing six of our pickets, and then skedaddling back the way they came, and we after them. As we went through the streets, doorways and windows were full of men, women and children. They were greatly excited, and encouraged us on by waving flags and handkerchiefs in a loyal manner. We chased the rebels about eight miles, released our men and took in some of the rebs, but as the enemy were in larger force we returned with our captives.

This was just after the Gettysburg fight. The Union people seemed numerous at this stage of the war. Frederick was a thrifty looking place at this time, and the country surrounding it, as Whittier beautifully describes it, "Fair as the garden of the Lord." We were engaged in scouting and skirmishing in this vicinity several days. At Boonesborough we met Gen. Meade

and his staff, who were halted for a short time in the shade of a pleasant grove. We stayed in this vicinity, and at a sleepy little village called Smoketown, under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, for a short time; then returned to Harper's Ferry, crossing the Potomac on Pontoon bridges on July 14.

Company I was stationed as videttes on the Winchester turnpike, within two or three hundred feet of the rebel pickets; we used to meet half way at the same spring and fill our canteens, at the same time enter into a friendly chat, and always shake hands on parting. While we were here the remainder of the division engaged the Confederates at Shepardstown. Continuous skirmish fighting was going on in this vicinity for a number of days.

Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry force now numbered about 14,000 men, and when they could be seen in one body it was an imposing sight. One regiment of cavalry would occupy as much road in the march as four regiments of infantry, therefore cavalry would always seem more numerous than they really were.

Our experiences with the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac, from the Shenandoah to the Rappahannock, have been recorded elsewhere in this book, and need not be retold here.

On the 16th of August we were ordered to Washington. When we returned to Camp Relief we found comfortable barracks had taken the place of the old Sibley tents, and that barns had replaced the picket rope that our horses used to be hitched to. This was quite a luxury after seven months' hardship and privation at the front.

A description of the Brookhaven Raid, which was published in the Grand Army Journal, called forth an article by Comrade Hamlin, of Company C, which is given in part, knowing that it will be of interest:

THAT "WEARY MARCH"—IT OPENS A "JACK-POT" OF RECOLLECTIONS FOR A SCOTT'S 900 BOY.

"Each incident recalls an incident, and soon the paper drops into my lap, and I am lost in reveries of my soldier days, and for the time I am living over again those days of 'happiness and hardship,' so closely interwoven that it is impossible to tell which is the warp and which the woof. I am again in the saddle. The clanking of the sabres gladdens my ears; the familiar faces of long ago appear; the faithful and fearless Maj. Remington, our own beloved Capt. Dagwell, Capt. Nichollets, Lieuts. Baron Don von Weltzein, McKenzie, Littlewort, Mills and others 'wid sardine boxes on their shoulders,' as Dennie Cain would say. Then come the faces of 'the boys' of my company.

"As I brush the dust of years from my memory, those faces, bright, joyous, and youthful, appear before me, with

"Happy remembrances crowding on ever
As thick as the foam flakes drift down on
the river,
Bringing fresh to my memory those days
long gone by
Till the tears gather heavy and thick in
my eye."

"The 30 years that have intervened have not placed a wrinkle on their brows, silvered their hair nor dimmed their eyes. I am again in the saddle raiding through Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas or Tennessee. I am astride faithful old 'Jim,'—known to nearly every man in Scott's 900—the tall, raw-boned, iron-gray of C company, the fastest running horse in the regiment. I hear the familiar voices of my comrades. 'The past rises before me like a dream,' and I am on duty. The bitter, in the mysterious chemical process of time, has been extracted and only the pleasanter parts remain. I live over and over the long, weary marches through dust or mud, in sunshine or storm; I am again on picket, guarding the grand old army of freedom from stray mules,

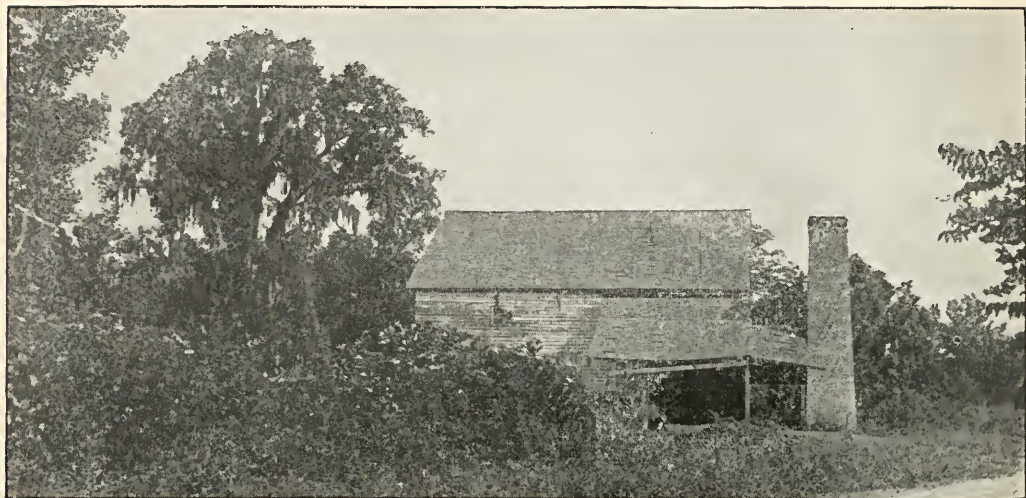
while I 'cuss' the mosquitoes and await the next relief; I am relieved at last, and returning to the reserve I open my haversack, take out a hardtack, and attempt to bite it. That act awakens me from my day-dream, and I realize that thirty years have passed, and my gray whiskers cover nearly toothless jaws, and the few scattering molars that are doing picket duty about my mouth draw the line on those 'B. C. crackers.'

"I have read with deep interest the sketches of Comrade T. W. Smith, of F company. He has a wonderfully retentive memory, or has 'a cinch' on a pretty good diary. He mentions the Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry that was with us much in Louisiana, and between which regiment and Scott's 900 there existed the kindest feeling. They were always ready to fight for our boys with either arms or fists, and were, I think, the best regiment we ever brigaded with.

"To the boys of our regiment I would say: Do any of you remember a short, rather solidly built Norwegian boy, who was always about headquarters of the Fourth, doing orderly duty? His name was Nelson. He went home, studied law, was elected to the Wisconsin Legislature, moved to Minnesota, was afterward sent to the State Senate, then twice elected governor of Minnesota, and has just succeeded Hon. W. D. Washburn as United States senator. That's Knute Nelson. When he was running for governor the first time, he visited my town. I was one of the committee who met him at the train. On our way to the hotel for dinner I

told him I understood he was a member of the Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry. He said I was correctly informed. I then told him of my regiment. He grasped my hand with a true comrade's grip. At the hotel, as he emerged from the dining room, he found the lobby full of 'leading politicians,' all eager to meet him. After a very hurried introduction, he turned to me and asked: 'Are you very busy?' Being assured that I was not, he said: 'Let's take a walk.' For nearly two hours we walked about the side streets of our little town, and not once did he refer to his candidacy for governor, or even speak of politics. Among other things, he said to me: 'Hamlin, after I have passed off the stage of action, I care not to be remembered as a politician. Above and far beyond any civic title I have won or may hereafter win, I cherish my career as a private soldier in the army of my adopted country; and when I am laid to rest, my friends can do me the greatest honor in their power by putting at my head a simple stone with these words: "Corporal Knute Nelson, Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry."'

"Maybe some of our boys remember a Sergt. Peck of that regiment—an awfully jolly fellow? Well, that boy was George W. Peck, of 'Peck's Bad Boy' fame, who but recently vacated the chair as governor of Wisconsin. There was also a tall musician, the greatest story-teller in his regiment. His name was W. D. Hoard, and he vacated the governor's chair when Peck was elected. Think of that, boys! Three governors from the ranks of one regiment! That beats the record."



SAW-MILL AT MANNING'S PLANTATION.



BACK OF THE SAW-MILL AT MANNING'S.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PICKET GUARD.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still;
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill.

I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrouds I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply;
"Advance and give the countersign!"
* * * * *

I think I see him crouching low,
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

* * * * *
* * * So passed the night—
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height,
I heard the solemn march of men;
Till over stubble, over sward
And fields where laid the golden sheaf,
I saw the corporal of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

REMINISCENCES CONTINUED—THE PICKET GUARD—NIGHT ON PICKET, BY JAMES
G. HAMLIN—A TRIP INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY—THE LAST RAID—
THE SCOUT AND DANCE, AND WHO TOOK THE HORSE, BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

A NIGHT ON PICKET.

BY JAS. G. HAMLIN, COMPANY C.

WHEN "Scott's 900" left New Orleans it was divided up and scattered along the river bank to guard the different sugar plantations that the government had taken possession of. These plantations were located below Baton Rouge, on the east side of the Mississippi, nearly opposite Donaldsonville. My company was stationed at the Manning Plantation, just below Doyal's. Those familiar with that country will remember that the land seemed to slope back from the river, and in fact it did, for small ditches ran back from the river about a mile, where they emptied into a huge ditch which ran parallel with the Mississippi, and, I think, finally emptied into the

New River, a sluggish, insignificant stream. The large ditch was about a mile back, and at the edge of a dense woods and canebrake.

We arrived at the plantation in the afternoon, and, as soon as we were comfortably quartered in the upper story of the large mule barns, a picket detail was made. I was always lucky at games of chance in those days (a mascotic accomplishment that the years have entirely eradicated), and of course drew a prize, and had the distinguished honor of being on the first picket detail from Company C in Louisiana. I was on the third relief; the first relief was put on at 6 p. m.

There was a road running straight down from the "mansion" to the woods, and finally brought up at Doyal's plantation. We were entirely

unacquainted with the topography and peculiarities of the country, also the animals and reptiles thereof.

Now, be it mentioned, I was a boy at that time, of about 16½ tender years, and it may seem to the youth of today presumptuous for a boy of that age to undertake to crush the rebellion; but I was in it, and in it for keeps—unless I could get an honorable discharge. Be that as it may, I was in it that night, and the night set in “darker than a stack of black cats.”

At 10 o'clock I relieved Tom Shel-



JAMES G. HAMLIN, "C" CO.

ton, and my post was at the edge of the woods—a most dreary place. We were not yet posted as to the supply of rebels or guerrillas that section had on hand at that time, and did not know at what moment we might be called on to preserve the Union by a hard fight or preserve our hides by a rapid flight. I was always prepared for the latter.

As I relieved Tom, I asked him if all was quiet. “Not exactly, I hear a crackling noise occasionally over in the edge of the woods, as if some one

was creeping up this way.” Corporal Dixon, who had charge of the relief, admonished me to keep a sharp watch. The admonition was a useless expenditure of the English language. I was not there for my health, nor for a quiet repose. Soon after Dixon and Shelton left, I heard the dry canebrakes crackling as if somebody was quietly working his way along. “Old Jim,” my faithful horse, stopped chewing his bit, turned his head in the direction of the noise and listened. I listened also, as I brought my carbine to a ready. All was quiet for a moment, then the noise was repeated. My heart was in my mouth, and each particular hair stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. It froze my young blood, so to speak (with apologies to Shakespeare). Nearer and nearer it came, and my heart kept coming up into my mouth, and I kept swallowing it, until I felt I would not need a ration for a week. Why didn't the relief come? I had surely been on that post four or five hours already. At last there was a huge plunge, and the most unearthly screech to be heard this side of hades. Up came my heart, up went my hair, off went my carbine, and off went my horse. My horse was an awful coward that night, and I couldn't stop him until we got to camp. Dixon and I, accompanied by Shelton, went slowly back to investigate; and I was put back to finish my “trick”—to finish eternity, it seemed to me. All things earthly have an end, and so at last I heard the clanking of the sabres of Corporal Dixon and the first relief. He asked me if all was quiet, and I told him yes. Talk about the joys of the prisoner as he steps forth from the prison walls after years of confinement; the joy of the exile as he receives a reprieve after years of banishment, and draws near his native home; talk even of the joys of a redeemed soul after years of sin—these are all troubles compared with the joyfulness with which I fell in beside Dixon and started back to camp.

Upon investigation, next morning, it was found that the crackling noise was

made by a large alligator as he crept slowly toward that large ditch, the existence of which was unknown to me, and the plunge was made by it. Just as he made the plunge a large screech owl, in a tree near by, let forth one of his ear-piercing songs. I had never before heard one of these nocturnal songsters, and it startled me. It would be different now; thirty years make many changes. I have heard Patti sing; I have listened to some of the most celebrated tenors of our times; I have even heard young ladies practicing; no screech owl could scare me now.

Years of a busy life had nearly hidden such incidents, but as I read our stories they seem to have brushed the dust from the tablets of memory, and they stand forth where they had been photographed with the indelible chemicals of nature. May the history of the regiment be written, and may it be filled with stories of the camp and field, the fight and raid; and may it teach our children of weary marches through dust and mud, in sunshine and storm, under the bright stars and in the pelted rain. Teach them something of the hardships of a soldier's life, that when they hear the soldier hater prattle they may be prepared to take up the gauntlet for their fathers, who risked their lives that the country might live.

A TRIP INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY UNDER
A WHITE FLAG—AN ADVENTURE RE-
CALLED.

BY JAS. G. HAMLIN.

In his admirable article entitled, "A weary march," descriptive of a cavalry raid through Louisiana and Mississippi, in which "Scott's 900" took a hand, Comrade Smith describes how three or four captured rebel officers violated their word of honor and escaped. He also gives the letter written to the rebel general, Hodge, commanding that department, by those rebel officers, prisoners in our hands, who "felt the disgrace" so keenly that they immediately requested that the

renegades be returned to our lines, and turned over to the commanding officer at Baton Rouge, Brig.-Gen. A. L. Lee.

In the latter part of November, 1864, I was one of a detail of 16 or 17 men sent from Baton Rouge into the enemy's lines with a flag of truce. I cannot now recall the names of the boys now constituting that little party, nor the name of the lieutenant in charge. He did not belong to our regiment. We started out shortly after dinner, expecting to strike the enemy's picket in time to enable us to return before dark. We traveled along leisurely, and before we were aware of it, night began to close in upon us. The officer found himself in a predicament. He awoke to the fact that a large white handkerchief tied to the top of a reed pole was poor protection as a flag of truce after dark. Therefore he marched us off the road into heavy timber, and there we remained all night without a fire. We were supposed to be "lost," but the chilly November night kept us awake to the situation, and we knew where we were all the time. It was a long disagreeable night, but, like all other disagreeable nights in the service, it finally passed, and at the first "peep o' day" we were in our saddles pushing forward. A sergeant and private rode about ten rods in advance, one or the other carrying the "fish pole" with the flag attached to it. I happened to be in the first set of twos, and toward noon the lieutenant said to me: "Ride up and relieve that man who has carried that pole all day, and tell him to halt and fall in as we come up." I did so, and we passed on. Just before noon we made a sharp turn to the right. We were passing through second-growth pine, which reached out over our heads. We (the sergeant and myself) had not had time to scan the road ahead, when crack! went a rifle up the road. "Swing your flag and keep right ahead," said the lieutenant. I did, when a rebel soldier rode out from the shelter of a tree, and swung his hat. We halted at his command. Our lieutenant rode up toward him

with the flag. Soon the rebel reserve picket, having heard the shot, came clattering down the road. Our officers met. After the rebel officer had learned our mission, he said: "I suppose, according to the rules of war, you should camp out here (outside the picket line) until I can send this letter to Gen. Hodge and get a return message, if any, but as it is five miles to Clinton, and nearly noon, I guess I will risk it to invite you and your men up to the reserve post for dinner." The offer was accepted. The Johnnies were preparing dinner. They had some huge yams baking in the coals, some fresh beef and corn bread. We had a good supply of coffee, salt and hardtack. But, let me add, before we reached the reserve, my saddle "turned," and I went to grass. It was found that the rebel's bullet had passed under my left leg, and cut the cinch strap, where it forms a small roll in tightening the saddle girth.

We had a pleasant time, and when the picket was relieved he told me that his gun hung fire, and he was in the act of lowering it when it was discharged.

Now comes the strangest part of my little story. I was discharged with my regiment, went home to Oneida county, passed the winter attending school at Deansville, and at the first sign of spring struck out for the far West to seek a fortune and a brother who had left home when I was a babe. I found the brother in the northern part of Wisconsin below Eau Claire. He was "ship carpenter" for a large saw mill belonging to Knapp, Stout & Co. He wanted me to stay with him that summer "in order to get acquainted," as he said, so I took the position of "dogging logs." One evening along toward the fall of '66, while three or four of us were sitting in my room at the boarding house telling war reminiscences, I happened to tell of this circumstance, and dwelt probably quite prominently upon how near I came to receiving my "final discharge." As I closed, one of the boys, Bert Riley, who never talked of

the late unpleasantness, jumped up, grabbed me by the hand and said: "That's all true, Jim, and I can testify to it."

I looked him over critically, and said: "Bert, you were not with us, were you?" "No," said he, but I was on picket and fired the shot at you. You needn't shake your head. I can convince you." "Do it," said I, "for you don't look any more like that man than like the late Gen. Scott."

"Well," said he, "I offered you \$50 to boot between horses, to trade with me, which you refused; yours was a gray horse, mine was a black mare. When you got in your saddle to go I said, 'Three cheers for the Yanks.' You got them and returned the compliment. Just as you 'broke by twos,' our lieutenant said: 'Boys, if we ever meet again, shoot high.'"

Imagine my surprise. I finally said: "But, Bert, you don't look like the fellow; he was beardless, and you look much older."

"Let me tell you my story," said he. "I was brought up at Keokuk, Iowa. In 1858 my sister married, and her husband moved to Mississippi and engaged in the lumber business. In 1860 I went there to work for him. He owned a mill back in the country. We paid no attention to the war talk. Finally we awoke to find we could not get north. I was conscripted, served until the war closed, then came up to Keokuk to see my parents. Last fall Knapp, Stout & Co., who own a yard there, advertised for men to go into the pineries. I went, and came down the 'drive'; hired out to the mill, and here I am. I haven't shaved for over a year, and this is my first crop of whiskers."

It is evident that we were carrying the letters from the rebel captives to Gen. Hodge, and Comrade Smith's mention of the incident has recalled to memory this singular meeting of 'the shooter and the shot at,' as a comrade once termed a meeting of like nature. I kept track of Riley for some years, and the last I knew of him he was living in Minneapolis.

THE LAST RAID.

Sergt. Hartwell sends the following sketches of events in Tennessee:

About the last raid on which we went in greater force than our own regiment, left Memphis in the spring of 1865. We went by the Hernando road, and Hernando, Miss., on the railroad to New Orleans, was the first town of importance that we struck. The enemy made no attempt at resistance, and we proceeded to Holly Springs, once the home of Jefferson Davis. This place was beautifully located, and seemed to be inhabited by well-to-do people. There were large hills surrounding the place, and the streets and yards were shaded by large magnolia trees. There was plenty of forage for our horses, and we took nothing from the people that was not necessary for our subsistence, excepting horses and mules. At Holly Springs the command was divided so as to do the most damage to the enemy. Our regiment went as far as Ripley, where we ran into Forrest's command, and after some skirmishing fell back to Grand Junction, where we met the other regiment of our division, and formed for an attack, but Forrest's men evidently did not care to engage us there, and went back to Ripley. The regiment that had the advance one day would be in the rear the next; the regiment in the center of the column picketed and protected the flanks. The roads were made of shell rock, and were very hard, and if a horse lost a shoe he became lame. The riders of the lame horses would try to get on better horses or mules than the animals they were riding, and were on the lookout when we approached a plantation, and, if successful, would take the new beasts and release their old horses, which would follow along with the column. The men had to keep up somehow, and if their horses could not carry them they would have to walk; the mounted men would carry the saddles and equipment of their unfortunate comrades, and if the dismounted man was a good fellow, he would occasionally

get a ride, but an unpopular man would sometimes have to "hoof it" all day, but by night all usually got mounted again on captured animals. It was rather amusing, if unfortunate circumstances can be amusing, to see the efforts of the dismounted fellows to get mounted again. The men with played-out horses near the head of the column would get the first chance at the captured animals, and when a man got a better one than his own he would let the poor horse go. Some man with a poor horse would try the loose animal, and so it would go all along the line, each man with a poor horse thinking the loose one was a better animal than his own. But all the horses followed the column, and were brought along ahead of the rear guard. After destroying some bridges at Grand Junction we went to La Grange. There was a high bridge there, and the water was deep; there were no planks on the bridge, and we had to get the artillery across, so we laid poles on the bridge about three deep and crossed on them; but we had to keep relaying them all the time, for a horse would sometimes step on a crooked pole, when the further end would fly up, and sometimes make a hole in the floor. One man of our regiment fell through the bridge with his horse. The horse lay on his side in the water, and the man, whose legs were fast, was under water. Some of our men on the bank, seeing the accident, plunged their horses into the stream, rolled the horse over and got the man out, who was under the animal, and brought them ashore, none the worse for the fall save the wetting. After the troops got across, the poles were thrown into the river, and we got back to Memphis the next day.

After Lee's surrender, the Memphis & Charleston Railroad was repaired as far as Corinth, and we were occupied in fighting guerrillas and keeping the peace in the towns on and adjacent to the road. One time, early in 1865, while part of our regiment was on picket along the Wolf River, a Confederate officer, said to be Col. Forrest,

with an escort, came to our lines under a flag of truce, and asked to be conducted to Gen. Hurlbut's headquarters in Memphis. Our officer sent a sergeant with some men into the city with them, and after about six hours' absence the general and his party returned, seemingly in very good spirits. The general called out to the reserve, as he rode by, "Boys, you need not keep guard tonight, for you will not be molested." They made camp at night in the woods beyond our picket. Next morning the general, with one of his staff, came to the outpost and wanted to see the officer of the picket; the general was mad clear through, and did not use very good language. When the officer of the picket rode out to see what was wanted, the general accused the picket guard of stealing their horses. The officer declared that none of his men had left camp during the night. While the confab was going on, one of Forrest's men came up and said that they had tracked their horses going the other way, and that they had probably been taken by the guerrillas. Forrest swore he would clean out those guerrilla bands, but he did not do it, for we met them many times after.

A SCOUT AND DANCE IN TENNESSEE.

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

While we were stationed at Purdy in the summer of 1865, I became acquainted with some citizens of Adamsville, a small town about four miles east of our camp. They claimed to be Unionists, and I think they were, for many of them had sons in the Federal Army. I was talking to some of them one day, at Purdy, when one of them said: "Why don't you men come down and have a dance with our girls; they are crazy for a dance, and our boys are away in the army." The idea struck me as a good one. I liked to dance in my younger days, and have not gotten over it yet, although my feet are getting Quakerish, and my right leg seems inclined toward the church. I was invited to come at any time, and

at that moment a darky came along who could play the fiddle. I asked him if he would play for a party at McWhorters, at Adamsville, the next night. He said he would, and I told him to grease his elbow and be on time and I would give him a dollar. He responded, "I'll be dar, sartin'." I went to the quarters, looked over the roll, and picked out about twenty men that I thought would enjoy the dance, and told them they were detailed for special scout the next day; to take one day's rations and feed for their horses, and see that their arms were in good condition. The next morning we started on the Purdy and Corinth road. A young civilian doctor went with us. We went to Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River. There was an old warehouse there. We went over the battle ground to Shiloh Church; the boys dug some bullets from the trees, and I picked up a cannon ball. In the long trench, where the dead were buried, skulls and bones of arms and legs were exposed to view. After resting awhile and feeding our horses and getting our dinner, we resumed our march or scout towards Adamsville. We arrived at McWhorter's about dark. The darky was there with his fiddle, as agreed. I was introduced by McWhorter to his two daughters, fine looking girls. I asked the one I thought was the best looking to go to a dance, and Sergeant B. took the other. We mounted our horses, spread our overcoats behind the saddles, and the girls got on and held fast to us while the column rode around the village to houses where our girls directed us. There would be introductions, requests from the lads to the girls to go to a dance, and prompt acceptances. I was surprised that they went with us so readily, but their confidence was not betrayed, and they were treated as though they were our sisters. We went to a large log house, used for meetings, etc.; the floor was rough, but after promenading around in our cavalry boots we made the loose splinters fly, and got the planks compara-

tively smooth. We put our horses in the yard, with three men to guard them; our carbines and sabres we put in a corner of the room under a guard. We kept our belts and revolvers on, as I did not propose to be surprised. The darky struck up the music, and we commenced to dance. There was some confusion in the manner of calling off, the girls did not understand our way, nor we theirs. One would call out "All promenade," another for the same figure would say "Away," another call would be "Alaman left," or "Left-hand corner." However, we were having a splendid time when bang, bang, bang! went some shots through the window, striking the opposite wall. We told the girls to keep away from the doors and windows, and grabbed our carbines and rushed outside, where we saw a line of mounted guerrillas firing at the house. We opened fire at them, and I heard by my side a noise like a pop-gun, and saw my girl, with a tiny revolver, blazing away. I told her to go inside, but she said she was not afraid to stand where I did, and I let her shoot. The horse thieves didn't stand long, but scattered in the woods. We followed a little way on foot, and then went back to the dancing. None of us were hurt. We increased our guards, and kept the fun up till morning. The girls said they had had a splendid time, and invited us to come again. We said nothing at the camp about the dance, but told of the march and fight, and that we had not had a wink of sleep since we started.

WHO TOOK THE HORSE?

BY SERGT. HARTWELL.

"Who took the horse?" has been for many years a mystery, and as the men paid for the animal they are entitled to know. In Company B, as in all other companies, there were a number of reckless, devil-may-care fellows; always ready for a "lark," but good fellows withal, and in time of need as good soldiers as ever threw a leg across a saddle. Sometimes it was a

difficult matter to shield such men from the trouble their love for sport got them into. I was arrested for horse stealing, and knew the men who did the deed, but as I could prove an alibi and the real culprits could not, it was thought to be an easy way out of the scrape, and so it proved. We were stationed at Memphis prior to being mustered out, and Sergt. B—— and Corp. McG—— got passes to visit the city, and in an unguarded moment they went into the Gayoso House and drank some filtered water. Now, one can readily see what effect such carelessness would have upon men used to drinking the muddy Mississippi or stagnant swamp water. On their way back to camp, they were feeling rather hilarious as they trudged along the dusty road, and being good cavalrymen they made poor progress dismounted. On the way they were overtaken by a negro riding a horse and leading another. It suddenly dawned upon the sergeant that they would look better riding than walking, he jumped upon the horse that was being led, and jerked the halter from the negro; the corporal nimbly vaulted up behind, and they charged into camp yelling like Indians. I heard the commotion, and stepped out of my tent to see what was up. When they got to the company street, they jumped off the horse, and giving him a slap the animal ran out of our camp into that of the Twelfth Illinois. Soon after the negro came into the camp, and not finding his horse, went back and reported the loss to the man he worked for. The owner went to Gen. Dana, who sent an officer and a squad of men from the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, with orders to arrest the man or men that the negro identified. I had not been out of camp for at least two days, and was engaged in making out the company pay and muster rolls, when an order came for the company to "fall in." All the companies were formed on the parade ground. I was dressed in a blouse without chevrons on the sleeves when the order came, and did not think to change it. The

negro passed along the line, trying to pick out the men who took his horse. Sergt. B—— stood in the rear rank, behind "Big" Fisher, and the corporal kept in the shade somewhere. I stood on the right of the company. When this "intelligent contraband" saw me he stopped, looked closely at my face, and exclaimed: "Dat's de man dat took de hoss." I could have skinned the colored fellow at the time, for two persons could hardly be more unlike than Sergt. B—— and myself. He wore a full beard, had sandy hair, and was of a ruddy complexion. I was dark, with black hair, mustache and imperial. I thought I could save the men from imprisonment, so I said nothing. I had got many of the men of my own and other companies out of foolish scrapes before, and was glad of this chance to save my men, who were in trouble because of their love of fun. The officer said to me: "You are charged by this negro with stealing a horse, and I must take you to headquarters." I replied, "All right." I had my horse saddled, and with Adj. Harrison for my witness we accompanied the officer. On arriving at headquarters, we reported to the assistant adjutant general, and when I was taken before the general I was charged by the negro as being the man that stole the horse. The general asked me if I took the horse, and I told him no, that I had not been out of camp for several days—not since coming into Memphis, and I could get plenty of men to prove

it. The general said to the officer in charge of me: "I haven't time to attend to the case now. Take him to the guard house until 10 o'clock Monday morning." Here was a state of things that I had not calculated on; but Adj. Harrison came to my rescue, and on his guaranty to produce me at the time specified I was released. The general probably thought I was a private soldier, and I said nothing, but saluted, and we went out into the street. "Well," said Harrison, "that was a close call; you might have been locked up over Sunday." Monday morning at 10 o'clock I was on hand with Maj. Smith, Adj. Harrison, two sergeants and two privates, as my witnesses. The negro, a wench, and a storekeeper were the witnesses for the other side. The darky identified me as the man who stole the horse; the wench was puzzled and could not be sure about it; the storekeeper said I was not the man. My witnesses proved that I had not been out of camp that day, and I was released. The general told Maj. Smith that some of his men took the horse and that the regiment must pay for it, and when we were paid off at Albany a small amount was taken from each man's pay, but the money was not missed, and it was better than sending two good men to "Dry Tortugas" just for a "lark," and there is no doubt but that some man of the Twelfth Illinois got the horse.





H. D. ELLSWORTH, MAJOR, 1896.
Taken at the age of 62 years.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be,
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known when faith was clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be,
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever shall we be."

—CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE VETERAN'S PICTURE GALLERY AND ALBUM OF CAMP FIRE STORIES, GATHERED AND GROUPED BY COMRADE GEORGE A. DAGWELL AND PRESENTED TO THE OLD "SABREURS" OF THE ELEVENTH CAVALRY AS ECHOES OF THE TIMES THAT TRIED THEIR COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM.

NOAH CARR, of Company C, whose very name is associated with a flood of memories, said, "I was one of a detail of ten men from Company C to do courier duty at the headquarters of Gen. Kane at Arlington Heights, Va., in 1862, and I will tell you how I procured a permanent supply of 'cray-thure comfort' for the detail. We had very comfortable quarters, nicely fitted up with bunks, directly in the rear of the general's quarters. All the ordinary comforts of a soldier were provided, and maybe for this reason, and perhaps because of the difficulty of procuring it, we imagined that it was necessary to have a supply of 'commissary' on hand, or, as it is sometimes known, of 'red-eye,' 'bug-juice,' 'Jersey lightning,' etc., and occasionally it is known as whisky.

Well, whether we needed it or not, we thought the night air, the river fogs, the long rides, or some other reason required that we should keep a canteenful on hand. We had no money to buy anything with, so after a long consultation it was agreed that we should draw straws, and the one getting the shortest straw should have the honor of getting the first canteen of whisky, how it was to be got did not matter, but, 'by hook or by crook,' the holder of the shortest straw must get the 'stuff.'

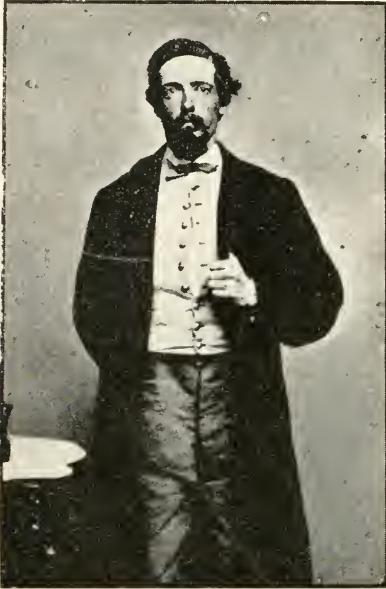
"My usual 'remarkable luck' attended me on this occasion; I drew the short straw. I was stuck. I had agreed to the compact and could not kick, even if there had been a ghost of a show of



GEO. A. DAGWELL, CAPTAIN "C" CO.
BREVET-MAJOR, 1896.

getting out of the scrape. "I took the canteen, and, buttoning

up my overcoat, I mounted my horse and started out on my forlorn hunt. I had no idea how or where I was going to get the canteen filled, yet, 'accord-

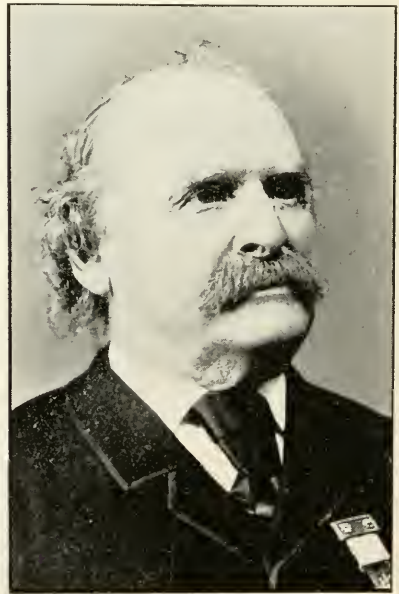


GEO. D. DENISON, REGIMENTAL QUARTERMASTER.
(1st Sergeant "C" Co.)

ing to the compact' it had to be done. As I started away from our quarters the near-by camps were sounding retreat roll call. I took the road leading to Alexandria, and after riding a couple of miles I came to the camp of a new regiment; I rode into this camp, and very soon located the sutler's tent, by its crowd of patrons and its illuminated front.

"Riding around to the rear entrance, I dismounted and made my presence known to the clerk by rapping on the tent pole with my sabre. When the clerk presented himself I rattled my sabre, and, with all the dignity I could assume, I handed him the canteen and told him that I wanted to get it filled with whisky. My plan was, to get the whisky, then swing into the saddle, and get away. The clerk said he would speak to the sutler about it and passed

inside. Placing my ear to the opening I heard the clerk say to the sutler, 'He looks and talks like a general; if he ain't a general he must be a field officer any way, because he has got two rows of buttons on his coat (a cavalry overcoat had two rows of buttons, while infantry coats had but one), and a big long sword by his side.' The sutler said, 'Go and get his canteen and fill it, but don't take pay for it.' When I heard him say this, I was happy. The clerk came and took the canteen and filled it; when he returned I rattled some brass buttons in my pocket and asked him what the charge was. He said, 'Nothing at all.' I told him that I expected to pay for it, and preferred to do so. He said the sutler had forbidden him to take pay, but would be pleased to know the name of the officer he was serving. I said, 'Very well, then, tell the sutler to ac-



ENOS HUNT STEVENS, REGIMENTAL VETERINARY
SURGEON.

cept the thanks of Gen. Kane.' When I said this he was excessively polite, pulling his hat off, bowing and scraping the ground with first one foot and

then the other. He finally pulled himself together, and assured me that the sutler would be pleased when he learned that it was Gen. Kane. Bidding the clerk good-night I rode out into the road and skipped for camp.

"When I got back the stable guard took my horse, and I noticed that he had nothing to say and did not partake of the liberality I was trying to diffuse (I had already taken two or three pulls at the canteen and was feeling pretty good). I went into the tent, telling the stable guard to come on and get his whisky, laughing and chaffing the rest of the boys, as I called them by name to come and get a drink. 'I've got the stuff all right,' I said; but nobody answered. The tent was dark, but I could see men lying in the bunks, and I said, 'What's the matter with you. What makes you all so mum. If you ain't dry, I am, and here she goes.'



CHAS. GAMMEL, "B" CO.

I drank a good swig and let it gurgle down my throat to aggravate them; then I told them how I got the whisky. After I had told the story up jumped the general himself, who had strolled

into the tent and had laid down on one of our bunks, and said, 'Soldier, I claim a drink out of that canteen.' My! wasn't I scared! Didn't my teeth chat-



GEO. HERZOG, CORPORAL "B" CO.

ter? Well, just a little! 'You got the whisky on my name, and I ought to be entitled to a good drink.' With trembling hands I passed him the canteen.

"The general sampled it; then, taking a good horn, he smacked his lips, and, wiping his mouth he said, 'Boys, you must never do that again while you are with me. I will give you an order for all the whisky you want, but don't abuse the order.' He kept his word, too, like the man he was."

George W. Bowman, being next in the circle, said — "Carr! that was a case of pure luck. He was the one general out of a hundred; ninety-nine would have punished you. I never had such luck. If I had, I might have been in your whisky detail myself."

"How is that?" asked Carr.

"Well, I was only a kid, but in July, 1862, I enlisted; my mother would not let me go. In June, 1863, the same thing happened again. On January

12, 1864, I said to my parents, 'If you don't sign this paper and let me go, I will run away and go'—and go I did. Of course I went in Scott's 900, for

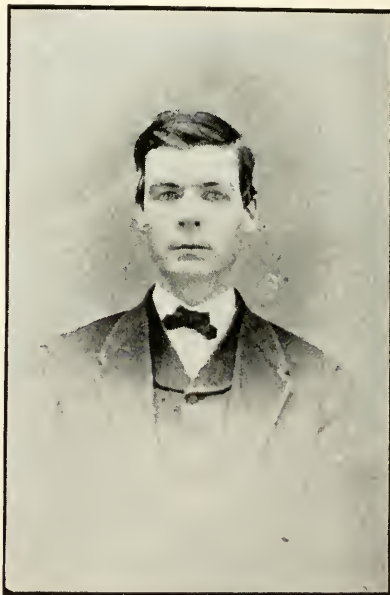


NOAH F. CARR, "C" CO.

they had a big reputation as daring riders.

"After I got to Washington I was given an old white horse; on the fourth morning, after the usual sabre drill, I thought my poor wrist was broken. I went on the sick list to see the doctor about it, and he told me to use my sabre frequently and the swelling would go down; that made me mad. The next day I was stationed on Pennsylvania avenue as a vidette. This was my first duty outside of camp. Presently an officer came along and said to me, 'Why don't you salute your superior officer?' I ought to send you to the guard-house.' This was a stunner, but what did a new recruit know about saluting? I had only been one week in the service and my head was so full of instructions and my wrist of inflammation that I did not know whether I ought to return sabre 'by numbers 1, 2, 3'

or make a 'front cut' at the officer. We left Washington for New Orleans on the steamer 'Cahawba.' After leaving Hampton Roads I was put on guard over prisoners, and going around Cape Hatteras I was seasick. And say! but I was sick—and didn't I wish I was home with my mother; but I lived through it. It was a rough trip all the way. After we left New Orleans and had arrived at Manning's Plantation, I was one of the first men of Company C to be detailed for picket duty. We marched out to an old saw mill in the woods. I was put on an outside post, and another young fellow by the name of Hoffmeyer was 'on vidette' between my post and the reserve. About 2 A.M. Hoffmeyer rode up to me and said, 'Keep your eye skinned, George; for there are about a dozen men over in the clearing, and they are coming this way.' Off he



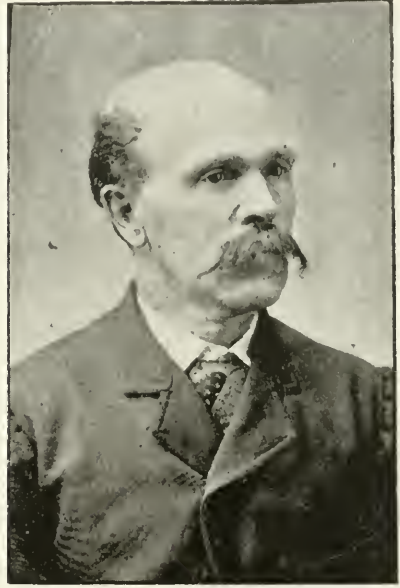
JAMES FAULDS, "C" CO., 1865.

went, and in about five minutes he fired his revolver two or three times, and then I heard his horse's feet strike the bridge a couple of times in his flight to the rear. *And again I thought of*

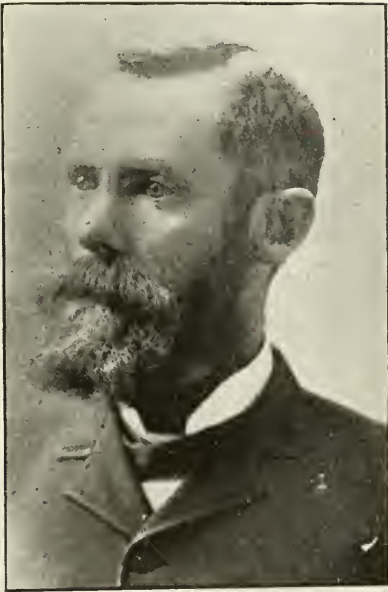
mother! In a little while the whole company came out on a wild-goose chase. There were plenty of guerrillas in that country, but the men he saw proved to be nothing more than a lot of stumps out in the cleared lot. The counter-sign for that night was 'Utica,' given out by Lieut. Dagwell, who was officer of the day, and that password *made me think of home and mother.*"

W. H. Tisdale, of D company, who had been quietly listening to this seventeen-year-old boy's story of his love for his mother, "when distance lent enchantment," said, "Well, George, I don't blame you for being a trifle nervous, for I remember a circumstance where an old soldier of the British army, who came over from Canada and enlisted in D company, showed less nerve. You did not leave your post, but he did. His name was James

a small cemetery. Meehan was a picket that night, and his post was in the grove at the cemetery. He had not been on his post more than half an



JAMES MOUNT, SADDLER, "C" CO.



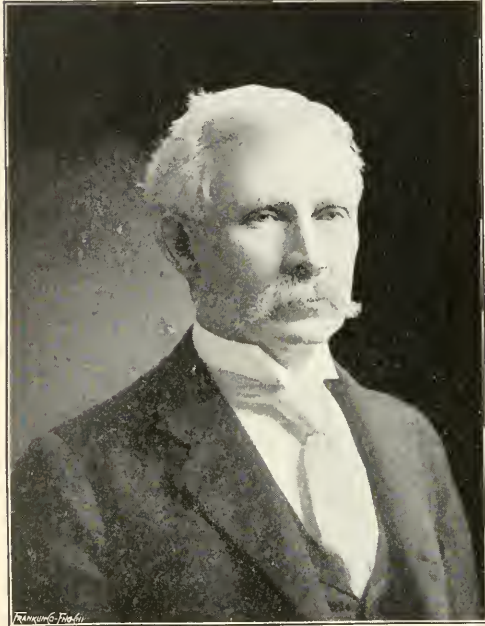
JAMES G. HAMLIN, "C" CO., 1896.

Meehan, and he was a big fellow. It was on our first raid into Virginia. Our first night's camp was within a few miles of Leesburg. In a beautiful grove a half mile or so from camp was

hour when he fired his revolver and came galloping back into camp, reporting that he had seen a ghost and had fired at it. He was so thoroughly frightened that he could not be induced to go back to that post, so another man changed places with him. The boys chaffed Meehan about his ghost, and one of the boys, who was more sarcastic than the others, was told by the orderly sergeant that he might be hit with the same disease before his contract with Uncle Sam expired.

"The next day we moved into Leesburg. Some of the companies went beyond the town, others to the right or left, and gathered up horses, cattle and sheep that the 'rebs' had gotten together on a thieving expedition and had abandoned them when we came up. We made a big haul, and after all of the companies had reported at the court house, we moved back to our old

camping ground of the night before. The picket guard was told off, and the young fellow previously mentioned was given an opportunity to test his con-



JAMES S. McDONALD, SERGEANT "C" CO.,
AND SERGEANT-MAJOR, 1897.

stitutional ability to resist 'Meehan's ghost.' He was put on the old post at the cemetery. He had not been there long before he saw the ghost, and to say he had not contracted Meehan's disease in its most malignant form would be untrue, and nothing under heaven kept him from trotting for camp but his braggart talk and the sergeant's rebuke of the night before. He saw a white object rise up from the ground, and, after standing a while, it sank down out of sight; then in a few moments it repeated the performance. Mustering a courage born from the horror of his situation, the picket dismounted, secured his horse, then, with drawn revolver and a cold sweat breaking out over his body, hair frozen stiff, he cautiously advanced to investigate the spook. He finally reached a point a few feet from the ghost—when he

discovered that it was a big white *William goat!* The goat was a pet, and belonged on a plantation a short distance down the road, and his ghostly appearance was caused by his rearing up on his hind legs to browse off the leaves on the lower limbs of the trees. Then he would drop down to chew a mouthful. When he would drop down it brought him behind a gravestone, hiding him from view. Putting away his revolver the soldier valiantly advanced and took the ghost by the horns and led him out to where his horse was, and when relieved he led the goat into camp at the end of his lariat. After telling his story and producing the



JOHN A. NASH, SERGEANT "C" CO.
Taken after his discharge, Dec., 1864.

ghost, poor Meehan was roasted from all sides."

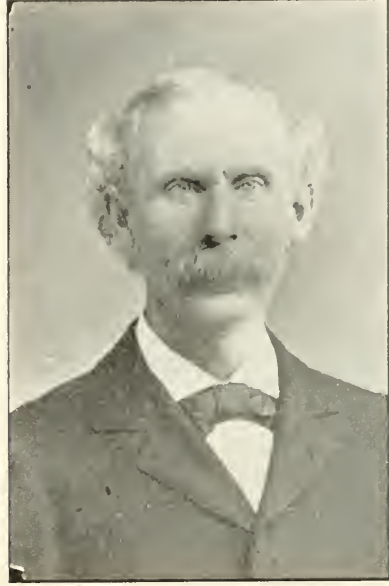
"Well, boys," said John H. Spain,

of A company, "I can't tell you a ghost story, but I can tell you something about a man of Company A, who was mortally afraid of ghosts. His name was Jim Sweeney. When we first landed in New Orleans, Capt. Raymond bought a quantity of goat's milk, and gave it to the boys; when Jim received his portion and found out what it was, a pleased smile broke over his face, as he said: 'Capt. Raymond, if you will feed me on goat's milk and white bread I'll chase all the gorillars to hell for you.' A day or two afterwards he was growling because the captain had said to him, 'Oh, poor fellow'; turning to the captain he said: 'Captain, is it often you patted a fat dog, and called him a poor fellow?' Another time we were drawn up in line for a scout out to Bayou Manchac, and the captain was inspecting us. Jim saluted the captain, and said: 'Capt. Raymond, may the curse of Moll Doyle's seven blind devils light down on you if you take me out mother's only son out to Bayou Shagamonshack to have him shot.'

"Sweeney was a good soldier, but he was superstitious, and afraid of

"pike" or any post but the one by the bone yard.'

"Boys, I could tell you of Jim's droll sayings for two hours, but I want to



THOS. REYNOLDS, "D" CO.



ORANGE A. PENNOYER, "D" CO.

ghosts. When we lay at German-town, Tenn., one of the picket posts was near a cemetery, and whenever Jim was detailed for picket he would say: 'Now, Corporal, put me on the

hear Capt. Dagwell's yarn before 'taps.'

"Well, boys, the 'turn' has got around to me, sure enough. I will tell you about a little affair that happened in a lodging house on the corner of Thirteenth and D streets, in Washington. One night, when I commanded the patrol, I went into this house with Sergt. Harrison, and asked the landlady the usual question, and was assured that there was no one upstairs; but she told me that there were three men in the parlor, and two of them had shown her their passes, but the other one had refused to show his papers to her, and had persisted in his refusal after she had explained to him the rules of the house, which were that no gentleman could procure lodgings until the patrol officer had examined his papers, or he had shown his pass, so that he could be vouched for, when the officer

came on inspection. She then said: 'Lieutenant, I wish you would get him out of the house: I don't want to keep him for any amount of money—he is too smart and funny! I believe



GEO. E. BENNETT, "E" CO., 1865.

that he has just been made a lieutenant, and hasn't got back to earth. His clothes are new, and he can't keep his eyes off his shoulder straps, and he is nothing but a big boy, and behaves like one.'

" 'Well, madam,' I said, 'to save you any further annoyance, I will see his papers, or he will go to the guard house.' Leaving the sergeant in the hall at the entrance to the parlor, I passed in, and going directly to the young man, I made myself known and demanded his papers. He looked up at me, then twisted his head around to see that his shoulder straps had not taken wing during the brief interval of his last glimpse at it, and said: 'What papers?'

I explained to him his situation and my position, and after considerable talk I told him I would examine the other two gentlemen's passes, and he could get his papers in shape so that I could examine them. In the meantime, the

others present were guying and making game of him; but he was too badly 'mashed' on his own importance to grasp the correct meaning of their 'jolly-ing.' While examining the other two men's passes I kept an eye on my 'fresh fish,' and saw that he paid no attention to my advice, and that he intended to give me a 'bluff.'

"I walked over to him, and running my fingers under his shoulder strap I nearly ripped it off, and said: 'Lieutenant, I am waiting to see your papers, and if you are wise you will produce them without any further delay.' He paid no attention to me.

"Giving his shoulder a push that swung him around facing me, I said (for I was mad): 'Look here, boy; you can either show me your papers or go to the central guard house.' He jumped up, and swelling up like a turkey-cock, his face purple with rage, and gasping for breath, he managed to



CHAS. LEVI, CORPORAL "E" CO., 1896.

blurt out: 'Boy! boy!' which set everyone in the room screeching with laughter. 'Yes,' said I, 'boy! and a fool of a boy; now show me your

papers, or I will snatch you out of here in a holy minute.' 'I won't show you my papers, and I dare you to lay your hands on me,' he screamed. 'Lieutenant,' said I, 'I wouldn't soil my hands on such a mule as you.' Then turning to Harrison, I said: 'Sergeant, take this man to the central guard house.' This part of our work was fun for Harrison, so when the sergeant walked over to the lieutenant, who had got on his feet and had taken a defiant attitude, I turned my back on them and moved across the room to speak to the landlady. I heard Harrison say: 'Lieutenant, come with me!' 'Never! you big red-headed cur,' exclaimed the lieutenant. By the time I had turned around Harrison had him at the door leading into the hall; the lieutenant had both arms extended across the doorway to prevent Harrison from getting him through.

with such power that you could fairly hear his arms crack as they turned back in going through. The lieutenant made no further struggle; he was very



JOHN QUINN, SERGEANT "E" CO., AND
1ST SERGEANT "C" CO.



CHAS. A. MILLETT, SERGEANT "E" CO., AND REGI-
MENTAL COMMISSARY SERGEANT, 1896.

The sergeant, who was behind the lieutenant, grasped him by both shoulders, and jerking him back, he slammed him through the doorway

pale, with anger or pain, from the rough handling he had received. The landlady unhooked the chain, opened the door, and we went out. I told the sergeant that, as it was only a short distance to the central guard house, I would remain at the house until he returned. They had not gone far when the sergeant called to me, saying that the lieutenant would like to speak to me. I walked down to them, and asked what was wanted. The lieutenant was 'all broke up,' his heart was broken, and he was sobbing like a child. Between his sobs, he told me he had a leave of absence for ten days, to come to Washington to get mustered as a second lieutenant and get his uniform. 'Here is my leave; please don't take me to the guard house.'

"I looked his leave over, and finding it correct I said to him: 'Well, lieutenant, your papers are all right, and you

are free to go where you like, but you could have saved yourself from the rough treatment you have received, and myself a good deal of annoyance,



CARMAN A. ROBINSON, "E" CO., 1896.

Wounded in action near Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1864, which caused the loss of his arm.

if you had shown your papers when civilly asked to do so.' 'I was a fool,' he said, 'and deserve the treatment I received.' 'Well, lieutenant,' said I, 'if you feel that way about it you are all right. Good night.'

"Now, Sergt. Marsden (of C company), you were in a position to see and hear a great many good things; give us a yarn."

"Well, I will tell you about the rise and fall of Jim Kain, of C company. Your story of the new lieutenant reminds me of Kain's promotion. Jim was made a corporal, and was unfortunate in being detailed for guard the day of promotion. Now, it was customary in C company for the newly-promoted man to 'wet his stripes,' but Jim, being put immediately on guard, frustrated the usual expectations of the company. However, there were a few choice

spirits of C company on guard with Jim that did not intend to be euchred out of it, such men as McCarthy, Barney Kern and others of that sort. Between the hours of retreat and tattoo roll calls, they commenced 'working the canteen,' and as the night grew older Jim's 'stripes' were getting pretty wet. Still, the honors must be sustained at any cost. Jim would pass the man in charge of the canteen across the line to get it filled and refilled, until the amber fluid had drowned all discretion.

"Jim's relief was ordered to fall in to go on post. Those that were able to do so fell in, and those that were not made no effort to do so. Jim was interviewed by the officer of the guard, and, being found unable to take charge of his relief, was ordered into the guard house to refresh himself with slumber. The next morning the case was reported to the colonel. Jim was



FRANK L. SKIDMORE, SERGEANT "E" CO.

ordered before the regimental court martial board (Uncle Jimmy), fined \$10, and reduced to the ranks. When Jim returned to the company street his friends

were ready to sympathize with him, but he wouldn't have it; with a wave of his hand, he told them that he had the quickest record of any man in the company—promoted to corporal, reduced to the ranks, and fined \$10, all in twenty-four hours."

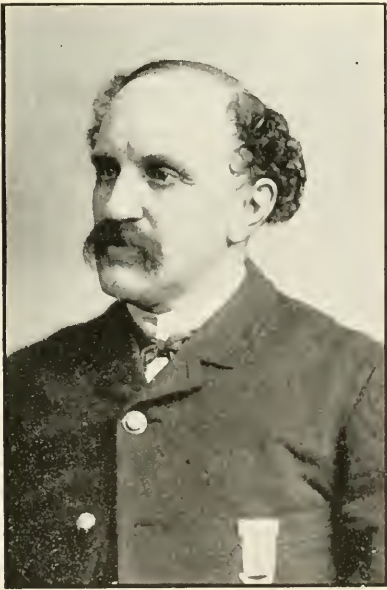
After some comment on Jim Kain's "record," Tom Smith, of F company, asked whether any of the boys remembered that fine trooper of F company that went by the name of "Garibaldi." Some of the boys immediately answered in the affirmative, and Andrew Fenner, of F company, remarked that he knew him well—"a big, pock-marked man; his right name was Charles McDonald, but tell us about him, Smith."

"When we returned from the Arkansas Raid, Garibaldi went to Memphis, and got a little 'loaded'; he was too tired to walk, so he unhitched a

star on the saddle cloth. Leonard was fearful of trouble for McDonald, so he got him under cover as soon as possible, and took the horse to the regiment



JAMES M. EASTMAN, "F" CO.



DAVID F. M. STONE, "E" CO.

horse from in front of the Gayoso House, and rode back to camp; he presented the horse to Sergt. Leonard, who discovered a brigadier-general's

headquarters, and reported to Maj. Remington that the horse was found astray. The major sent the horse to division headquarters, reporting that it was found loose by one of his men. The general sent back orders for the arrest of the man 'who had been seen to take the horse,' and for his immediate delivery to the general in command. Major Remington sent for Sergt. Leonard, and inquired further about the horse. Leonard said: 'Major, I reported that the horse was found loose in the camp, and I still make that report, but if you insist on getting the truth of the matter you will get one of the best soldiers in the regiment in trouble, probably imprisoned for the rest of his term of service. This soldier 'took a little too much,' and he thought to ride to camp rather than to walk; he is an honest, honorable soldier, and had no intention of stealing. The general

was in no danger of losing his horse, and has got it back again. Now, don't go beyond my report, major, that "the horse was found astray and brought



JOHN FERGUSON, "F" CO.

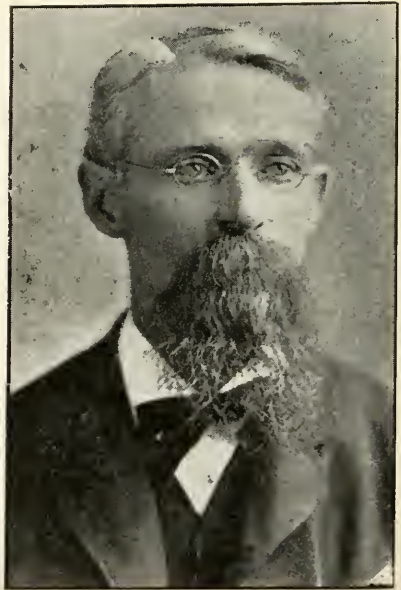
into camp." The major saw the point, and reported as before, that the horse was roaming at large, was picked up and sent to division headquarters. That ended the matter."

Andrew Fenner, of F company, wakening up from the reverie that "Garibaldi's" name had thrown him into, remarked that "war was cruel, and of this cruelty our cup was filled to overflowing down in Louisiana, but still one often finds himself in such a ridiculous situation that the whole company would have a hearty laugh at one's expense.

"A case in point, with myself as the central figure, will give you my idea of a ridiculous situation. When we arrived at Manning's Plantation from New Orleans, we heard that not long before our arrival the rebels had visited the place, and attacked the few soldiers that were there in the same barn where we were quartered, and

tried to burn them out. The rebels were only repulsed by the free use of hand grenades. I think two or three wounded rebels were there yet when we arrived. The enemy made a big haul of mules belonging to the plantation.

"Many of our regiment were raw recruits; I was one. It was about our first or second night on the plantation when, at midnight, there was a fearful uproar outside of our quarters; bugles were blowing, our officers called us to arms and to 'fall in.' Orderly-Sergt. Calvert forbade us to strike a light, and in the intense darkness we tried to jump into our clothes and to secure our arms. I found my boots, my blouse and my weapons, but to save my life I couldn't find my trousers. I pulled on my boots, put on the belt, grasped my carbine, and rushed down the stairs pell-mell with the other men,



MICHAEL A. MCCALLUM, CAPTAIN "F" CO.,
AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

and fell into line. The ground in front was full of our pickets, who had come in. There we stood, it seemed to me an hour, waiting the attack of

the enemy, whoever they might be. As I was minus my pants I commenced to feel disagreeably cold. The night air, combined with a recruit's fear of unseen danger, made me shiver like an aspen leaf.

"Well, the whole thing turned out to be a false alarm, 'a picket scare,' and we retired to our quarters. As we struck a light, and my comrades saw me in my plight they raised a roar of laughter, and oh! how cheap I felt. Uncle Sam wouldn't have felt very proud had he seen that shivering wretch.

"When was my next mishap? It was at Baton Rouge. We sent out heavy pickets on all the roads leading to the city. It so happened one day that I was on picket in a sergeant's squad of nine men. The reserves lay quite a way back in the woods. I was posted on the outskirts of the wood. A treeless plain was stretched

sound of an approaching enemy, perhaps in the shape of a lurking guerilla, who might shoot me from ambush, just to get possession of my



CHAS. CARROLL SAWYER, "F" CO., 1896.



JAMES RILEY, "F" CO.

out before me. It was a dismal, rainy night; my eyes tried to penetrate the almost Stygian darkness, and my ears were on the *qui vive* for the least

horse and equipments. I listened, and heard trot, trot, trot—something coming seemingly in my direction. When I thought my unwelcome intruder was within hearing distance, I shouted, 'Halt! halt! halt!' But this thing, whatever it might be, didn't halt, so when I saw an outline of an object, I fired three shots at it in quick succession; but the dreaded thing, in less than no time, ran up close to my horse and sniffed at it; and what do you think it was? A confounded old mule, that must have scented my horse, and wanted company. Now, I was in a nice pickle. I knew very well that the reserve, alarmed by my shots, would be on the spot in no time. I tried to drive the animal off, but I couldn't. I drew my sabre, and with the flat of it whacked him over the rump, but the mule wouldn't budge. If I had succeeded

in the endeavor to drive the animal away I might have told the boys that I had seen a dozen rebels, and that I had put them to flight with my pistol,

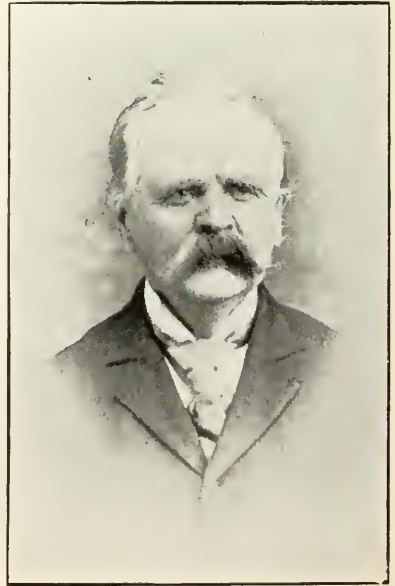


FHOS. W. SMITH, "F" CO., REGIMENTAL HISTORIAN.

and I could have intimated that I probably had killed one, and that they had better look for his body; but I could not get rid of that old mule, and then I heard the boys coming—rushing through the brush like a whirlwind. 'What's the matter, Fenner?' 'Nothing; it's this confounded mule; I thought it was a rebel.' And then, what a laugh! It reverberated through the trees up to their tops; and how cheap I felt! They kept it up long afterwards, and I thought I never would hear the last of it.

"Now I will tell you one more of my experiences on picket duty—not because it is a laughable affair, but it will show how sentinels on outposts are sometimes alarmed, not alone through optical delusions, but by real innocent phenomena, whose existence they could not account for, because close investigation is often impossible, especially at night time.

It was while at Manning's Plantation; a corporal and three men (myself included) were on picket about a mile from camp, where we had to guard the passage of a bridge that crossed a lagoon, or whatever you may choose to call it; it was a long, nasty pool of water, so warm that even the horses wouldn't drink it, and in which snakes were traversing in all directions. Near by was a saw mill. The bridge connected with a road that led into a great swamp on the other side of this lagoon. When night came we took up the center planks of the bridge, so that we couldn't be taken by surprise in that direction. In the night the sentinel called the corporal and pointed out to him a bright light on the top of a tree on the other side of the water, and said he had seen a man running away from it. Our opinion was that it might be a signal of the enemy. The corporal suggested I should ride to



JAMES WATSON, "F" CO., 1896.

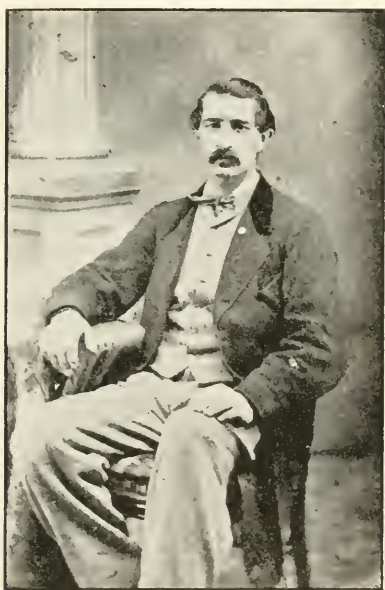
camp and inform the officer of the day (Capt. Raymond) of it. I rode as fast as the horse could run, for I was half afraid our retreat might, even at that,

have been cut off. I told Capt. Raymond the whole circumstance, and he went back with me. He was also uncertain about that light, and finally came to our conclusion as to the signal theory. He cautioned us to keep a sharp lookout through the balance of the night, which certainly we did not neglect to do. We even forgot the clouds of mosquitoes that pestered us almost to death, besides, we felt that not only our own safety, but the safety of the camp, depended on our watchfulness.

"When morning came we made an investigation, and found that it was nothing but a rotten, hollow tree; it is presumed that one of our own men had built a fire at the foot of the tree earlier in the day, and that it had burned through the shell, and set fire to the inside, and later in the night showed

he was sure of it at the time, and he was no coward, either, captain."

"Comrade Fenner, I have been in similar situations, and believe with



HENRY C. HARTER, "G" CO., 1896.

the bright light at the top from its burning center.

"Now, I am convinced that the sentinel did not see a man walking away from the tree, and so is he, although



CHAS. W. MCCLAIR, "G" CO., 1897.

you, that he was no coward. We often meet with such delusions in civil life, when we know that there is no cause for fright, and yet we are 'stumped' as to the cause until we have investigated. But say, boys! some of you will remember the company of the Sixteenth Indiana Mounted Infantry that was camped on the levee, and that had the broken-winded bugler. Poor fellow! He had no show with our buglers, and this was more fully demonstrated when Harry Holland, of F company, and ex-regimental chief bugler, sounded the 'calls.' In sounding retreat and tattoo roll calls Holland would wait for the Indiana bugler to sound the call first; he would blow about half of the call, and, becoming winded, would stop and catch his breath, then he would start in again and finish it. Then Holland would bring the bell of his bugle to bear on

their camp, and sound the same calls in a loud, clear silvery tone, without a break or false note from beginning to ending. Then the Indiana lads would set up a great shout, and our lads would answer with a cheer.

"Then from the brazen throat of Harry Holland's bugle, plaintively through the heavy atmosphere, over the sodden graves of so many of our



JOHN W. WHITE, SERGEANT "G" CO.

comrades, across the poisonous lagoons and sluggish bayous, sweet and clear as the notes of a bird, sounded the call, 'lights out.' "

There was silence for a few moments, then Jimmy Hamlin, of C company, remarked that our regiment had the best buglers in the department and that it was a real pleasure to hear them sound the calls, particularly after some other regiments had burlesqued them.

"It was a queer situation for the broken-winded Indiana bugler, but queer situations and queer characters were quite common in the army. We had a queer character in C company by the name of Thomas Kennedy (Madden). He was a 'Celt' of the 'raal ould sort,' and created lots of fun for the boys. Tommy was an awful short 'sawed-off,' and his horse was extra tall, making it slow work for Tommy to get on his back. So we made a sort of a rope ladder, and fastening it on the near side of the saddle, Tommy was ordered to try it. When

he reached the top he found he had started with the wrong foot, which landed him astride his horse, faced to the rear. Sergt. Kerwick gave the horse a smart slap, and away went the horse with Tommy facing the rear, but riding to the front, yelling like a Comanche Indian. He was finally relieved from his ridiculous situation without mishap."

Sergt. Montgomery, of L company, accepted a seat in our group, and related the following yarn on "Uncle Jimmy":

"In the fall of 1862, orders came for all available men in camp to go to Vienna, and, 'as currently reported,' capture a rebel general. Just how the rank and file were informed I am unable to say. When the command assembled, it was 325 strong, all there were of four companies then in camp, reinforced by eight company wagons.



GEO. W. LINTON, "H" CO., 1896.

This last addition suggested that if this sought-for rebel could perform the acrobatic feat of riding in eight wagons all at once the participants in the ex-

pedition would be treated to a circus performance of more than ordinary merit. The detail started with its imposing livery attachment, and made its way to the assigned destination, surrounded the houses, but the brigadier, like 'Paddy's flea,' had skipped. The noise made by the chariots in the rear would have awakened 'Rip Van Winkle.'

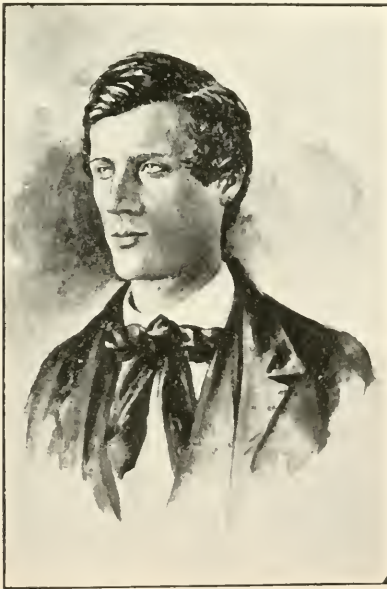
"After a great search, some forty barrels of whisky were unearthed, loaded into the wagons, and the march made for camp. On our arrival in camp, the roll was called, and everything accounted for except one barrel of whisky. I doubt that if ten men had been reported absent such a search would have been instituted as that made for that barrel of corn juice.

"About one week later, Maj. Sherburne, assistant adjutant-general to the military governor of Washington, D. C., came into camp with a mighty ret-

specting officer and his gang held possession of the camp. In some manner, those implicated had an inkling of the inspection, and the night before they



ADAM MOHR, SERGEANT "H" CO., 1896.



WM. J. BUCKINGHAM, "H" CO.

inue, determined that the unaccounted for barrel of whisky should be produced. Straightway the regiment was ordered on inspection, and the in-

carried the much-coveted barrel, 'with its reduced contents,' to the colonel's tent, and placed it under the rack that supported his horse equipments; spreading the blanket over it and resting the saddle thereon, they left it to its fate with much reluctance.

"After a long search the next day, during which the camp capturers had investigated every nook and corner, and had their sappers and miners, with their long rods investigating the interior of the earth, one of the lads immediately interested in the hiding of the barrel (at least, it was so reported) remarked that he believed that the colonel stole that d—n barrel of whisky, and in his opinion results would soon be reached that would prove his prophecy. As if some little bird had carried the intimation to a party of three or four near the colonel's quar-

ters, one of them lifted the corner of the horse blanket and there, snugly ensconced beneath it, was the missing merchandise.



GEO. J. DEWEY, SERGEANT "I" CO., 1897.

"Our Jimmy' had hard work with the powers of the War Department to convince them of his innocence, and those sages, who patiently heard the dear old colonel expatiate and explain untoward circumstances of the practical jokers of his regiment, merely winked their off eyes at each other, and still clung to their opinion that the colonel was the only joker in the case of the lost barrel of whisky."

Capt. Nicholetts asks for admittance to the group of "Rusty Sabreurs," and told that, "When the officers received orders to provide their own horses, Lieut. Massey purchased a fine sorrel stallion, and wishing to give him a fine-sounding name, called him Sultan. After some difficulty, I made our Irishman understand that the name was hardly suited to the sex of his beast, and that he had better call him Sultan, so Sultan he was ever afterwards. When the regiment was order-

ed to the Department of the Gulf, Massey and Sultan went along. Now, Massey, like all true Irishmen, was a devout lover of the Goddess Venus, and a petticoat had more attraction for him than even whisky. The regiment went on a raid from Baton Rouge, La., and on the return we passed a plantation house on the veranda of which was plainly to be seen the flutter of fair women's dresses. We camped about two miles from the house, and Massey, telling a man of D company, named Conkey, to act as his orderly, rode back to the house. They were received very graciously, and an excellent supper soon smoked upon the board. Massey was entirely taken up with his fair entertainers, but Conkey was nervous, so he arose from the table and went on the veranda; looking down the road he saw a party of rebel cavalry riding up. He darted back to the room and said: 'Lieutenant! the rebs are on us and we are gobbled for



HIRAM D. EASTMAN, "I" CO., 1896.

sure.' Massey and his man broke for their horses, but it was too late—the Johnnies nipped them. When ordered to mount, Massey very naturally selected Sultan, but the rebel officer said:

"Oh, no, my man, you take this horse; I will ride your fine one.' Under the circumstances, to hear was to obey, and Sultan was forever gone. During the night ride, Conkey managed to slip off his horse in the dark, and rolling into some bushes in a gully, contrived to escape, but Massey was not so fortunate; he had to go along with his captors. On being taken, Massey had torn his shoulder straps off, thinking he would have an easier time if he was taken as a private soldier. But there he made a mistake; instead of being sent to some officers' prison, our gay Irishman landed at Andersonville, where he remained until the end of the war. But his adventures were not even then over; he was on the ill-fated steamer, *Sultana*, that was blown up on the Mississippi River. Massey managed to swim ashore, but he never rejoined the regiment.



JOHN H. JEFFERY, "I" CO.

"Lieut. French was another true son of Erin, and sometimes created great amusement for the boys. He had previously served in the Twelfth Lancers,

British army. In the fall of 1863, several companies of the regiment were camped in the woods near Edwards Ferry, on the Maryland side of the



JAMES LA ROCK, "I" CO., 1896.

Potomac. We had but little to do, and managed to pass our time as pleasantly as we could. One day I saw French at work making a bedstead or cot. I noticed that he had finished both side-pieces, and had leaned one on each side of a big hickory tree. Fancying from his actions that he was about to make a blunder, I got all the officers to come down and watch him. French, entirely unsuspecting of anything wrong, went to work and nailed on the foot board and then the head board, entirely oblivious of the fact that the tree was in the middle of his cot. To say that we roared is nothing; we fairly rolled on the ground laughing. French got hot and said: 'What are you blamed fools laughing at;' but we still continued our merriment. At last the nature of the blunder he had made dawned on him, and he fairly danced, exclaiming: 'By Gorra! boys,

sure none but an Irishman could have done that.' "

Mathew C. Hyland, of G company, being next in line, said:



RICHARD J. LITTLEWORT, 1ST LIEUTENANT "I" CO.
COMMANDING "C" CO. AFTER CONSOLIDATION, 1896.

"In March, 1865, the famous old gray which I rode on the Ripley raid was branded 'I. C.' (inspected, condemned), and removed to the old corral at Memphis. He was retired with murmurs and reproaches. I was not present nor consulted, but to my surprise and mortification, my old partner, he for whom I had made so many sacrifices, in order that his rations might not fail, had parted with me forever—never more, at the sound of 'boots' and saddles,' to take his place in the line of the 'gray horse tigers.'

"My mount after that was a mule, and he was a very fine specimen of his race, strange to say. I became very much attached to him, owing to his gentleness and the consideration he always displayed while showing me around.

"One day, while he and I were 'doing the country' a short distance outside of our picket lines, we came in sight of a large body of Confederate cavalry, which surprised us very much, but casting discretion to the wind, knowing it was useless to run, we timidly awaited their approach.

"A single horseman rode out from their line, and gave us the military salute, which I returned for my partner and myself with great dignity and military correctness. Addressing me he said: 'Sir, I perceive you are a Union soldier.' I replied, with much pride and dignity: 'I am, sir.' My mule nodded his head and flapped his great ears, but said nothing. With equal if not greater dignity, the horseman said: 'I am Col. William Forrest, C. S. A., and this is my command; will you kindly direct us to the United States provost marshal's office?' I an-



WM. H. SLAUSON, CAPTAIN "I" CO.
BREVET-MAJOR, 1896.

swered: 'With pleasure, sir'; and taking my place beside the gallant major, I conducted the command to the provost marshal, to whom I delivered

it, and received for my courteous assistance the thanks of the Confederate major, who, being tired of war, had surrendered to me. Now, looking back thirty years to the day of that incident, considering the numbers engaged and the amount of blood spilled, I think that I, and my partner, the gallant mule of G company, Eleventh New York Cavalry, made the largest capture of the war."

Thos. W. Smith, of F company, told the following characteristic stories of Jim Riley's soldier life:

" 'Jim' Riley, of F company, was a noted character in the company, generous to a fault, and yet as stubborn as the mule he rode on the Davidson raid after his two horses had been killed.

" 'Jim' went to New Orleans after the company had arrived. The steamer on which he sailed had a barge in tow;

attempts to get a line to the barge as the steamer sailed back and forth, but not daring to go near the barge for fear of a collision. 'Well,' said Jim,



JAMES E. JONES, "K" CO., 1896.



ORVILLE MOORE, CORPORAL "I" CO.

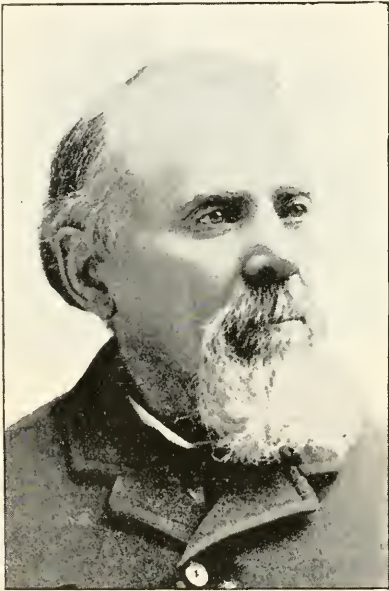
'if I couldn't throw a line better than that I'd jump overboard and swim with it to the barge. 'What do you know about throwing a line?' exclaimed the excited captain. 'I know that if I couldn't throw a line to that barge I'd swim there and hand it to them,' Jim replied.

"As the steamer prepared to go about again, the captain said to Riley: 'Here, take this line, and throw it.' 'Who are you, that you order me to throw a line?' said Jim. 'No matter who I am,' said the captain, 'there are men and a woman and a child on that barge who will be lost if we can't get a line to it. 'All right,' said Riley, 'make another line fast to that one, and I'll throw it.' 'No man could throw a line like that,' said the captain. 'You heard what I said,' exclaimed Riley; 'if I don't throw it to them, I'll swim with it.' When the steamer

this barge got loose in a storm by the breaking of a towing cable. Riley, who was an old boatman, watched the sailors, who made several ineffectual

passed the barge again, Riley threw his long line, and it was caught by those on the drifting boat, a new cable was made fast, and the people saved. The captain wanted Riley to desert and accept a position on the steamer, but Jim said he would serve out his enlistment or die in the attempt.

"Jim was also a noted forager, and brought into camp hives of honey, bees and all. One time he was the captain's orderly, and was told to black the captain's boots. 'Not much,' said Jim;



BENJ. A. BARRETT, SERGEANT "L" CO., 1896.

'you've got a nigger for that kind of business; you can put me on any kind of military duty you like, but you can't make me black your boots.'

"One day Riley went into the Gayoso House, at Memphis, for his dinner. He sat at a table in his private's jacket unnoticed. While officers and civilians, who had come in later, were served by the obsequious darkies, he was neglected. Riley got mad, and rising from his chair with a plate in his hand, exclaimed: 'A private's money is as good as a general's; if you don't give me my dinner I'll smash this

plate on one of your heads.' Riley got his dinner.

"Riley and Mavis went to a boarding house in Memphis, and while there Mavis had his pocketbook stolen, and was lamenting his loss to a sympathizing audience, who probably knew where the money was, when Riley, more practical in such matters, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then drawing his revolver, said to the landlady: 'Find this man's pocketbook, or I'll kill every woman in the house' (the landlady had six daughters). In a moment Mavis had his pocketbook, with his money in it, handed to him; then Riley opened the door, and he and Mavis went out."

"Now, Jimmy Hamlin," said the captain, "you are a sort of a 'literary cuss,' and have written some verses; let's have them."

"Well," said Jimmy, "such as they are, here they are:"

RETROSPECTIVE.

[Written upon receiving a photograph of the late Maj. Remington, so beloved by his men.]

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight.

Make me a soldier boy just for tonight.

Major, come back from the echoless shore,

And take command again just as of yore.

Snatch from my shoulders these fashions so new,

And garb me again in the old army blue,

Then sing us a song in your joyous refrain—

Enlist me again, Dag—enlist me again.

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years;

Once more let me hear the soldier boys' cheers;

Honors may come and wealth I may gain—

Take them and make me a soldier again.

I think of the jolly times had in the camp—

I think of sweet slumbers on ground cold and damp—

I think of the marches in sunshine and rain.

Enlist me again, Dag—enlist me again.

Major, dear Major, the years have been long

Since I last heard your commands loud and strong,

As they rolled down the line and in the fight thundered,

When you led on to victory the "Gallant Nine Hundred."

Major, your boys are still following you,

And soon you'll command the same regiment in blue;

Soon we'll be there with dear Col. Swain—

Then we'll enlist, Dag—enlist once again.

Wm. H. Tisdale, of Company D, who was chief bugler of the Seventh United States Cavalry after the war, gave the following sketch of Indian fighting, and the fate of a former member of Scott's 900: "Do you remember Bugler Johnson, of A company: He was a small, dark-complexioned fellow, with a large black mustache. He joined the Seventh United States Cavalry at Fort Harker in 1867, under the name of Clark, and was assigned to Troop M. They were at headquarters with three other troops, at Fort Dodge, Kas. One day we received word from a courier that a train was coming up with a small escort, and that a large band of Cheyennes were laying out a short distance for the purpose of attacking it. I was the chief bugler, and was at once ordered to sound 'boots and saddles,' and three troops of the Seventh started out to protect the train. We had not gone more than two miles before we were surrounded by four times our number of red devils, under old 'Cut Nose,' at that time head chief. The Indians commenced to circle round us; our troops charged them in three different directions. The fight was hand-to-hand for a few minutes, then we drew our sabres and went into them in earnest. During the thickest of the fight, Johnson, alias Clark, rode up a little ways from where I was busy taking care of my own topknot. A big buck rode up behind Clark as he was in the act of striking another buck with his sabre, and lifted him off his horse bodily, and scalped him as he rode along, and then knocked in his skull with his tomakawk, and started to ride for another victim; but he did not get far before he was dropped over the side of his pony. One of our boys rode up and caught the pony and found Mr. Buck kicking his last kicks. He was lashed to his pony so his head dragged on the ground. Several bucks made an effort to get him away, but our boys came to the rescue, and drove the reds off, and we got his scalp with many others, and took them back to the fort. We lost in the fight four

killed and six wounded. Johnson was the only one they had a chance to scalp. We went down and met the train after doing up the Indians. They were overjoyed at our coming; they had been attacked by the reds twice that morning, but had corralled and fought them off. The escort was only twenty-five men of the Third Infantry. Poor Johnson, or Clark, was buried at Fort Dodge. No one in the regiment knew him but myself, so I presume no one ever knew of his fate.



CHAS. H. DAVIS, "E" CO., 1896.

He was a New York City boy, and if he had any relations no one knew of them, and thus the poor boy went over to the great unknown. I would like to know if he had any people living. Some of old A company men of Scott's 900 may know something about him or his people. In this fight, sixty-eight Indians were killed, and as many more badly cut up; lots of them died after we made a treaty that fall, and lots more were limping around that got a dose in that fight."

Capt. Nicholetts told the following story:

"I was once detailed to serve on the staff of Col. Fonda, who commanded our brigade in Mississippi, and went with him on the Brookhaven raid.

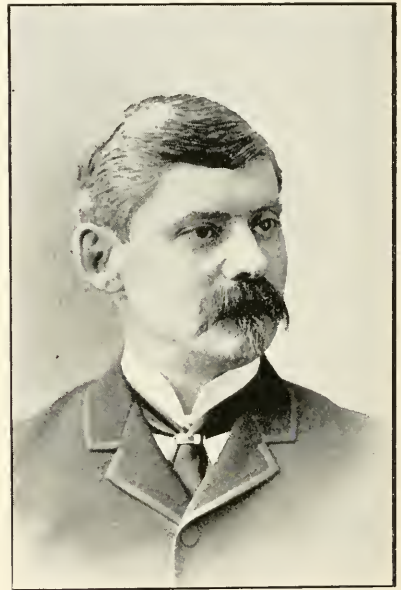
"As we neared Liberty, Col. Fonda ordered me to go in with the advance guard, and pick out a house for headquarters. I instructed the orderly with headquarters flag to follow, and at once joined the advance. As we entered the town, I saw a pretty residence, centrally located, suitable for my purpose; dismounting at the gate, I walked up to the house, and was there confronted by an elderly lady and her three pretty daughters. They were highly indignant at the prospect of my visit, but when I informed them that the fact of the general and his staff occupying their house would secure them from hungry soldiers seeking what they could devour, the old lady acquiesced, and said she would do the best she could for us; after an excellent supper, we all felt good, and adjourned to a handsome parlor. Seeing an excellent piano, one of the staff, who was a fine musician, sat down and began to play and then to sing. We had seen nothing of the young ladies up to this time, but the music was too much for their curiosity, and they quietly slipped into the room. Our musician at once arose, and asked the young ladies to favor us with some music. At first they would not speak, but at length one tall, dark, dashing beauty took the seat, and at once started 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' followed by 'My Maryland,' and then rising asked how we liked that kind of music. We heartily applauded, then our musician returned the compliment with 'The Star Spangled Banner.' This seemed to break the ice, and we had a splendid time with the southern girls. But alas, the soldier's good time does not last long; orders came for Maj. Remington, with the Eleventh New York Cavalry, to at once start for Brookhaven. I obtained leave from the general to accompany our company. We left after dark, and at daylight we charged into Brookhaven,

and after a sharp, short scrimmage with the enemy, captured the place."

Maj. Ellsworth joined our group, and told two good ones of well-known characters of his company:

DISCIPLINE PRESERVED.

"In the winter of 1863, G company was stationed on the lower Potomac, from Chapel Point to Leonardtown. In February, the company lay at the latter place; it picketed the river from St. Mary's to Point Lookout:



JOHN MC CLURE, QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT "I." CO.

occasionally picking up a rebel mail from Baltimore; sometimes capturing a load of contraband goods, and once in a while a deserter from the rebel lines, but oftener a Jew trader trying to cross the river, and once or twice a squad of rebel recruits, bound for the Confederacy. The night rides were exciting, and the patrol usually made a capture of one kind or another, and we were probably doing more injury to the Confederacy than the same number of men could have done at the front. The horses were in good con-

dition, rations were plenty and regular, the quarters were comfortable, and upon the whole, soldiering on the lower Potomac was pleasant; oysters were abundant, and the men had got the knack of catching and cooking them. The colored people brought in plenty of tobacco and cornbread; fresh meat once in a while appeared, and the boys of 'Scott's 900,' who were so fortunate as to be stationed in lower Maryland, had a good time. But they were soldiers all the same, and once in a while they made things lively, and it was by no means an easy matter to maintain discipline. Among the bad men of G company, and it had a few that were very bad indeed, was McElroy. McElroy was a big, broad shouldered, six footer—a red-headed Scotch-Irishman. He was always surly and quarrelsome, and when he had filled himself with 'bug juice' he was a very bad man indeed. While we were stationed at Leonardtown, the men were quartered in the court house, which stood in the public square. It was an old-fashioned structure, with a brick floor, having a gallery running around three sides of it. The men spread their blankets around the room, leaving a clear space in the center. The horses were at the picket line outside. I had my quarters in a small house a little distance away. One dark, stormy evening, just as I was preparing to turn in, there came a rap at the door; my man opened it, and in came Orderly-Sergt. Bradley. He was a tall, thin man, with a tough, weather-beaten look, but erect and with a manner that suggested the soldier, which indeed he was, for he had seen over fifteen years' service in a British cavalry regiment. That he was born within sound of 'Bow Bells,' his speech plainly indicated, but he was a good soldier and an excellent orderly.

"'Well,' said I, as the sergeant drew up and saluted. 'If you please, sir,' said the sergeant, 'there's the very devil to pay down at the barracks; there's McElroy drunk and fighting, and there's no sleep for any one.

'E's pounded O'Connor to that hex-tent that 'is hown mother wouldn't know 'im, hand 'e's walking habout, kicking this one hand slapping of that one, hand there's no knowing what 'e won't do; so, sir, the captain will 'ave to see w'at's to be done.'

"It was an old complaint; I had heard it too often. McElroy used to pass the greater portion of the time in the guard house, but a guard house was not always convenient. I mused over the situation for a moment, and



WM. E. MONTGOMERY, SERGEANT "L" CO., 1896.

then said to the sergeant that I would go down; so buckling on my belt, we started through the pitch-black darkness and the pouring rain for the court house. When I got there I found the sergeant was right about it. The devil was to pay, sure enough. There was McElroy, naked to the waist, strong, active and ugly, spoiling for a fight, walking up and down the clear space in the center, brandishing his fists, defying the earth and all thereon.

"The feeble rays of a stable lantern or two penetrated the thick gloom,

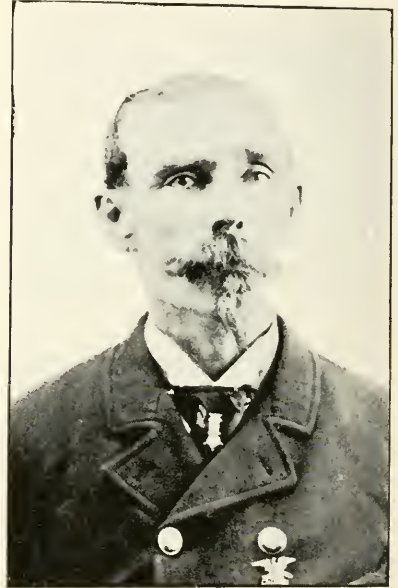
showing the men wrapped in their blankets, grumbling because they could get no sleep. O'Connor, with his head tied up with a towel, was sitting on his bed, and other evidences of disturbance were visible. I stepped back from the window and the orderly said, 'Well, captain, w'at's to be done?' I concluded I would try something besides the guard house.

"After a moment's thought, I said: 'Sergeant?' 'Aye, sir,' said he. 'Have you got a man in the company that you think can whip McElroy?' The sergeant sat down his lantern, scratched his head, thought awhile, and at length spoke: 'Captain, hi think we 'ave.' 'Who is it?' said I. 'Well,' said Bradley, 'there's Mooney, Sergt. Mooney, sir; I think 'e could do hit if 'e was hordered.' 'Are you sure of it?' said I. 'Well, captain, Mooney his a good man, hand I think 'e would be willing to do hit if hit's the horders.' 'Well,' said I, 'go in and bring Sergt. Mooney out; tell him the captain wants him.' The sergeant went in; McElroy was still prancing about, dragging his blouse behind him and beseeching some one to step on the tail of his coat. Presently, out came Bradley and Mooney with him. Mooney was a duty sergeant, of medium stature and broad shouldered—the quietest man in the company and a good soldier.

"I said: 'Mooney, you see that man in there?' 'Yes, sir,' said Mooney. 'Well, said I, 'I have tried the guard house, the sweat box, and tying him up by the thumbs, and I am about tired of it; I think something else is needed with McElroy. Do you think you can lick him?' said I. 'Yes, sir,' said Mooney. 'Well,' said I, 'will you go in there and lick him, and give him what he deserves?' 'Well,' said Mooney, after a moment's thought, 'if that is the orders, captain, I'll do it; he needs it bad enough.' 'Mooney,' said I, 'if you will go in and give him what he needs and make no mistake about it, I'll give you a "five," but don't go unless you are certain, for if he fixes you we are worse off than

ever.' 'Well,' said Mooney, 'I'll fix him.'

"So in he went with the orderly, who kept back out of sight, while I waited without. Mooney went quietly to his bunk, as the orderly told me, and laid down. McElroy, in the meanwhile, was striding up and down defying the whole company, with the entire army thrown in. Presently Mooney spoke and called for less noise. 'What if you don't get it?' said McElroy. 'I will get it,' said Mooney;



WEBSTER N. SMITH, "I." CO., 1896.

'so shut up and go to your bunk.' You should have seen McElroy; he fairly howled with delight at the idea that Mooney should have the courage to order him to be quiet. Giving McElroy a short time to obey, Mooney quietly left his corner, and walked straight up to the 'terror.' By the time he got within distance, Mac reached for him. Well, I can't describe it, for I did not see it. I only know that it lasted but a few moments, and that I heard several dull thuds. When I went in, McElroy was down, the boys said for the third or fourth time, and

Mooney, whose blood was up, had him by the throat beating a tattoo with McElroy's head upon the brick floor. As I went in the fellow was howling as best he could for some one to take Mooney off. Seeing me, he yelled: 'Take him off, he's killing me.' I asked him if Mooney had been licking him. He said, 'Yes.' 'Have you got enough?' said I. He admitted that he had; I called the sergeant off, and the humbled fellow got up. Was he well thrashed? Well, I should say he was—to the queen's taste. The scheme did not get out, and I kept it quiet with Mooney, for it was a good job, well done.

"A word as to Mooney. He was an excellent soldier, and served all through the war, receiving a lieutenant's commission. He went back to his home in Winchester county, where he followed his trade of a millwright. A few years after the war he fell into a flume while at work, and was carried into the wheel and killed.

"But say, boys, who does not remember Lieut. A——, of M company—A——, and old Pomp, the horse he used to ride? The lieutenant was officer of the day on one occasion, and, as was not infrequent, had inspected the sutler's tent pretty closely, which had made him solemn and serious. "He ran up against Mulgrew, one of the guard that day, and had a few words with him. 'I think,' said the lieutenant, 'you are drunk, sir; I give you an hour to get sober. Go to your quarters.' 'All right, leftenant,' said Mulgrew, 'it's plenty of time for me, but I'm thinking I'll have to give you two.'

"Mulgrew, of G company, was a character. His was the richest of brogues; it was unctuous to hear it sweetly and racily rolled from his tongue; his humor was delicious.

"As I was standing at the head of my company street at Camp Relief one day, I looked across the parade ground, and saw a man coming in at the gate. He made for G street, though he tacked and filled so often that it was not easy to tell where he was bound, but

still he made headway. I knew him; it was a man of G company. Now, a row of holes had been dug for setting posts to enclose the parade ground. It had been raining, and these holes were full of water.

"As I stood watching the human craft beating as if against a heavy wind and sea, Mulgrew came quietly up beside me. Pointing to the staggering man, I said: 'There's a G company man; he has been out on pass.' 'Yes, sir,' said Mulgrew, 'and he has a



SAMUEL D. BRIGGS, "M" CO.

big load.' 'Do you think he'll make the street?' said I, for I was afraid the sergeant of the guard might see him. 'Never fear,' said Mulgrew, 'he's doing well.' Just then our man made a heavy lurch to leeward, and disappeared. 'He's in a post hole,' said I. 'Ah, captain dear,' said Mulgrew, 'if I'd half in me that's in him, it's another hole I'd be filling.

"Mulgrew got him out, and I saw them go down G street together, safe from the guard that time."

Corp. R. J. Kief, of Company M, said:

"Of course, you remember the attack on Doyal's Plantation.

"Many of the boys were sick at that time: I was so ill with chills and fever and other ailments that I wished many times I could die, and excitement alone gave me the strength to ride.

"Early in the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, we heard picket firing, and before we were aware of it we were surrounded on three sides by the rebels, with the Mississippi River on the other. We were summoned to surrender, and we all answered, 'No, never!'

"Capt. Norris called for eight volunteers to charge through their lines to draw their fire, and he had no trouble to get the lads: brave boys were they. I wish I could remember their names. The rest of us did not wait long, but followed closely after Capt. Norris and his eight men.

"Many of the rebs were behind a rail fence, others were behind the levee. We charged through a line in the road, and got their fire on our front and flanks.

"When about half way through them Maj. Remington's fine horse was shot: I saw that the rebs would get the major, and was aware that they hated him and Harrison enough to murder them if they could. The major was standing in the middle of the road: between him and the river was a large patch of nettles. I was riding a small white pony, and, seeing the major's fix, the thought came to me like a flash that I could hide in the nettles and save Remington. I rolled off the pony and told the major to mount and skip, which he did.

"Maj. Remington was a tall man, and all he had to do was to throw his leg over the pony and he was away. I hid in the nettles until the gunboat came from Donaldsonville, and drove the rebels away.

"I was the worst blistered boy you ever saw when I came out of the nettles. I had lost my hat, and had nothing on but a thin shirt and a pair of drawers.

"Maj. Remington made me a cor-

poral for what I did that morning, and said to me: 'If you had a little hair on your face I would promote you still higher.'

"The remarkable thing about the whole affair is, that so far as I can remember, no one on our side was hit but Capt. Norris, notwithstanding the heavy firing from both cannon and rifles. While I was in the nettles, I had a chill, and could hear the rebels talking all around me."

"I believe," said Sanford Wicks, of



ABRAM L. GARRISON, "M. J. E."

Company E, "that many lives were sacrificed by the folly of our officers in giving passes to alleged civilians. I have heard our men tell about arresting men in Virginia that they felt sure belonged to Mosby's or White's guerrillas, before I joined the regiment, but that the men would produce passes, properly executed, and they would have to let them go.

"I am sure that some of 'Club-Foot' Fort's guerrillas, in Tennessee, had passes to go through the lines. I was on the patrol that was ambushed near

Memphis on March 14, 1865. When we had gone out on the road as far as our commander deemed advisable, we stopped to feed our horses, or for some other purpose, and I was sent to picket the road about a quarter of a mile further on. I had been on post only a few minutes when I saw two horsemen approaching, each man with a shotgun across his saddle. I halted them twice, and raised my carbine and halted again. Then they stopped, and our reserve, who had heard my challenge, came up to see what was the matter. The two horsemen produced passes to go through the lines, and said that they had to go armed to protect themselves from guerrillas. I told the sergeant that there was something suspicious about them, and advised him to take the men prisoners; but he only laughed at me, and said I was nervous and that the passes were regular, and the 'civilians' were permitted to proceed along the road.

"It was but a short time afterwards when, near the same road, we were attacked by an overwhelming force of guerrillas, and many of our men were killed and wounded. There is no doubt in my mind but that our 'civilians' with passes were Confederate spies."

"That reminds me," said Sergt. McDonald, of Company C, "of an incident in Virginia. At the time of the Fairfax fight, I saw a couple of men in a field, and went to see who they were. They produced passes, properly signed. I left them, and I had not gone far when we were attacked by the rebels, and the two men with passes picked up their rifles, which were hid in the grass, and blazed away at me."

Lieut. Holmes, of Company B, told the following stories:

"In the fall of 1862, I was engaged, with a detachment of Company B in secret service duty in Maryland. Among other duties, I was directed to capture a brother of the man Jackson, who killed Ellsworth at the Marshall House at Alexandria. Our camp was at Poolesville, and we made daily scout-

ing expeditions, keeping a lookout at the same time for our man Jackson.

"One day, while scouting along the road to Rockville, we passed a man who looked like an old farmer; from the description we had of Jackson, I thought we had found our man, and I halted our party and questioned the apparent farmer. The man gave a different name, and said he did not know any one by the name of Jackson; however, I took him with us to camp, and sent for a citizen to identify the



THOMAS M. CUTTING, LIEUTENANT "M" CO.

prisoner. When the citizen came he saw our captive, and exclaimed, as he held out his hand: 'Hello! Jackson: what have you been doing?' Our prisoner proved to be the right Jackson, and was sent to the Old Capitol prison.

"On the 4th of July, 1862, I was sent, with a detachment from Company D,

to take a hundred or more rebel prisoners from the Old Capitol to Fort Delaware. Among the prisoners was a Capt. Hines, who asked permission to meet his lady-love alone at the depot in Baltimore; he gave his word that he would not attempt to escape, and the privilege was granted.

"When I was captured by the enemy about a year later, at Fairfax, Capt. Hines was the Confederate provost marshal under Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee. He saw me, and asked if I was not Lieut. Holmes, and being answered in the affirmative, he said: 'You had me once; now it's my turn.' I did not know but he wanted to do me some harm, but before we got to the Potomac, for we were with Stuart's cavalry on the way to Pennsylvania, Hines noticed that I was about played out, and brought me a horse to ride, and after we had crossed the river, gave me a canteen of whisky. I believe he was the main instrument in getting companies B and C paroled on the road to Gettysburg."

Franklin H. Payne, of Company I, remarked:

"I suppose you know that many men of our regiment used to go scouting around the country in rebel uniforms, seeking information or picking up prisoners. I was only on that kind of duty once. It was in the fall of 1864, I think, that one hundred scouts left camp at Baton Rouge. There were twenty-five men from our regiment; Corp. Allen, Privates Gasper and myself were the men from Company I. Maj. Clybourne, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, commanded the expedition. We wore rebel uniforms, and looked like a lot of old bushwhackers. My suit was a gray jacket, a slouch hat and a pair of tow trousers. We left Baton Rouge about sundown, on the Clinton road. We made a midnight rush and charge for two miles through the woods and into a rebel camp, but the rebs had 'lit out.' We didn't get a man there, and were awfully disappointed. We continued on to Clinton, and dashed into the town, capturing about fifty 'Johnnies.' We held the

town until afternoon, then crossed the Amite River. Another Union force met us, and we remained behind guarding the bridge until the following night, when the main column came back; I don't know where they had been. Our little force took a different road back to camp. We had a lieutenant and a sergeant wounded.

"It seemed rather queer to be personating Confederates, but if we had gone into Clinton in our blue uniforms we might not have seen a rebel, but



FRANK A. LEWIS, CORPORAL "M" CO., 1896.

in this way we got half a hundred of them."

Comrade Thompson tells of the—

TWO SABRE PRESENTATIONS.

BY THE EIGHTH CORPORAL OF COMPANY M.

"The only excuse offered for this tale is its truthfulness. Old soldiers naturally cherish their recollections of the years 1861 to 1865. Perhaps their descendants in time may value a fragment of the history of that war period.

"It was the hour of daybreak—a cold, cloudy, windy morning on 'the hill,' that very high plateau near the

old Corcoran estate, in Washington city. Scott's 900 was encamped there, and had been there for nearly a year, sending out companies and details from time to time for duties at other places. 'Post No. 1' was on Seventh street, near the northeast corner of the immense parade ground. It was at this particular spot that the 'gang' of thirty recruits from Buffalo halted one bright day in September, 1862. As they were traveling as citizens, unattended by any guard or person in charge, they were not admitted at 'No. 1,' into their very own regiment, until they had satisfied the stumpy, bow-legged sergeant that they were verily and truly 'fresh fish.' It was at this place and time that young 'Keefey,' one of the pilgrims, climbed a tall yellow oak in the exuberance of his joy in being a soldier, and solemnly declared that the view was immense, and that he could easily, at that altitude, see Buffalo, N. Y.

"Well, I was at this same 'Post 1' on the cold, gray daybreak, before mentioned, having been in the army just long enough to trade my too lengthy trousers and too short jacket for their opposites with a comrade who had been misfitted with vice versa togs. I had been in the regiment long enough to make a girth cinch, to stand up, with my fellow sufferers, in a long line, much resembling, with our feet spread, a lot of blue, animated clothes pins, while we frantically 'moulineted.' I got up from the cold ground, took a look at Perry Austin, or Sergt. 'Sliver,' as he was afterwards called, who was the solemnly cheerful giant of our mess, laid off my brief authority as the eighth corporal of Company M, on guard duty, and was about to zig-zag my sleepy anatomy to company quarters, when I was forcibly reminded that I was yet on earth, the war still going on--very slowly on--by the loud blare of reveille, and the equally loud blare of Orderly-Sergt. 'Slafter, of my company, commanding and impelling the boys to 'get out to roll call.' Fully awake, I started across the parade just in time to meet, in the

center of that great oblong square, a muffled figure intent on keeping out of the raw wind. 'Is that Col. Swain?' 'Surely it is he.' We were now nearly face to face. A sudden military inspiration seized me. What ought the eighth corporal of M company to do? There could be but one answer. What was the sabre which was at my thigh (when it was not getting mixed with my legs) for? Etiquette, of course! That settled it. I reached for that sabre, but I had forgotten that



BRADLEY H. SELLECK, "M" CO., 1896.

it was under my big flopping great blue coat and cape. A trice, and I had the trusty 'Chicopee.' No, I did not. It was there, and like all new brands of the cheesknife breed, it was a stayer. I pulled like a young green gosling at a tall spear of timothy. I took a fresh hold and a step or two, raised that blade and caught the lower hem of my cape on the sabre point, and came to a 'present.' I imagined, as well as the circumstances would permit, that I had 'presented,' took another step, straddled my scabbard and fell, one foot going into a slight

hole, the balance of the eighth corporal and his sabre smothered in a blue environment, landing about five feet from the great and to-be-dreaded colonel.



WM. F. THOMPSON, CORPORAL "M" CO., 1896.

"The colonel didn't laugh. He *looked* disgustedly weary. I *felt* that way.

"Another cold, raw day in February following, I left the regiment hospital after a sixty days' 'rastle' with camp fever. Slafter broke in on me the same day in my tent. 'See here, Thompson; on the quiet, Company M is about to present the colonel with a sabre. You are to do the presentation act.' 'It was in vain I pleaded everything. No, nothing would do but the cut-and-dried plan.

"Well, Company M marched to the colonel's headquarters without side arms, the only sabre in the company being the one I meekly carried in a bag; and I felt as though I had stolen it, bag and all, and was taking it back.

"The colonel did not dream of the nature of our errand. He looked curious when I stepped to the front and sailed in. I felt funny. For, as I

stood there, it suddenly occurred to me that both sabre presentations, the past and the present, were getting mixed, and the ludicrous figure I had previously cut on the parade ground overpowered me. I saw the colonel and the eighth corporal face to face as of yore. The laugh would come. Then the colonel broke into a responsive smile, and a merry twinkle kindled his eye. Of course, the colonel said the presentation was 'highly appreciated,' but he looked amused. Well, we understood the 'laugh,' and the company and the colonel understood each other better after the last sabre episode."

And now, comrades of Scott's 900, I will close this collection with that which, I think, will prove to be as great a relic in years to come as anything in the book.

While I was living in Texas, after the war, I became acquainted with a goodly number of ex-Confederate sol-



MARCUS L. WOODWORTH, SADDLER "M" CO., 1896.

diers. Among this number was one that was considered a poet and songster; he composed and sang the following song with the same personal bitter-

ness against a Yankee that he expressed in his verse. He became more social before I came north, and "allowed

thar was a heap difference between a New York Yankee and a down-east Yankee."

A REBEL'S LAMENT.

BY MR. — STOWE, GRAYSON COUNTY, TEXAS.

[Tune, "Joe Bowers."]

"Oh! I'm a good old rebel, now that's just what I am,
And for this land of freedom I do not care a damn,
I'm glad I fought against it, and only wish we'd won,
And I do not ask no pardon for anything I done.

"I hates the Yankee nation, and everything they do,
I hates the Declaration of Independence, too,
I hates the spangled banner, 'tis dripping with our blood,
And I hates the 'Glorious Union,' and fought it all I could.

"I hates the Constitution, this great republic, too,
I hates the freedman's bureau in its uniform of blue.
I hates the ugly eagle with all its brass and fuss,
The lying, thieving Yankees, I hates *them* wuss and wuss.

"Three hundred thousand Yankees lie stiff in Southern dust,
We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fevers, of Southern steel and shot,
I wish we'd got three millions in place of what we got.

"I follard ole Mars Robert for four years near abouts,
Got wounded in three places and starved at Point Lookout,
I cotched the rheumatism going thro' the snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees and wish I'd killed some mo'.

"I can't take up my musket and fight them now no mo'er,
But I ain't a-going to love them, now that is certain shuer
And I don't ask no pardon for what I've said and am,
And I won't be reconstructed, and I do not care a damn'.

THE VETERAN'S HOPE.

We're old weary soldiers, our battles are over,
Our footsteps are feeble, we're nearing the shore.

We're slowly and surely approaching the crossing,

A little while longer and all will be o'er.
When my comrades and I pass through the dark valley

Will you still be faithful? Will you remain true?

When the graves mark the spot where the soldiers are resting,

Remember! we saved this great Union for you.

Then here's to our land, again firmly united!

Here's to the boys of the gray and the blue,
Let this be our motto: One flag and one country—

Remember! we saved this great Union for you.

The time will soon come when our country's defenders,

Who loved the dear emblem of true liberty,
Will pass away—promise to stand by the nation

And keep it forever the Land of the Free!
Can you forget how we toiled and contended
To uphold untarnished the Red, White and Blue?

Will you protect every star from dishonor?

Remember! we saved this great Union for you!

Let North, South and West and East keep united:

The gray and the blue live as brothers again.
Have one flag—but one flag! "The old flag of Freedom!"

And then we may feel we've not struggled in vain.

Let South Carolina and brave Massachusetts
Shake hands and show monarchs what free-
men can do,
And when we are gone will you think of us kindly?

REMEMBER! WE SAVED THIS GREAT UNION FOR YOU!

—CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

APPENDIX.

Capt. Dagwell, in his sketch of the Fairfax fight, refers to Gen. Lee's excuse for his failure in the Gettysburg campaign, namely, the absence of Stuart's cavalry from his army. Lee is reported to have said, that had Stuart joined him one day sooner, a different tale would have been told of the campaign. In this connection the following extracts from histories of the war will be of interest. Swinton's History of the "Army of the Potomac," speaking of Lee's movement upon Gettysburg, states as follows:

"The columns of Hill and Longstreet moved from Chambersburg and Fayetteville towards Gettysburg on the morning of the 29th, and as the distance is not above twenty miles, it is evident that the march was conducted much more slowly than was usual with Lee, and this he attributes to his ignorance of the movements of his antagonist—an ignorance due to the absence of Stuart's cavalry, the vigilant eyes of the Confederate commander."

Gen. Longstreet, in his sketch of the Gettysburg campaign, in vol. 3, p. 251, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published by the Century Co., comments upon Stuart's absence as follows—forgetting that he himself had suggested (as did Lee) Stuart's movement around the Federal army:

"We then found ourselves in a very unusual condition; we were almost in the immediate presence of the enemy with our cavalry gone. Stuart was undertaking another wild ride around the Federal army. We knew nothing of Meade's movements further than the report my scout had made. We did not know, except by surmise, when or where to expect to find Meade, nor whether he was lying in wait or advancing."

Col. Mosby, in the same book and

page, follows Longstreet's sketch with an article in defense of Stuart, and begins by saying—

"It is generally agreed by Southern writers that the battle of Gettysburg was the result of an accidental collision of armies. Gen. Lee in effect says, in his report of the campaign, that his failure was due to his ignorance of the movements of the enemy; and the absence of a portion of the cavalry under Stuart, or rather, its separation from the army, is assigned as the primary cause of its failure by Gen. Long, the biographer of Lee, and by Gen. Longstreet." He then quotes letters from Generals Longstreet and Lee to Gen. Stuart, showing that the movement around the rear of the Federal army was suggested by both of them. Longstreet's letter reads as follows:

Headquarters Millwood,
June 22, 1863, 7 p. m.

MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART,
Commanding cavalry,

GENERAL: General Lee has enclosed to me this letter for you to be forwarded to you, provided you can be spared from my front, and provided I think you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. He speaks of your leaving via Hopewell Gap and passing *by the rear of the enemy*. If you can get through by that route, I think that you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by passing our rear. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs before you leave, and order Gen. Hampton, whom I suppose you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be most agreeable to him.

Most respectfully,
J. LONGSTREET, Lieut.-General.

N. B.—I think that your passage of the Potomac *by our rear* at the present moment will, in a measure, disclose our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the proposed *route in the rear of the enemy*.

J. LONGSTREET, Lieut.-General.

Lee's letter referred to reads in part as follows:

Headquarters Army of Northern

Virginia, June 23, 1863, 5 P. M.

MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART,

Commanding cavalry,

GENERAL: Your notes of 9 and 10:30 A. M. today have just been received. If Gen. Hooker's army remains inactive you can leave two brigades to watch him and withdraw with the three others, but should he not appear to be moving northward I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain tomorrow night. Cross at Shepherdstown the next day, and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you *can pass around their army without hindrance*, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc. Give instructions to the commander of the brigades left behind to watch the flank and rear of the army and (in event of the enemy leaving their front) retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes, and bringing everything clean along the valley, closing upon the rear of the army. * * * * *

Very respectfully and truly yours.

R. E. LEE, General.

Various writers on the Gettysburg campaign have ascribed different causes for Stuart's delay in joining Lee before Gettysburg. Stuart's own statement is said to have been, as told by Capt. Dagwell, that owing to the fight he had at Fairfax Court House, on the 27th of June, with a body of Federal cavalry, which caused a long halt in his march, he was compelled to cross the Potomac at night instead of the afternoon of that day, as he had planned, and in conse-

quence was delayed a whole day in his movement around the Federal army.

It is regretted that the record of the report or letter containing this statement has not been found, though search was made for it through a number of war histories, by the writer of this, who read it a number of years ago in a Southern account of the war, but the title of the publication in which it was given has been forgotten.

During the rebellion there had been many changes in the organization of cavalry regiments; and to such an extent had it been carried by the various acts of Congress that it was to the officers themselves a matter of impossibility to say what really was the legal organization of a horse regiment. Finally, however, General Order No. 110, from the War Department, Adjutant General's office, dated Washington, April 20, 1863, was published, and definitely settled the matter. It was as follows:

REGIMENT OF CAVALRY—TWELVE COMPANIES OR TROOPS.

- 1 Colonel.
- 1 Lieutenant-Colonel.
- 3 Majors.
- 1 Surgeon.
- 2 Assistant Surgeons.
- 1 Regimental Adjutant (an extra lieutenant).
- 1 Regimental Quartermaster (an extra lieutenant).
- 1 Regimental Commissary (an extra lieutenant).
- 1 Chaplain.
- 1 Sergeant Major.
- 1 Veterinary Surgeon.
- 1 Quartermaster Sergeant.
- 1 Commissary Sergeant.
- 1 Saddler Sergeant.
- 2 Hospital Stewards.
- 1 Chief Trumpeter.

A COMPANY OR TROOP OF CAVALRY.

- 1 Captain.
- 1 First Lieutenant.
- 1 Second Lieutenant.
- 1 First Sergeant.
- 1 Quartermaster Sergeant.
- 1 Commissary Sergeant.
- 5 Sergeants.

8 Corporals.
 2 Trumpeters.
 2 Farriers or Blacksmiths.
 1 Saddler.
 1 Wagoner.
 60 Privates, minimum.—78 privates, maximum.

Total maximum for a company, 103 men and officers; and for a regiment, 1,256.

Soon after reaching Washington "Scott's 900" was organized as above, though probably never recruited up to the full standard of men and officers.

During the summer of 1862 the regiment had a chaplain, but he soon left us and was not replaced, as the behavior of the enlisted men was such that it was thought by "the powers above us" such an officer was unnecessary to us.

As an evidence of the strong religious feeling that existed among the men, it might be stated that some of them adopted the clerical profession after the war and became "shining lights" in their calling.

ROSTER OF THE ELEVENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY (SCOTT'S 900.)

Organized March, 1862, disbanded September 30, 1865. Recruiting for the regiment was begun November, 1861.

The roster as given in the concluding pages is taken from the "Report of the Adjutant General of the State of New York," volume III, published in the year 1895. Effort has been made to get the roster as correct as possible. Names known to be misspelled in the adjutant general's report have been corrected, and some records not complete through ignorance, carelessness, or poor penmanship of those who made the original reports have been added to. As an example of one of the many omissions in the "Official Records," it may be stated that Carman A. Robinson, of Company E, was taken prisoner at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863, and taken to Libby prison in Richmond. In a fight with guerrillas, March 14, 1865, near Memphis, Tenn., he was wounded, losing his right arm. But the only record of his service is name, age, date of enlistment and discharge for disability, June 30, 1865

An abstract only of each man's record is given in the roster, with rank held at the date of discharge, as found recorded in the adjutant-general's report. A few, however, have been corrected from the memory of the compiler.

This report gives a number of names of commissioned officers who were not known to the regiment, and of others who served but a short time with it and were but slightly known to the companies to which they were assigned.

Some officers of long service were promoted about the time of their discharge, and consequently are given higher rank in the roster than they held during their service with the regiment.

The brevet rank given to different officers of the regiment is taken from "New York Officers in the War of the Rebellion," published by the Adjutant-General of the State of New York in 1868.

Where no cause for discharge is mentioned, it occurred through expiration of service, or upon order of the War Department, at the close of the war. Upon the consolidation of the regiment, twelve companies into four, on July 21, 1865, all officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, rendered supernumerary thereby, were immediately mustered out.

Names of deserters are omitted from the roster.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE PAGES OF THE BOOK AND ROSTER.

- En.—enlisted or enrolled.
- dis.—discharged.
- Priv.—Private.
- Corpl.—Corporal.
- Sergt.—Sergeant.
- Sergt.-Maj.—Sergeant-Major.
- Q.-M. Sergt.—Quarter-Master Sergeant.
- Com. Sergt.—Commissary Sergeant.
- Sad. Sergt.—Saddler Sergeant.
- Lieut.—Lieutenant.
- Capt.—Captain.
- Maj.—Major.
- Lt.-Col.—Lieutenant-Colonel.
- Col.—Colonel.
- Adjt.—Adjutant.
- Brig.-Gen.—Brigadier-General.
- Maj.-Gen.—Major-General.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL, 1861-1865.

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true.

Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended!
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame,
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands
gasping!

Wait not till Honor is wrapped in his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands
clasping;

"Off for the wars!" is enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress
you!

Hark! 'tis the bugle blast, sabres are drawn:
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless
you,

Maidens shall weep for you when you are
gone!

* * * * *

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Our country's call for volunteers to save the life of the nation was answered by the 1,733 officers and men whose names are recorded in the following ROSTER of the ELEVENTH NEW YORK ("SCOTT'S 900") CAVALRY, many of whom gave up their own lives that the nation might live:

Abbott, Geo. H., age 17, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Abrahams, Francis, age 32, en. Dec. 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, Q.-M. sergt.

Abrams, Chas. C., age 21, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.

Ackerman, David R., age 21, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 28, 1865, 1st sergt.

Adams, Geo., age 24, en. July 31, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.

Adams, Harvey J., age 17, en. Feb. 26, 1864, at Clay, Co. I; died of disease March 3, 1865.

Adams, Norton, age 34, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. July 18, 1865.

Adams, Wm., age 19, en. August 26, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. Feb. 2, 1863; disability; bugler.

Adsit, Jas. L., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Ly-sander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, saddler.

Afforter, Fred'k, age 29, en. Jan. 31, 1862, at Watertown, Co. H; captured Aug. 5, 1864, at Doyal's Plantation; died August, 1864, at Clinton, La., while prisoner of war.

Agon, Richard, age 20, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. G, dis. May 22, 1865.

Ainsworth, Sam'l, age 31, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. March 2, 1864.

Aldridge, Edw., age 27, en. Jan. 4, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 2, 1862; disability; wagoner.

Allen, Francis, age 22, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Marshall, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.

Allen, Geo. A., age 26, en. August 8, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Dec. 10, 1862.

Allen, Geo. M., age 21, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 2, 1865.

Allen, Henry M., age 21, en. August 25, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. I, dis. May 11, 1865, corp'l.

Allen, Ira W., age 38, en. Sept. 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. M, dis. June 10, 1863; dismissed; 1st lieu.

Allen, John (age and place of enlistment not stated), Co. I, dis. July 20, 1865.

Allen, Mason S., age 21, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence county, Co. I, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.

Allen, Silas G., age 21, en. Sept. 17, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.

Allen, T. Wilfred, en. August 17, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G; res. July 16, 1864; bandmaster.

Amaden, Geo. W., age 28, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Dec. 30, 1862.

Amidown, Benj. F., age 18, en. March 1, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. Feb. 28, 1865.

Anderson, Benj., age 40, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. E; died of disease Feb. 14, 1865.

Anderson, Joseph, age 19, en. March 21, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. March 20, 1865.

Andrews, Hiram E., age 22, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Canton, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Andrews, John L., age 24, en. Sept. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. L, captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862, died of disease August 2, 1864; com. sergt.

- Andrews, Ira H., age 37, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at Malone, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Andrews, Wm., age 21, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Malone, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Annis, John, age 27, en. Feb. 13, 1864, at New York, Co. D, d s. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Arbuckle, Hayman, age 25, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. K, dis. Feb. 6, 1865; disability.
- Archer, Geo. W., age 20, en. August 7, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Archibald, John, age 43, en. April 1, 1862, at New York, Co. K; died of disease March 19, 1865.
- Arkenburg, Giles W., age 18, en. Jan. 27, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. A; died of disease Nov. 7, 1864.
- Arms, Richard D., age 22, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; furloughed by War Dept. Feb. 11, 1864.
- Armstrong, Geo. E., age 19, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Armstrong, Preston W., age 18, en. August 20, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Arrington, Andrew J., age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. H and C, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Arrington, Jos. W., age 22, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. July 3, 1865.
- Atkinson, Geo. P., age 35, en. August 4, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. May 28, 1865, Q-M. sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Austin, Edward J., age 28, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. Feb. 24, 1864.
- Austin, Leander, age 24, en. August 16, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Austin, Perry L., age 18, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Avery, Geo. W., age 20, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. B; died April 16, 1864.
- Ayers, John, age 18, en. Sept. 22, 1862, at Lewis, Cos. L and F; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862; died of disease Sept. 30, 1864.
- Babbitt, Putnam P., age 27, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Springfield, Mass., Co. G, dis. Jan. 28, 1865, saddler sergt.
- Bacon, Daniel, age 36, en. March 1, 1862, at Troy, Cos. G and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bacon, Jas. M., age 21, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Dec. 26, 1862.
- Bagot, Thurston, age 25, en. March 31, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. K, dis. August 26, 1862; disability.
- Bailey, Homer, age 22, en. August 31, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865; with detachment.
- Bailey, Willard S., age 18, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M; died of disease Nov. 10, 1864.
- Bailey, Wm. F., age 21, en. August 26, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Baird, Wm. M., age 23, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Baker, Stephen J., age 23, en. August 25, 1862, at Essex, Co. I, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Balcome, Elon S., age 20, en. Sept. 3, 1864, at Canton, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Baldwin, Joseph F., age 24, en. March 27, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. March 27, 1865, sergt.
- Ballard, Addison L., age 22, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Nanticoke, Co. G, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Ballard, Lewis W., age 23, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Lisle, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Bamberg, Christian, age 32, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, blacksmith.
- Banford, David, age 21, en. Dec. 12, 1863, at Canton, Co. B; died August 5, 1864.
- Barber, Gilbert R., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. May 17, 1865.
- Barber, Jason, age 30, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. July 21, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Barber, Myron J., age 24, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Barker, Geo. H., age 19, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Barkley, Sam'l, age 22, en. April 3, 1863, at New York, Co. I, wagoner; died of disease April 12, 1862.
- Barnes, Cyrus E., age 19, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. March 13, 1865, sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Barnes, Orange S., age 19, en. March 26, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Barr, Joseph P., age 21, en. August 29, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, wagoner.
- Barraly, Joseph, age 29, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. Sept. 28, 1863; disability.
- Barret, Benj. A., age 36, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Westport, Cos. F and L, dis. July 21, 1865, sergt.
- Barrett, Thos. Townsend, age 23, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. Jan. 21, 1865, sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1865.
- Barzen, Martin, age 30, en. Feb. 13, 1864, at Lysander, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bates, Henry C., age 28, en. March 13, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. H, K and M; dis. March 12, 1865, 2d lieutenant.
- Batly, Amos H., age 18, en. August 4, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Baxter, Chas. S., age 30, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. May 30, 1865.
- Baxter, Otis G., age 24, en. August 7, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. May 22, 1865.
- Baxter, Silas W., age 28, en. Jan. 7, 1862, at Binghamton, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, sergt.
- Baxter, Walter, age 21, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bayliss, Jeremiah, age 24, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; died of disease March 5, 1863.
- Beach, Elias M., age 24, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 24, 1865.
- Beach, John E., age 24, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bean, Henry J., age 18, en. Sept. 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.

- Bean, Levi M., age 19, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Beaumont, Jas. A., age 18, en. March 5, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H; died of disease Oct. 8, 1862.
- Becker, Edw., age 17, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Beckwith, John H., age 19, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation, August 5, 1864.
- Beckwith, Jas. age 21, en. August 26, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H; died of disease Jan. 26, 1864.
- Bedunah, Hosey, age 19, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Beebe, Junius, age 24, en. Feb. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Dec. 25, 1863; disability; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863; sergt.
- Beeler, Jos. age 21, en. Oct. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. L; wounded and captured at Poolesville Dec. 14, 1862; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864; corp'l.
- Beggs, Wm., age 19, en. March 17, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. E; died from shot in head Aug. 17, 1863.
- Belger, John, age 21, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Belinger, Hamilton, age 18, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; known also as H. W. Ballinger; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- Bell, Geo., age 18, en. Jan. 29, 1862, at Bridgehampton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bell, Richard H., age 18, en. Sept. 23, 1863, at Augusta, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bellamy, Jarvis, age 35, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Bellon, Anthony, age 37, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. July 21, 1865.
- Bender, Martin, age 20, en. Sept. 7, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 29, 1865.
- Benedict, Caleb S., age 23, en. April 29, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. Feb. 13, 1864; disability; reg. Q.-M.-sergt.
- Benedict, Chas. T., age 21, en. April 12, 1862, at New York, Co. F, Q.-M.-sergt.; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 6, 1864.
- Benedict, Erastus D., en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Cos. A, C, H, dis. Dec. 4, 1864, capt.
- Benedict, Ezra H., age 21, en. Nov. 21, 1863, at New York, Co. L; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 14, 1865.
- Benjamin, Daniel W., age 24, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at Lewis, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Bennett, Geo., age 45, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 25, 1865.
- Bennett, Geo. A., age 24, en. June 18, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Dec. 18, 1863, capt.
- Bennett, Geo. E., age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at East Hampton, Co. E., dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Bennett, Jas. S., age 28, en. August 26, 1862, at Buffalo, Cos. M, H, dis. Jan. 6, 1865; resigned; 1st lieutenant.
- Bennett, Wm. W., age 32, en. Jan. 10, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Dec. 24, 1862; resigned; lieutenant-col.
- Berlitz, Julius, age 26, en. April 26, 1862, at New York, Co. F; died of disease Nov. 22, 1864.
- Bernhard, Geo. H., age 39, en. Dec. 17, 1861, at New York, Co. H., dis. Sept. 12, 1862; disability.
- Berry, John, age 24, en. August 29, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Berry, Myron J., age 21, en. Sept. 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l; wounded at Poolesville Dec. 14, 1862.
- Bertine, Peter O., age 31, en. Dec. 17, 1861, at New York, Co. B, Q.-M.-sergt.; died of disease Sept. 29, 1863.
- Bergstrom, Sven M., age 29, en. April 26, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 25, 1865, sergt.
- Betts, Sam'l, age 19, en. March 17, 1862, at Wilton, Conn. Co. F, dis. March 22, 1865.
- Bevens, Jas., age 31, en. July 12, 1862, at New York, Cos. C and E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Bicknell, Geo. S., age 18, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Parishville, Co. G, dis. July 21, 1865.
- Bielaski, Oscar, age 19, en. Sept. 8, 1864, at Canajoharie, Co. H, dis. Oct. 8, 1864.
- Bignall, W. A., age 20, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 2, 1865; disability; sergt.
- Bigelow, Jacob, age 39, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at North Collins, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Bird, Benj. W., age 19, en. Jan. 9, 1862, at Warren Co., N. J., Co. C, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Bishopp, Chas. J., age 18, en. Jan. 9, 1864, at Marshall, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Blair, Jacob, age 44, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability.
- Blair, Jas. L., age 22, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Washington, Co. H, corp'l; died of disease March 27, 1864.
- Blanchard, Ira L., age 37, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I, dis. May 26, 1865.
- Blodgett, Jas. B., age 25, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Blount, Geo., age 27, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Canton, Cos. G and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bockland, Wm., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bogardus, Henry L., en. August 9, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. F and I, dis. Jan. 16, 1863; 1st lieutenant.
- Baggott, Stephen, age 21, en. August 21, 1862, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- Boorman, John, age 36, en. August 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. May 31, 1865; Q.-M.-sergt.
- Borland, Wm. A., age 19, en. Sept. 6, 1864, at DeKalb, Co. A; died of disease March 26, 1865.
- Bostrum, Alexander, age 40, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, Co. K; died of disease Feb. 25, 1864.
- Bottsford, Wm. M., age 23, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Canton, Cos. M and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.

- Botts, Stephen K., age 26, en. August 22, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. B, dis. Jan. 21, 1863; dismissed; brevet 2d lieut.
- Bouton, Edw. H., age 20, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Bourk, Miles, age 24, en. Jan. 10, 1864, at Granby, Co. B, dis. June 14, 1864; disability.
- Bourke, Jas., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Mohawk, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Bouron, Freeman H., age 22, en. March 5, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H, dis. March 4, 1865; 1st sergt.
- Bowen, Jas., age 42, en. Feb. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Bowman, Geo. W., age 20, en. Jan. 12, 1864, at Deerfield, Co. C, dis. Oct. 8, 1864; disability.
- Bowy, Jas., age 30, en. Sept. 30, 1862, at Washington, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Boywer, Wm., age 27, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Springport, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Boyce, Wm. E., age 19, en. May 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. F and C, dis. June 4, 1865, chief bugler.
- Boynton, Chas. H., age 16, en. August 30, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Bradley, Edward C., age 44, en. Aug. 11, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. July 21, 1865, 1st lieut.
- Bradshaw, Reuben, age 39, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Fulton, Co. L, dis. Jan. 24, 1863; disability.
- Bragaw, Wm. E., age 31, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability; 1st sergt.
- Branch, Wm. F., age 22, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M; died of disease Nov. 12, 1862.
- Branigan, Patrick, age 21, en. June 6, 1862, at Washington, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Breen, John, age 27, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 11, 1865, corp'l.
- Bridge, Marsden, age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1865.
- Bridge, Norman, age 25, en. August 31, 1864, at Malone, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Bridges, Henry A., age 33, en. March 21, 1865, at Meridan, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Briggs, Geo. W., age 19, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. K; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 12, 1864.
- Briggs, John J., age 24, en. Sept. 10, 1864, at Albany, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Briggs, Rob't M., age 23, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Albany, Cos. A and F; died from wound received in action March 17, 1865.
- Briggs, Samuel D., age 19, en. Oct. 21, 1864, at New York, Cos. M and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Briggs, Thos. E., age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Brill, Henry, age 19, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease Nov. 9, 1862.
- Brink, Chas. L., age 21, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Bromberg, Chas. J., age 27, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at New York, Cos. G, D and A, dis. Feb. 18, 1865, 1st lieut.
- Bromberg, Sam'l, age 18, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability; Q.-M.-sergt.
- Brooks, Hiram, age 17, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Brooks, Wm., age 44, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. Feb. 17, 1865; disability.
- Brothers, Exist, age 18, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Westport, Co. I, dis. Feb. 4, 1865.
- Brotherton, Wm. H., age 26, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at Homer, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Brower, Marford V. B., age 36, en. Feb. 29, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. I, dis. June 28, 1865.
- Brown, Chas. H., age 21, en. Jan. 29, 1862, at Bridgehampton, Co. E; captured at Bolivar Heights, June 30, 1863; died of disease August 14, 1864; corp'l.
- Brown, Edward, or Chas. Schultz, age 31, en. Feb. 26, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. July 26, 1865; captured at Ocean Springs, Miss., Dec. 7, 1864.
- Brown, Geo. A., age 18, en. Sept. 24, 1862, at Canton, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Brown, Geo. W., age 18, en. Jan. 29, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K; lost at sea on North America, Dec. 22, 1864.
- Brown, Gilbert A., age 26, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Brown, Ira C., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D; wounded and captured at Edward's Ferry, Md., August 27, 1863; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Brown, Jas., age 19, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; farrier.
- Brown, Jas., age 28, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Brown, Lorenzo, age 18, en. August 31, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Brown, Sam'l, age 27, en. July 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Brown, Thos. H., age 31, en. August 21, 1862, at Washington, Co. K; captured; died of disease Nov. 13, 1863.
- Brown, Warren, age 38, en. August 21, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. Oct. 1, 1863; disability.
- Brown, Wm., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Brown, Wm., age 22, en. Feb. 25, 1864, at New York, Cos. H and I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Brown, Wm. F., age 33, en. Dec. 12, 1863, at Washington, Co. H; died of disease August 29, 1864.
- Brown, Wm. Z., age 18, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Bruce, John W., age 18, en. Jan. 17, 1862, at Tompkinsville, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability; wagoner.
- Bruce, Nathaniel P., age 42, en. Dec. 22, 1861, at Colton, Co. D, dis. Dec. 30, 1863; disability; sergt.
- Brundage, Harrison, age 26, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability; farrier.
- Bruso, Peter, age 21, en. August 28, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Bryant, Adolphus S., age 30, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 27, 1862.

- Buck, Patrick, age 25, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Utica, Co. A, dis. Jan. 14, 1865; disability.
- Buckingham, W. J., age 35, en. Jan. 15, 1864, at Hamilton, Co. H, dis. June 24, 1865.
- Bueklin, Willard, age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Canton, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Buckmaster, Emanuel, age 40, en. March 8, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. Jan. 4, 1863; disability.
- Budrow, John, age 27, en. March 6, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Buker, John P., age 34, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at Half Moon, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Burdick, Horace W., age 31, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Dec. 1, 1864.
- Burgess, Daniel, age 21, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at New York, Co. L; died Feb. 11, 1864.
- Burgess, Jefferson, age 23, en. Dec. 24, 1861, at New York, Cos. G, D, E and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, capt.
- Burke, Jas., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Mohawk, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Burke, Jos. H., age 21, en. July 6, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Burke, Patrick, age 38, en. Jan. 17, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Burlison, Jas. A., age 20, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Oxford, Co. K, dis. Sept. 11, 1865.
- Burns, John D., age 23, en. March 31, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Burr, Lyman A., age 25, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Morris, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Burroughs, Chas. W., age 21, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Clay, Cos. H and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Burton, Mahlon, age 26, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. July 1, 1865; captured at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 20, 1864.
- Busby, Wm., age 23, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, com. sergt.
- Butler, Eugene A., age 18, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. G, dis. July 21, 1865, corp'l.
- Butler, John C., age 44, en. August 13, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, wagoner.
- Butler, W. H., age 29, en. Sept. 1, 1862, Co. G, dis. Sept. 20, 1864, corp'l.
- Butterfield, John M., age 22, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Potsdam, Cos. E and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Buttner, John, age 43, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Volney, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cady, Albert R., age 19, en. July 23, 1864, at Manheim, Co. E; died of disease April 24, 1865.
- Cahoon, Wm., age 29, en. Jan. 1, 1864, at New Hartford, Co. I; died of disease Sept. 1, 1864.
- Cain, Dennis, age 24, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Sangerfield, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Cairns, Wm., age 24, en. April 25, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. F, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Calvert, Henry M., age 26, en. April 17, 1862, at New York, Cos. F and M, dis. July 21, 1865, 1st lieu.
- Campbell, Alexander G., en. March 13, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. H and B, dis. March 15, 1864; capt.
- Campbell, Alpheus W., age 25, en. March 10, 1864, at Washington, dis. July 1, 1865, ass't surg.
- Campbell, Chas., age 16, en. Jan. 11, 1864, at Van Buren, —, dis. April 29, 1864; under age; never joined reg.
- Campbell, Jas. A., age 23, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Campbell, Phillip A., age 33, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Louisville, Co. K, dis. May 31, 1865, saddler.
- Capes, Wm., age 21, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. E; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Carey, Silas W., age 20, en. Jan. 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1865, sergt.
- Carhardt, Abraham B., age 41, en. March 6, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Carl, Walter F., age 21, en. June 2, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 1, 1865.
- Carlisle, Geo., age 25, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Carpenter, Henry G., age 35, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Carpenter, Henry S., age 23, en. Jan. 23, 1864, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Carpenter, Solomon, age 21, en. August 13, 1862, at New York, Co. G; died of disease August 19, 1864.
- Carpenter, Wm. H., age 23, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. Nov. 14, 1864; disability.
- Carr, Cornelius, age 43, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. Jan. 28, 1865.
- Carr, Francis, age 20, en. Feb. 25, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Feb. 24, 1865.
- Carr, John, age 18, en. Feb. 18, 1864, at Clay, Co. C, dis. June 23, 1865; captured at Jackson, Miss., June, 1864.
- Carr, Noah F., age 23, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- Carolan, Joseph C., age 25, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 4, 1865.
- Carroll, Daniel, age 20, en. March 26, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, dis. March 25, 1865.
- Carroll, Owen C., age 21, en. August 30, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Carter, Birney, age 19, en. Feb. 12, 1864, at Homer, Cos. I and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Carter, Wm., age 25, en. June 16, 1863, at Washington, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863; real name Henry Bishop.
- Carty, Wm., age 21, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Jan. 26, 1863.
- Cashen, Jas., age 34, en. Feb. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Feb. 11, 1864; disability; wagoner.
- Cassidy, Felix M., age 38, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Dec. 18, 1864.
- Cernecross, Lewis E., age 21, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Lebanon, Co. C, dis. May 26, 1865, corp'l; wounded in fight with guerrillas March 28, 1865.
- Cesnola, Louis Palma Di, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at New York, dis. June 20, 1862; resigned; lieutenant-col.

- Chadwick, Ira O., age 27, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Pitcairn, Co. D, dis. Nov. 29, 1862; disability.
- Chalmers, Geo., age 34, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. March 5, 1865, farmer.
- Chamberlain, Cornelius C. F., age 21, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Canton, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Chamberlain, Edw. D., age 31, en. August 27, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Chambers, E. B., age 19, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Feb. 21, 1865.
- Champine, Geo. L., age 17, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Canton, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Champion, Wm., age 24, en. April 19, 1862, at Ogdensburg, Co. D, dis. April 18, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation April 18, 1864.
- Chapman, Cornelius, age 34, en. Feb. 2, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. A, dis. August 23, 1865; disability; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Chapman, Delos, age 21, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Charlton, John, age 23, en. March 11, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1865.
- Chase, Caleb, age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Mohawk, Co. F; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Chase, Franklin, age 22, en. August 25, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, corp'l; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Childs, Jay W., age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Chism, John, age 27, en. August 30, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Chrismond, Oscar B., age 29, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. June 28, 1865.
- Christie, John, age 34, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at New York, Co. A, corp'l; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Christy, Ramsey N., age 19, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Parishville, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Church, E. Bryon, age 29, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Volney, Co. D, dis. Oct. 5, 1863; disability.
- Church, Wm. E., age 20, en. August 29, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. April 10, 1865, sergt.
- Clapper, John, age 41, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Camillus, Co. F; died of disease Dec. 15, 1864.
- Clark, Chas., age 16, en. March 21, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, dis. March 19, 1865, bugler.
- Clark, Chas., age 21, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 4, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Clark, Chas. E., age 28, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Clark, Chas. S., age 21, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Manlius, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Clark, Darwin, age 18, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Clark, Edward D., age 21, en. March 19, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K, dis. Oct. 24, 1863; disability.
- Clark, Francis, age 18, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Stockholm, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Clark, Geo., age 22, en. August 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. May 23, 1865.
- Clark, Gideon E., age 18, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 30, 1864.
- Clark, Ira W., age 31, en. August 27, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Clark, James B., age 26, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Clark, John, age 40, en. March 27, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Clark, Peter, age 17, en. Nov. 20, 1863, at Washington, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Clark, Richard, age 22, en. August 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Clark, Thos. W., age 21, en. March 12, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Clark, Wm. H., age 18, en. Sept. 7, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 30, 1864; disability.
- Claypoole, John J., age 37, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 15, 1862; disability.
- Clifford, Azgill, age 31, en. Oct. 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. L, dis. March 17, 1864; disability; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Clink, Fred'k, age 22, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at New York, Co. B; wounded at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863.
- Clute, Geo., age 19, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Camillus, Co. C; died of wounds received in action March 14, 1865, near Memphis, Tenn.
- Clyde, John, age 31, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Plessis, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Coats, Wm., age 36, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Otisco, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cobb, Stephen V. K., age 40, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Colburn, Luther H., age 22, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Camillus; died of disease Feb. 15, 1864.
- Cole, Dewitt, age 18, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Auburn, Co. K, died of disease August 15, 1862, corp'l.
- Cole, Lawrence J., age 28, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Pierrepont, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cole, Oren, E., age 32, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Pierrepont, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Collins, Henry G., age 21, en. August 21, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. Dec. 31, 1862; disability.
- Collins, Moses, age 25, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Washington, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1863.
- Collins, Thos. W., age 23, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Collins, Zachary A., age 22, en. Jan. 13, 1864, at Marshall, Co. B; died of disease Nov. 4, 1864.
- Collisgrew, S. S., age 22, en. August 24, 1862, at Washington, Co. B, dis. March 15, 1864.
- Colvin, Francis, age 18, en. Dec. 31, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Comins, Oliver W., age 26, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Fowler, Co. E; died of disease Feb. 27, 1864.
- Conan, John, age 23, en. August 6, 1862, at Washington, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Conant, Rodney T., age 32, en. April 16, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. April 15, 1865, com.-sergt.
- Conhille, Thos., age 22, en. Oct. 30, 1862, at Washington, Co. E, dis. August 1, 1865.

- Conkey, Wm. R., age 21, en. August 20, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease June 16, 1865; captured near Clinton, La., Oct. 23, 1864.
- Conley, James, age 22, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. Jan. 19, 1865, sergt.
- Conlon, Thos., age 31, en. August 31, 1864, at Brooklyn, Cos. E and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Connell, Dennis, age 22, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Fort Schuyler, Co. G, trans. to 67th N. Y. Volunteers.
- Connely, Patrick, age 25, en. March 6, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. March 5, 1865.
- Conner, James, age 40, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. A, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Connor, Jas., age 34, en. March 21, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. June 4, 1862; disability.
- Connover, John, age 41, en. Jan. 22, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, trans. to Vet. Res. Corps March 22, 1864.
- Conroy, John, age 26, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Conway, John W., age 28, en. Dec. 20, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. I, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Cook, Clarence, age 18, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Canton, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cook, Hartwell J., age 19, en. August 30, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Cook, Myron, age 35, en. Feb. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Cook, Stephen R., age 20, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 27, 1865; captured near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Cooney, Thomas, age 26, en. Sept. 13, 1862, at Washington, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Coomrod, David, age 18, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at Lisle, Co. G, dis. June 9, 1865; disability; sergt.; wounded in action, Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Cooper, Lorenzo D., age 31, en. Jan. 21, 1862, at Fulton, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, wagoner; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Cooper, Wm., age 21, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Corby, Isaac S., age 45, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Corey, Wm., age 38, en. Feb. 18, 1862, Bridgehampton, Co. E, dis. Feb. 20, 1865.
- Corwin, Erastus W., age 25, en. August 28, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; died of disease Dec. 10, 1862.
- Corwin, Jas. H., age 28, en. August 28, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, sergt.; died Nov. 2, 1863.
- Corwin, Jesse, age 22, en. August 28, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, corp'l; died of disease June 9, 1863.
- Cory, Geo. W., age 18, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at Lisle, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Cost, Wm. F., age 25, en. August 20, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Cotter, Blennerhassett, age 23, en. Sept. 29, 1862, at Washington, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Coulter, Jas., age 21, en. June 21, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Courtwright, Thos. G., age 25, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Cowan, Jas., age 23, en. Sept. 22, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Sept. 21, 1865.
- Cowper, Wm. H., age 19, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Cragin, Jas., age 19, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Cramer, Geo. P., age 36, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Stockholm, Cos. F and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cramer, John, age 45, en. April 8, 1862, at New York, Co. G; died of disease May 11, 1862.
- Cramer, Joseph, age 20, en. August 20, 1864, at Troy, Cos. B and D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Crandal, Shubel E., age 27, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Crater, Francis M., age 26, en. Feb. 19, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B; killed while on scout near Jackson, La., Nov. 21, 1864.
- Craytor, Richard, age 24, en. Feb. 5, 1864, at Manlius, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Crissey, Isaac O., age 21, en. Jan. 2, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. K, dis. August 25, 1862; resigned; 2d lieut.
- Cronk, Francis W., age 18, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Malone, Co. M; killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Cross, Wm. O., age 25, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Springfield, Mass., Co. D, dis. Jan. 27, 1865, saddler; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Crowell, Benj. E., age 25, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Cumberland, John, age 19, en. Sept. 8, 1864, at Canajoharie, Co. H, dis. Oct. 15, 1864; cause not stated.
- Cummings, Thos. H., age 21, en. Sept. 2, 1862, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Cunningham, Edw., age 36, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Manlius, Cos. I and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Cunnington, Wm., age 18, en. August 27, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. May 27, 1865; wounded in action near Germantown April 18, 1865.
- Curtin, Daniel, age 19, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Curtin, Jas., age 19, en. March 12, 1864, at New York, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Curtis, Fred'k, age 18, en. Jan. 20, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 12, 1865.
- Curtis, Nathan B., age 22, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Springfield, Co. F, saddler; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Cusack, Francis, age 19, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. July 21, 1865, corp'l.
- Cutting, Edw. W., age 32, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Jan. 2, 1863; disability.
- Cutting, Thos. M., age 25, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, 2d lieut.
- Cyphar, Chas. S., age 30, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. July 25, 1865, sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.

- Dagwell, Geo. A., age 22, en. Dec. 9, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. April 6, 1865, capt. and brevet-major; wounded and captured at Annandale, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Daily, Jas., age 26, en. Sept. 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Dalton, Patrick, age 40, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at Tarrytown, Co. C; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863; died of disease Dec. 1, 1864.
- Daniel, Chas. W., age 24, en. August 30, 1864, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Daniels, Jas., age 30, en. Sept. 3, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Dano, Chas., age 43, en. Feb. 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- D'Arnou, Jules Garnier, age 22, en. April 30, 1862, at Tompkinsville, Co. F, dis. April 29, 1865.
- Davenport, Simon J., age 27, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. August 1, 1862; resigned; capt.
- Davis, Chas. H., age 21, en. Nov. 20, 1863, at New York Co. L, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Davis, Franklin C., age 19, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at New York, Cos. C, L and E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, lieutenant; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Davis, Franklin H., age 26, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Butternuts, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Davis, Franklin J., en. Feb. 22, 1862, at New York; died of disease Oct. 12, 1863.
- Davis, Horatio N., age 24, en. Jan. 9, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability; Reg. Q.-M.-sergt.
- Dawson, Martin C., age 24, en. Feb. 24, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. May 28, 1865, corp'l.
- Day, John B., age 28, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, lieutenant.
- Day, Jos. C., age 18, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Day Lucius C., age 23, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Dayman, Wm., age 28, en. August 14, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Dayton, Eli W., age 35, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Dayton, Hamilton A., age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. C; died of disease Sept. 2, 1864.
- Dayton, Sylvester B., age 21, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Moira, Co. K; died of disease Sept. 21, 1864.
- Deal, Jas., age 21, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Deal, Stephen, age 27, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Degroff, Henry L., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Delafontaine, Geo. W., age 25, en. Feb. 21, 1862, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, wagoner.
- Delapiano, David, age 35, en. March 6, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. July 31, 1863.
- Delarm, Richard, age 28, en. August 28, 1864, Chateaugay, dis. Dec. 5, 1864; disability.
- Delawier, Etienne, age 30, en. March 1, 1864, dis. May 5, 1865.
- Delevan, John, age 24, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. G; died of disease Nov. 6, 1864.
- Delile, Moses, age 19, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E; died of disease Oct. 1, 1864.
- Delong, Daniel, age 23, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Cos. I and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Deming, Edgar, age 18, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Seneca Falls, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865.
- Dencer, John, age 22, en. June 12, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Dennison, Geo. D., age 22, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. March 27, 1865, Reg. Q.-M.
- Denoyer, John, age 24, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- De Peyster, J. Watts, en. June 7, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. I, dis. June 26, 1862, 1st lieutenant.
- Derland, Wm. H., age 27, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. C; died of disease August 20, 1864.
- Derr, Jacob, age 38, en. August 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 10, 1863.
- Derosia, Chas., age 30, en. August 27, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Devarney, John, age 18, en. March 7, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. I and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, bugler.
- Devlin, Isaac, age 26, en. Feb. 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease August 25, 1864.
- Devlin, Patrick, age 35, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Dewey, Geo. J., age 32, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability; sergt.
- Deyo, Solomon, age 34, en. August 26, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Dibble, Warren, age 18, en. Feb. 8, 1864, at New York, Cos. H and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Dickey, Perry, age 16, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Diller, Samuel, age 22, en. August 2, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- Dillon, Francis, age 19, en. Oct. 31, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. C; died of disease Sept. 21, 1864.
- Dillon, Patrick, age 21, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at Brooklyn, Cos. H and L; died of disease March 31, 1864.
- Dillon, Peter, age 27, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Dillon, Robt., age 21, en. Sept. 9, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Dimmick, Lewis, age 20, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F; died of disease August 1, 1864.
- Dittman, Theodore, age 31, en. April 30, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 29, 1865.
- Dixon, Hamlet, age 19, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Jan. 28, 1865, sergt.
- Dodds, Chas., age 18, en. Feb. 19, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H, dis. March 4, 1865.

- Dodge, Clark E., age 24, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, saddler sergt.
- Dodge, Ransom, age 28, en. March 8, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. March 12, 1865, corp'l; captured at Edwards' Ferry August 27, 1863.
- Dolan, Barney, age 18, en. March 25, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. April 29, 1865; disability.
- Dolph, Leander, age 30, en. Dec. 12, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Donovan, Jeremiah, age 22, en. April 16, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 18, 1865.
- Donovan, Timothy, age 22, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Stockholm, Cos. M and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Dove, Wm. G., age 22, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Dow, Alfred C., age 18, en. August 25, 1864, at Ft. Covington, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Downing, Geo. W., age 21, en. August 29, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Downing, Rob't, age 18, en. March 13, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1862; disability.
- Downing, Sprague, age 23, en. August 23, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Doyle, John, age 27, en. June 13, 1862, at New York, Cos. B, H and L; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Doyle, Wm., age 26, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. July 31, 1863; disability; saddler.
- Dragoon, Martin, age 18, en. March 18, 1862, at Clinton, Cos. G and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; bugler.
- Drake, Edgar H., age 27, en. August 26, 1864, at Malone, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Drury, Henry, age 44, en. Jan. 18, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. H; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps June 17, 1864.
- Duffy, Jas., age 21, en. Sept. 24, 1862, at Canton, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Duffy, Thomas, age 22, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Nov. 25, 1862.
- Dugan, Wm. B., age 19, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Jan. 9, 1865, corp'l.
- Dunbar, Fred'k W. L., age 37, en. Sept. 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; trans. to reg. army Nov. 19, 1862.
- Duncombe, Chas., age 26, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Dunford, Wm., age 21, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Utica Co. C, corp'l; killed by falling tree while on duty Oct. 9, 1864.
- Dunkin, John S., age 40, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Duram, Wm., age 27, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at Palmyra, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Dutcher, Chas. F., age 38, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Dwyer, Lawrence, age 35, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 30, 1864.
- Dyer, Wm. R., age 30, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at New York, Cos. C and H, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Dykerman, Franklin W., age 19, en. Jan. 22, 1864, at Lysander, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Eastman, Hiram D., age 19, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I, dis. May 30, 1865.
- Eastman, Jas. M., age 18, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Canton, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ebals, Francis, age 20, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 4, 1865, sergt.
- Eekle, Peter, Jr., age 27, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. C; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Edgar, Robert, age 23, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, corp'l; captured at Bolivar Heights June 30, 1863.
- Edmonds, Frank V., age 28, en. Feb. 2, 1862, at Fulton, Cos. F and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Edmonston, Augustus, age 35, en. Sept. 20, 1864, at Livingston, Co. L, dis. June 2, 1865.
- Edmonston, Chas. D., age 25, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. Feb. 15, 1864; disability; 1st sergt.; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Edwards, Chas. age 19, en. Jan. 20, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Edwards, John S., age 26, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at New York, hosp. stew.; died of disease Sept. 25, 1862.
- Edwards, Miller E., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Oxford, N. Y., Co. G; died of disease June 23, 1864.
- Edwards, Wm. C., age 21, en. Nov. 2, 1863, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Egan, Jeremiah, age 20, en. March 10, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K; died of wounds accidentally self-inflicted, Dec. 3, 1863.
- Eldred, Chas. F., age 23, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at New York, Co. A, dis. May 28, 1865, corp'l.
- Elliott, Edwin C., age 21, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. June 6, 1865.
- Ellis, Edw., age 21, en. Sept. 10, 1862, at New York, Co. C; died of disease Dec. 1, 1864.
- Ellis, Lorin, A., age 31, en. August 30, 1862, at Willsboro, Co. L; captured at Poolesville Dec. 14, 1862; died of disease August 3, 1864.
- Ellis, Thurman R., age 23, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Colton, Co. D, dis. Feb. 6, 1865, sergt.
- Ellison, John H., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Elliston, John, age 30, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Ellsworth, Horace D., age 28, en. Nov. 27, 1861, at New York, Cos. D and G, dis. June 20, 1865, major.
- Elwood, Alexander, age 18, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Elmerich, Christian, age 30, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Eltling, Henry D., age 18, en. Jan. 6, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

- Elwell, Edw., age 19, en. August 11, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. June 23, 1865, corp'l; captured near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Elwood, Wm., age 33, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Edwards' Ferry August 27, 1863.
- Embley, Wm., age 28, en. Feb. 8, 1864, at Utica, Co. C; lost at sea, steamer North America, Dec. 22, 1863.
- Embrey, David M., age 22, en. Dec. 9, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. H and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Emery, Alphetus, W., age 21, en. August 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Emery, Chas. K., age 42, en. July 14, 1862, at New York, Cos. C and A, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Emery, Edwin F., age 21, en. August 26, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Emmons, Harmon W., age 18, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Fowler, Co. L; captured at Poolesville Dec. 14, 1862; died of disease Jan. 22, 1863.
- England, John, age 32, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; died of disease March 1, 1865.
- Ervin, Peter, age 25, en. March 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. Feb. 18, 1864; disability.
- Erwin, Chas. J., age 18, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. M; died of disease Sept. 27, 1863.
- Erwin, Melville E., age 22, en. Jan. 18, 1864, at Manlius, Cos. M and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Esten, Jas. R., age 29, en. March 11, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- Evans, Evan, age 19, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at Utica, Co. C; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863; lost at sea Nov. 27, 1864.
- Evans, Leroy, age 18, en. Feb. 8, 1864, at Cicero, Cos. I and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Evans, Thos. A., age 26, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. Feb. 28, 1863, sergt.
- Evans, Wm., age 36, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Cicero, Co. I; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Everest, Chas. E., age 20, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Syracuse, Cos. H and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Everest, Edwin, age 21, en. Jan. 14, 1864, at Syracuse, Cos. H and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Fagan, Jos., age 18, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Fahey, Patrick, age 20, en. March 6, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. March 5, 1865.
- Falkner, Wm. J., age 18, en. Feb. 19, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Fanchard, Cyrus, age 21, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Vista, Co. C; died of disease July 9, 1864.
- Fanchard, Sylvester, age 22, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Vista, Co. A; died of disease June 16, 1865.
- Fancher, Chas. N., age 18, en. Dec. 5, 1863, at Volney, Cos. B and D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Farmer, Harrison, age 18, en. August 15, 1864, at Malone, Co. E; dis. June 12, 1865.
- Farmer, Mortimer A., age 24, en. August 28, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, corp'l; died of disease Oct. 31, 1864.
- Farrar, Thos., age 22, en. March 21, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Jan. 26, 1863; disability.
- Farrell, Patrick, age 24, en. Dec. 17, 1864, at New York, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Farrell, Wm., age 25, en. April 19, 1862, at New York, Co. F, corp'l; wounded at Ceel's Plantation, La.; died of disease Sept. 9, 1864.
- Farren, Allen, age 22, en. March 29, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, corp'l; died of disease April 29, 1863.
- Fatten, Chas., age 21, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, dis. March 3, 1863; disability.
- Faulds, Jas., age 19, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Amsterdam, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Felt, Taylor, age 18, en. Jan. 15, 1864, at Manlius, Co. L, dis. July 11, 1865; captured near Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1865.
- Fenner, Andrew, age 29, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Utica, Cos. F and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Ferguson, Albert A., age 20, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at Essex Co., Co. I, dis. Oct. 8, 1864; disability; sergt.
- Ferguson, Jas., age 37, en. Feb. 23, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H; killed while on picket July 20, 1864, Orange Grove Plantation.
- Ferguson, John, age 26, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ferrill, Benj. F., age 21, en. Sept. 9, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Ferris, Emory, age 38, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Brandon, Co. G; died of disease March 30, 1865.
- Ficke, Henry C, age 22, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, com. sergt.
- Fiegl, John, age 18, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Feb. 24, 1864.
- Field, Geo., age 33, en. Feb. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. H, dis. July 21, 1865, com. sergt.
- Fifield, Chas. C., age 22, en. August 24, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. July 13, 1865.
- Fifield, Fred'k C., age 23, en. Jan. 10, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1865.
- Fillmore, Albert H., age 23, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F; died of disease May 20, 1865.
- Finch, Francis, age 20, en. Feb. 26, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Finch, Wm. H., age 18, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I; died of gunshot wound July 27, 1865.
- Findlay, Henry E, age 34, en. August 21, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Stockade June 12, 1865.
- Finn, John, age 21, en. Sept. 13, 1862, at Washington, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Fisher, Chas. L., en. May 1, 1862, at New York, dis. March 4, 1863, ass't surg.
- Fisher, Nathaniel, age 23, en. Feb. 5, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Fisk, Barcello, age 21, en. Jan. 1, 1864, at Hamilton, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Fiske, Henry C., age 20, en. Feb. 6, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. B; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.

- Fiske, Henry C, age 22, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Fitzgerald, Hobart E., age 35, en. Jan. 21, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. B, dis. August 5, 1862; resigned; captain.
- Fitzgerald, Jas., age 18, en. March 20, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. April 10, 1862.
- Fitzgerald, John, age 20, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at Washington, Co. H; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Flanders, Moses J., age 19, en. Feb. 13, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Feb. 13, 1865.
- Fleming, John, age 23, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Fleming, Thos. H., age 19, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Canton, Co. G; killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Fletcher, Daniel, age 21, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Amsterdam, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Flinn, Patrick, age 18, en. April 1, 1862, at Newark, N. J., Co. G; died of disease Nov. 23, 1864.
- Flint, Frank F., age 21, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Flint, Heman, age 18, en. March 8, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. March 22, 1865, corp'l.
- Flint, Jos. F., age 22, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Oxford, Co. K, dis. June 30, 1865; disability.
- Flint, Lewis, age 44, en. March 31, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Flynn, Lawrence, age 41, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Fogarty, John, age 21, en. August 4, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. May 28, 1865; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Folkowitsch, Casper, age 19, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Hamburg, Co. M; died of disease August 19, 1864.
- Fonda, Albert, age 19, en. Jan. 23, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. H; died of disease June 29, 1864.
- Foot, Michael, age 44, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Canton, Co. D; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died of disease June 5, 1865.
- Ford, Michael, age 23, en. Dec. 17, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. March 3, 1863; disability.
- Forrester, Geo. W., age 37, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Elbridge, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Forsyth, Geo. H., age 22, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Canton, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Forward, Montgomery, age 18, en. March 26, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, dis. April 11, 1865.
- Foskett, Wm., age 31, en. March 20, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Foskey, Rob't, age 19, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Foster, Arthur D, age 18, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Foster, Chas. A., age 21, en. Sept. 19, 1862, at Sandy Creek, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Foster, Ebenezer B., age 42, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. M; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 12, 1864.
- Fowler, Chas. S., age 22, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. Sept. 22, 1865.
- Fox, Andrew C., or Chas. A., age 22, en. August 29, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. L, dis. July 25, 1865, wagoner.
- Fox, Edward, age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Louisville, Co. K; died of disease August 9, 1864.
- Fox, John W. R., age 26, en. Dec. 20, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 11, 1865.
- Fox, Patrick, age 26, en. July 26, 1862, at New York, Co. B; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Dec. 30, 1864.
- France, Jacob V., age 21, en. March 17, 1862, at Blairstown, N. J., Co. C, dis. March 17, 1865, sergt.
- Frazier, Wm., age 25, en. March 31, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. K, dis. March 31, 1865, bugler.
- Freeman, Alonzo, age 20, en. June 27, 1863, at Washington, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, hosp. stew.; captured at Doyal's Stockade August 5, 1864.
- Freeman, Henry, age 23, en. August 10, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Freeman, Henry C., age 18, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at Lisle, Co. G, dis. Feb. 20, 1865.
- Freeman, Joseph, age 43, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. March 1, 1864; disability; saddler sergt.
- Freeman, Nelson J., age 21, en. August 26, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease Nov. 6, 1862.
- Freeman, Nelson L., age 22, en. Dec. 16, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 28, 1865.
- French, Geo. W., age 19, en. August 15, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Sept. 11, 1864.
- French, Henry, age 26, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Cos. H and K; cashiered Sept. 1864; 2d lieutenant.
- French, Squire R., age 33, en. August 26, 1862, at Essex, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Frenette, Andrew, age 28, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.; wounded in action.
- Frenette, Ezra, age 29, en. August 26, 1864, at Colton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864, and escaped.
- Fuller, Frank, age 31, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Washington, Co. G, dis. March 3, 1863; disability.
- Fuller, Wm. H., age 37, en. August 23, 1864, at Bangor, Co. A; died of disease April 19, 1865.
- Furness, Wm., age 22, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at De Peyster, Co. F, dis. July 27, 1865.
- Gallagher, Patrick, age 35, en. April 25, 1862, at New York, Co. F; killed in action June 30, 1863, at Bolivar Heights, Va.
- Gallup, Chas. F., age 32, en. June 6, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 5, 1865, com. sergt.
- Gamble, Henry, age 33, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Gamble, Thos., age 31, en. August 6, 1862, at Canton, Co. G; died of disease March 18, 1863.
- Gamble, Thos. T., age 28, en. Nov. 29, 1861, at New York, Cos. C and H, dis. April 22, 1865, major.
- Gammel, Chas., age 19, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Utica, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

- Gaughan, John, age 19, en. March 12, 1864, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gant, Henry R., age 45, en. Sept. 16, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. L, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Garfield, Jacob, age 21, en. Sept. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Feb. 4, 1864.
- Gartnal, Robert, age 41, en. Dec. 15, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Oct. 13, 1864; disability.
- Garvin, Stephen J., age 28, en. Sept. 5, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gasper, Fred'k, age 24, en. April 17, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. April 10, 1865.
- Gates, T. James, age 21, en. August 27, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Gavegan, Jos., age 38, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. D, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Gazley, Deloss W., age 24, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Oxford, Co. G, died of wounds received in action near Memphis, Tenn., March 25, 1865.
- Geary, Jas., age 24, en. Aug. 11, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 12, 1865, com. sergt.; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Geary, Jos., age 22, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 15, 1865, sergt.; wounded at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Gero, Alex. Jr., age 18, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Louisville, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gibson, Wm., age 36, en. April 22, 1862, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1862, 2nd lieut.
- Gillbride, Andrew, age 18, en. April 10, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. April 10, 1865.
- Gill, Friend L., age 21, en. August 31, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Gillan, Geo., age 18, en. August 31, 1864, at Troy, dis. May 7, 1865.
- Gillen, John, age 10, en. Dec. 3, 1863, at Hopkinton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gillett, Daniel W., age 41, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, Q-M, sergt.
- Gillette, Daniel B., age 10, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. March 5, 1865, corp'l; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Gilloran, Richard, age 21, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Paris, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gilmore, Patrick, age 18, en. March 10, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1865, corp'l.
- Gilson, Edward, age 25, en. August 30, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l; captured at Poolesville, Dec. 15, 1862.
- Gipson, Cyrus B., age 37, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Cos. D and H, dis. March 17, 1865, 1st lieut.
- Glass, John, age 20, en. April 8, 1862, at New York, Co. G; died of disease Oct. 30, 1864.
- Glumer, Alex., age 20, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Gonke, Francis, age 20, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Golden, John, age 41, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 5, 1865.
- Golden, Warren, age 22, en. Nov. 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gomes, Francis, age 24, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Oxford, Co. G, corp'l; died of disease Dec. 14, 1864.
- Goodale, Rolla P., age 30, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at Parishville, Cos. D and G, dis. June 11, 1864; resigned; 1st lieut.
- Goodale, Wm. H., age 44, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. March 20, 1862; resigned; 1st lieut.
- Goodenough, Abram, age 23, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Goodnough, Wm. A., age 10, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Goodrich, Chas. H., age 21, en. Oct. 27, 1862, at Canton, Co. L; died of disease Sept. 1, 1864.
- Goodwin, Gorham S., age 21, en. Dec. 23, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D; died of disease Oct. 8, 1862.
- Gordon, George, age 35, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gordon, Wm., age 19, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Gorman, Jos., age 20, en. Oct. 8, 1864, at Tarrytown, Co. L, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Goucher, Richard H., age 30, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. K, dis. Sept. 6, 1865, carrier.
- Goulding, Henry C., age 18, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Hopkinton, Co. E; died of disease Oct. 27, 1864.
- Graber, Daniel F., age 20, en. April 4, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. G, dis. April 3, 1865.
- Grach, Frederick, age 20, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at New York, Cos. B and E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, bugler.
- Graft or Graff, Oliver, age 41, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. H, dis. Feb. 13, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Graham, Benjamin D., age 19, en. March 16, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Cos. B and H, dis. April 3, 1865, corp'l.
- Graham, Geo., age 20, en. March 7, 1864, at New York, Co. B; wounded and captured near Jackson, La., Nov. 21, 1864, supposed to have been killed.
- Graham, John H., age 20, en. Dec. 8, 1864, at New York, Co. H.
- Gramlingham, C. L., age 20, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 21, 1864; disability.
- Grant, Alex., age 23, en. Nov. 25, 1863, at New York, Co. A; died of disease Jan. 8, 1864.
- Grauhering, Fred W., age 44, en. April 1, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. March 18, 1864; disability.
- Gray, Benj., age 32, en. May 4, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. B, dis. Feb. 23, 1864, com. sergt.
- Gray, Charles, age 30, en. Feb. 20, 1864, at New York, dis. July 21, 1865, surg.
- Gray, John K., age 25, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Gray, John W., age 20, en. Feb. 20, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H; died of disease Dec. 15, 1864; captured August 5, 1864, at Doyal's Plantation.

- Green, Elias S., age 37, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Canton, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Green, Henry H., age 37, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at Buffalo, dis. April 12, 1865; disability.
- Green, Howard, age 27, en. Dec. 19, 1864, at New York, Cos. E and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, bugler.
- Greene, David H., age 26, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability; wounded near Leesburg, Va., Dec., 1862.
- Gregory, Cornelius F., age 18, en. August 20, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Gregory, John S., age 22, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Greffin, Fred'k, age 18, en. Feb. 4, 1864, at Utica, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 4, 1864.
- Griffin, Tobias, age 19, en. Feb. 13, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I; died of disease August 12, 1864.
- Griswold, David G., age 34, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Canton, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Grove, Horace S., age 19, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Grove, Malcolm D., age 27, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Groves, Henry H., age 20, en. Jan. 14, 1864, at Manlius, Co. H; died of disease Nov. 11, 1864.
- Groves, Wm. H., age 22, en. August 13, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. March 1, 1864; disability.
- Guirand, Francis, age 28, en. June 5, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. Nov. 19, 1862.
- Gurney, Geo. W., age 16, en. March 15, 1865, at Greenfield, Co. L; died of disease June 9, 1865.
- Gurnsey, Tompkins J., age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Salina, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Gutbrod, Albert, age 19, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Haight, James H., age 18, en. June 7, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 6, 1865.
- Haines, Adam L., age 22, en. August 30, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Hale, Geo. W., age 40, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. May 18, 1865.
- Heeber, Dennis, age 27, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Southampton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hall, Erwin C., age 18, en. Oct. 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hall, Jonathan, age 43, en. Jan. 2, 1862, at New York, Cos. B and K, dis. June 20, 1862; disability.
- Hall, Samuel, age 24, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, dis. Feb. 13, 1865, corp'l; captured while on picket. Brentsville, Va., Nov. 3, 1862.
- Halleck, Benj. F., age 44, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability; Q.-M.-sergt.
- Hallock, Franklin B., age 31, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. E and K, died of wounds May 17, 1864, capt.
- Hallock, John M., age 20, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Coram, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Hamblin, Eugene, age 18, en. Jan. 27, 1864, at Manlius, Co. L, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Hamilton, Courtland A., age 26, en. Dec. 30, 1862, at Eaton, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hamilton, Robert, age 19, en. March 31, 1862, at New York, Co. K, died of disease August 6, 1864.
- Hamilton, Wm. F., age 24, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hamlin, Jas. G., age 17, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hammond, Henry D., age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hand, Edwin C., age 30, en. Dec. 12, 1861, at Staten Island, Cos. E, A and B, dis. April 7, 1865, capt.
- Hand, Orlando, age 35, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. E, dis. June 6, 1862, resigned; capt.; disabled.
- Handrick, or Hendric, Wm. F., age 24, en. May 4, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D; wounded and captured at Edwards' Ferry August 27, 1863, died while prisoner of war Oct. 18, 1863.
- Hanfin, David, age 40, en. March 5, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. April 25, 1864; disability.
- Hanfin, Wm., age 33, en. March 12, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Hannan, Wm., age 24, en. June 25, 1863, at Washington, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Hard, Charles R., age 18, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Evans, Co. M; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, Dec. 21, 1864.
- Hare, Porter M., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. E; died of disease Dec. 19, 1864.
- Hargrave, Henry, age 22, en. Jan. 14, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. July 25, 1865.
- Harris, Henry B., age 26, en. March 5, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1865; disability.
- Harrison, Charles, age 25, en. August 16, 1862, at Buffalo, Cos. M and L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st lieutenant.
- Harrison, John H., age 18, en. Feb. 12, 1862, at Tompkinsville, Co. G; died of disease Oct. 20, 1864.
- Harter, Henry C., age 24, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Harter, Martin, age 29, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I; died of disease Sept. 23, 1864.
- Hartwell, Melvin, age 21, en. Jan. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st sergt. and brevet 2d lieutenant.
- Haseltine, Loyal A., age 28, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. July 11, 1865, corp'l.
- Haslam, Henry P., age 18, en. April 3, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. April 2, 1865.
- Hassett, Michael, age 21, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Hatch, Martin B., age 20, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hathaway, Salathiel, age 21, en. March 4, 1862, at Jay, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865, corp'l; captured at Edwards' Ferry, August 27, 1863.
- Havens, Jos., age 37, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Oxford, Co. A; died of disease July 1, 1864.
- Havens, R. H., age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 23, 1864.

- Hawkins, Hugh H., age 19, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Feb. 22, 1865.
- Hawkins, Patrick G., age 25, en. Sept. 19, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 15, 1865.
- Hayden, Edmund D., age 21, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Hayes, John W., age 21, en. Sept. 14, 1864, at Albany, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Haynes, Geo. B., age 22, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. May 31, 1865; disability; sergt.
- Haywood, Clark, age 25, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Brandon, Co. G; died of disease July 31, 1864.
- Hazleton, Augustus B., age 24, en. Nov. 27, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. April 8, 1865, 2nd lieutenant; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Healey, John, age 38, en. Feb. 6, 1864, at New York; died of disease Feb. 26, 1864.
- Hedding, Charles B., age 37, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 6, 1863; disability; sergt.
- Helm, Wm., or Wm. H. Ertell, age 18, en. August 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865, 1st sergt.; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- Helmer, James, age 24, en. April 19, 1862, at Ogdensburg, Co. D, dis. April 19, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Hemmerdine, Ferdinand L., age 20, en. April 11, 1862, at New York, Co. F; died of disease Dec. 18, 1864.
- Hemphill, John, age 21, en. August 7, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Henderson, Wm., or Hiram Marlett, age 26, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Henke, Frederick, age 35, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hennessey, Michael, age 18, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. March 20, 1862.
- Henrickson, John, age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; died of disease June 11, 1864.
- Hepburn, Fred, age 33, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Triangle, Co. G, dis. Sept. 13, 1865, com. sergt.
- Hepburn, Wm. M., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Colton, Co. D; died Oct. 12, 1864.
- Heptonstall, Richard, age 20, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; absent sick in hospital.
- Hermann, Hunhege, age 38, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Herzog, Geo., age 26, en. Dec. 2, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Hickia, Jas., age 43, en. May 9, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. March 5, 1863; disability.
- Higritter, Morris C., age 26, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Volney, Co. B, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hill, Benj. G., age 21, en. August 22, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Hill, Edward, age 32, en. August 6, 1862, at New York, Co. B; killed in action June 27, 1863, at Fairfax Station, Va.
- Hill, Geo., age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hill, John B., age 40, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Hill, Geo. W., age 29, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Hill, John M., age 29, en. Dec. 14, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.
- Hillier, Frederick, age 22, en. April 29, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 28, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Hildmeyer, Jacob, age 18, en. August 30, 1862, at North Collins, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hitchcock, Gideon T., age 30, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hobby, John R., age 28, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Jan. 31, 1865; disability.
- Hoffendon, Jas. E., age 19, en. August 30, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Hoffmeyer, Geo. W., age 18, en. Dec. 1, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. June 9, 1865.
- Hageloom, Jas., Jr., age 26, en. August 26, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease Sept. 20, 1864.
- Hagle, Samuel, age 42, en. March 8, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. Sept. 17, 1862; disability.
- Holland, Henry, age 25, en. August 27, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, chief bugler.
- Holland, James, age 44, en. April 2, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, dis. Feb. 13, 1865.
- Holmes, Albert B., en. Jan. 7, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. D and B, dis. August 2, 1864, 1st lieutenant; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Holmes, Arthur H., age 19, en. Feb. 24, 1864, at New York, Co. H, dis. April 20, 1865; disability; captured at Doyal's Stockade August 5, 1864.
- Homan, Gilbert, age 19, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Bridgehampton, Co. E; died of disease August 20, 1862.
- Homes, Edgar, age 19, en. August 15, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 31, 1863, disability.
- Hope, Henry, age 18, en. March 19, 1862, at Union Springs, Cos. K and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Horan, David, age 26, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Florida, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Horn, Enoch S., age 39, en. Feb. 26, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Horton, Charles, age 21, en. August 20, 1864, at Troy, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Horton, Geo. P., age 22, en. Nov. 14, 1861, at Staten Island, Co. G, dis. Nov. 17, 1862; resigned; 1st lieutenant.
- Horton, Nathan F., age 39, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Lisle, Co. G, dis. July 13, 1865.
- Hough, Chas. G., age 31, en. Sept. 3, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Houser, Jacob, age 27, en. August 12, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- How, John, age 18, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Augusta, Co. B; died of disease July 14, 1864.
- Howard, Chester, age 28, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Nanticoke, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Howard, Henry, age 19, en. March 1, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. March 3, 1865.
- Howard, W. A., age 25, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. G, dis. June 10, 1865.

- Howard, Oscar, age 25, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, com. sergt.
- Howell, Isaac, age 24, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865, sergt.
- Howell, Wm. J., age 19, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Sag Harbor, Co. E, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Howlan, Ambrose, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, died of disease. Sept. 3, 1864.
- Howland, Ray, age 19, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Howland, Roemer, age 23, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L; died of disease June 13, 1864.
- Huddleston, Geo., age 40, en. August 30, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Hudson, Jas., age 21, en. Oct. 4, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Hudson, Thos., age 40, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. August 1, 1865, wagoner.
- Hughes, Robt. W., age 18, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. K; died of disease August 23, 1864.
- Humphreys, Geo., age 21, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps April 24, 1865.
- Hurd, Leroy C., age 35, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Hurlbut, Wm. H., age 21, en. August 26, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease April 4, 1864.
- Hurley, Dan'l, age 21, en. Oct. 24, 1864, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 1, 1865.
- Husted, Nathaniels S., age 26, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 12, 1862; disability; sergt.
- Hutchins, Richard, age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 13, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run, August 30, 1862.
- Hyatt, Jos. C., age 44, en. June 7, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. E, dis. June 6, 1865, capt.
- Hyland, Matthew C., age 21, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Sherburne, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Irish, Vilas B., age 20, en. August 15, 1864, at Colton, Co. D, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Ives, Hobert H., age 38, en. August 26, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. M; died of disease Nov. 24, 1864.
- Jacklyn, Wm. H., age 43, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Jackson, Everett D., age 24, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at New Berlin, Co. G; died of wounds March 6, 1865.
- Jackson, Jos., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Ly-sander, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Jackson, Romanza A., age 21, en. August 8, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Jackson, Rasseles A., age 18, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Jeffers, Chas. A., age 21, en. Dec. 12, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Jefferson, Thos., age 24, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. A; absent, sick, at time of muster out of company.
- Jeffery, John H., age 20, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at Eaton, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Jenkins, Hiram A., age 39, en. Dec. 27, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. K; died of disease April 19, 1865.
- Jenness, Jos. K., age 19, en. Dec. 24, 1861, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. July 21, 1865, 1st lieutenant.
- Jenness, Noyes P., age 23, en. Feb. 11, 1864, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. June 29, 1865; disability.
- Jennie, Jackson, age 28, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Jennings, Alraham, age 18, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at New York, Cos. E and F, bugler; died of disease August 3, 1864.
- Jerman, Wm. W., age 25, en. Nov. 21, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Jewell, Frank M., age 19, en. Feb. 8, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Jickells, Jos., age 28, en. March 15, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 14, 1865.
- Johnson, Dan'l C., age 22, en. August 8, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, saddler.
- Johnson, Emil, age 23, en. June 6, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Johnson, Frank, age 18, en. August 14, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; wounded at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 20, 1864.
- Johnson, Frank P., age 27, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; wounded and captured at Edwards' Ferry August 28, 1863; died of disease Feb. 24, 1864, while prisoner of war.
- Johnson, Henry, age 25, en. Sept. 29, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; died of disease Sept. 27, 1864.
- Johnson, Isaac, age 42, en. April 23, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Johnson, Jas., age 30, en. June 7, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. I and F, dis. March 29, 1865; resigned; 1st lieutenant.
- Johnson, Joel, age 24, en. August 22, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865, com. sergt.
- Johnson, John N., age 18, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. March 19, 1865, sergt.
- Johnson, John, age 32, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease June 18, 1865.
- Johnson, John, age 42, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Nov. 19, 1864; disability.
- Johnson, John, age 34, en. Feb. 18, 1864, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Johnson, John P., age 43, en. July 18, 1864, at New York, dis. Dec. 3, 1864; disability.
- Johnson, Otto, age 20, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Oct. 23, 1864, sergt.
- Johnson, Richard, age 32, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. E; died of disease Oct. 28, 1864.

- Johnson, Stephen B., age 19, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. March 13, 1865.
- Johnson, Wm., age 36, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Jones, Banister H., age 24, en. Feb. 19, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. May 2, 1864; disability.
- Jones, Elias H., age 27, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 15, 1862; disability.
- Jones, Francis W., age 18, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Vista, Co. A, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Jones, Franklin A., age 18, en. Feb. 19, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Jones, Harlem B., age 20, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at Auburn, Co. K; died of disease Dec. 25, 1864.
- Jones, Jas. E., age 18, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. Jan. 15, 1865.
- Jones, Owen, age 18, en. Feb. 13, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Jones, Wm. L., age 27, en. Oct. 13, 1864, at Kingston, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Joos, Ulrich, age 20, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Jordan, Jacob, age 36, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Joubert, Cassius, age 18, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Westport, Co. I, corp'l; died of disease Oct. 27, 1864.
- Jourdon, John, age 31, en. April 2, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, sergt.; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 2, 1864.
- Joy, Chas. P., age 18, en. Feb. 2, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865.
- Jud, Geo. A., age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Buffalo, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- July, Augustus, en. Sept. 2, 1862, Co. G, dis. June 14, 1863.
- Kain, Jas., age 23, en. Jan. 21, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Kane, Robt. T., age 24, en. August 8, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, corp'l; died of disease April 8, 1864.
- Kearney, Henry, age 18, en. March 30, 1862, at Utica, Co. C; died July 4, 1863, of wounds received in action at Fairfax Station, Va., June 29, 1863.
- Keeler, Chas., age 21, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Keeler, Jas. A., age 22, en. Jan. 7, 1864, at Onondaga, Co. B, dis. July 6, 1865.
- Keenan, Jas., age 30, en. April 16, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. April 18, 1865.
- Keenan, John, age 29, en. March 8, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H; died of disease March 1, 1863.
- Keene, Orvin, age 26, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. July 26, 1863; disability.
- Keif, John, or R. J., age 18, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Kelly, Dan'l, age 25, en. March 7, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I; died of disease Oct. 29, 1862.
- Kelly, Dan'l W., age 28, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Kelly, Jas., age 44, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. E, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability; wagoner.
- Kelley, John, age 20, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kelly, John, age 40, en. April 2, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Kelly, John, age 30, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. A, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Kelly, Naham W., age 25, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability; corp'l.
- Kelly, Wm., age 23, en. June 6, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Kemaline, Louis, age 19, en. Jan. 13, 1864, at Marey, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kemble, John, age 30, en. Dec. 21, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kendrick, Alfred C., age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. E; died of disease Feb. 19, 1865.
- Kendrick, Plummer M., age 18, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Hopkintown, Co. E, dis. Dec. 29, 1864; disability; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Kennedy, Dan'l, age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kennedy, Owen, age 22, en. August 19, 1862, at Canton, Co. G; died of disease Dec. 9, 1864.
- Kennedy, Patrick, age 20, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Bridgehampton, Co. E, dis. Feb. 21, 1864; disability.
- Kennedy, Thos., age 36, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. C, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Kenneth, Alexander, age 18, en. March 6, 1862, at New York, Cos. I and A, dis. April 1, 1865.
- Kenney, Harry B., age 20, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kensington, Geo., age 21, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Kent, Benj. F., age 21, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. H; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Kent, Jos. C., age 21, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Kenyon, Joseph C., en. Dec. 19, 1861, at Staten Island, Co. G, dis. March 14, 1864; resigned; major.
- Kenyon, Milo, age 20, en. Jan. 3, 1864, at Triangle, Co. G, dis. June 30, 1865; disability.
- Kern, Barney, age 21, en. Jan. 31, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kernahan, John, age 27, en. August 29, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; transferred to Vet. Res. Corps May 18, 1864.
- Kerr, David B., age 21, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Kerr, Garrett P., age 18, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Kerr, Robt., age 22, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 16, 1865.
- Kerr, Thos., age 20, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Canton, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kerwick, John, age 22, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Dec. 29, 1864, sergt., chief wagon master of cav. div.; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.

- Ketcham, Henry, age 21, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Manlius, Co. I, dis. Jan. 13, 1864; disability.
- Keyes, Levi H., age 46, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. Nov. 18, 1864; disability.
- Keyworth, Thos. B., age 19, en. Jan. 20, 1864, at Elbridge, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kidder, Walter, age 39, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at New York, dis. June 1, 1863; resigned; surgeon.
- Killam, Fred'k, age 27, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Springfield, Mass., Co. K, dis. Jan. 28, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Kimball, Albert, age 25, en. Jan. 17, 1864, at Manlius, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kimberly, Fred'k, age 20, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Geddes, Co. L; died of disease April 7, 1864.
- Kimberly, Martin, age 19, en. Dec. 11, 1861, at Syracuse, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kinck, Thos., age 28, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease July 23, 1864.
- King, Andrew, age 21, en. August 27, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Edwards' Ferry August 28, 1863; also captured in 1864.
- King, Carroll A., age 18, en. August 31, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- King, Chas., age 28, en. August 30, 1864, at Canton, Co. G; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- King, Geo. C., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at East Hampton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- King, Horace, age 18, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at New York, Co. A; died of disease March 13, 1864.
- King, Jos. W., age 20, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kinney, Jas., age 19, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Kinyon, Milo, age 20, en. Jan. 3, 1864, at Tri-angee, Co. G, dis. for disability June 30, 1865.
- Kipp, Frank E., age 26, en. August 31, 1864, at Canton, Co. G; killed in action April 18, 1865, near Germantown, Tenn.
- Kirtland, Albert B., age 26, en. Feb. 22, 1862, Co. C, dis. Feb. 21, 1865, Reg. Q.-M.
- Kitts, Chas., age 23, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 2, 1865; disability.
- Knapp, Edward P., age 31, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Schuyler, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Knapp, John, age 34, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Ly-sander, Co. F; died of wounds received on picket duty March 28, 1865.
- Knoblock, Jacob F., age 31, en. Feb. 12, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Knowles, Thos. B., age 19, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. April 25, 1864; disability.
- Korby, John, age 21, en. August 21, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Krantz, John H., age 36, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at New York, Cos. B and K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Kraus, Francis, age 22, en. March 13, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Lacy, Henry, age 44, en. Sept. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. L, dis. March 23, 1863; disability; farrier.
- Ladieu, Chas. H., age 23, en. Feb. 12, 1862, at Essex Co., Co. I, dis. Feb. 11, 1865.
- Latlin, Virgil B., age 38, en. Dec. 25, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 14, 1865.
- Lafountain, John, age 19, en. Feb. 19, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H; lost at sea on steamer North America Dec. 22, 1864.
- Lake, Thos. H., age 26, en. May 13, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Lalondrie, Edw., age 20, en. March 7, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Lalor, Jas., age 19, en. March 12, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Lamb, Henry D., age 22, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Manlius, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Lambert, Franklyn, age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Lamberton, John H., age 23, en. June 25, 1863, at Washington, Co. M; died of disease March 1, 1864.
- Landers, Andrew, age 26, en. Feb. 15, 1864, at Manlius, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Landers, Benj., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Dewitt, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Lane, John F., age 31, en. Dec. 14, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 11, 1865, corp'l; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Lane, Wm. H., age 23, en. March 19, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K, dis. Feb. 13, 1864; disability.
- Lanham, Lloyd, age 28, en. Jan. 12, 1864, at Washington, Co. K; died of disease Nov. 29, 1864.
- Lansing, Martin L., age 23, en. August 25, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. M, dis. May 31, 1865, farrier.
- Lansing, Wm. A., age 19, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights June 30, 1863.
- Larkin, Michael, age 43, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C; died of disease August 3, 1864.
- Larmouth, Wm., age 19, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- La Rock, Jas. R., age 27, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Lasell, Geo., age 23, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease Sept. 14, 1864.
- Lassell, Cephas, age 33, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease July 22, 1864.
- Lattimer, Wm., age 21, en. Feb. 11, 1864, at New York, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Laughlin, Peter, age 45, en. April 8, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Lawrence, Edwin W., age 22, en. August 30, 1864, at Schenectady, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Lawrie, Lewis, F. Linn, age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. May 8, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Lawton, Michael, age 22, en. April 18, 1862, at New York, Co. K; trans. to 2nd U. S. Cavalry Nov. 20, 1862.

- Lazelle, Elias C., age 41, en. August 15, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps March 22, 1864.
- Leber, Chas., age 32, en. Dec. 12, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, saddler.
- Lee, Henry, age 21, en. March 1, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. Feb. 28, 1865.
- Lee, Jasper, age 20, en. August 20, 1862, at Lewis, Co. L, dis. March 4, 1864; disability.
- Lee, Michael, age 22, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Lee, Stephen B. S., age 27, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. June 3, 1862; disability.
- Lee, Wm. H., age 22, en. Dec. 8, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.
- Leek, Stephen E., age 26, en. Jan., 1862, at East Hampton, Co. E, dis. June 9, 1865, saddler.
- Legate, Simon M., age 28, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Lehmkuhl, Henry, age 39, en. July 31, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 5, 1865.
- Lehmkuhl, Henry, age 18, en. April 16, 1862, at New York, Co. F; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Leonard, Jas. Irving, age 21, en. August 10, 1862, at Washington, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, reg. Q.-M.-sergt; wounded near Sugar Loaf Mountain, Md., 1863.
- Lester, Geo. B., age 21, en. Feb. 1, 1864, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Lester, Geo. T., age 23, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at East Hampton, Co. E; died of disease June 27, 1865.
- Letson, Liberty, age 21, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Letson, Marcus, age 28, en. Sept. 28, 1864, at Lockport, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Levi, Chas., age 19, en. March 17, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. E, dis. March 27, 1865, corp'l.
- Lerisseur, Alexander, age 19, en. Feb. 21, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H; died of disease Oct 10, 1862.
- Lewis, Frank A., age 23, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Lewis, Isaac B., age 20, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Selden, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.; wounded Aug. 5, 1864, near Comite River, La.
- Lewis, Mertello, age 23, en. March 17, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865, farrier.
- Lewis, Wm. H., Jr., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Libby, Jos., age 36, en. July 30, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- Like, Egbert, age 19, en. Sept. 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. L; died of disease July 31, 1864.
- Limberrey, Chas. S., age 27, en. March 22, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. March 21, 1865.
- Lindsay, Jas., age 26, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at New York, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 26, 1864.
- Lindsay, Wm., age 23, en. Feb. 29, 1864, at Camden, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Linton, Geo. W., age 20, en. Feb. 27, 1862, at Champlain, Co. H, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Linton, Robt., age 18, en. April 19, 1862, at Ogdensburg, Co. D, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Little, John, age 20, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. G; died of disease, Dec. 24, 1864.
- Littlewort, Richard J., age 28, en. Jan. 20, 1862, at New York, Cos. A, F and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st lieu.
- Litz, Sam'l B., age 21, en. Dec. 14, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 18, 1865.
- Loder, Squire, age 38, en. March 21, 1862, at New York, Co. K; died of disease August 7, 1864.
- Loftus, Michael, age 35, en. Jan. 6, 1862, at New York, Co., I dis. Jan. 15, 1862.
- Logan, James M., age 25, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Palmyra, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Loneragan, Maurice, age 32, en. August 29, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Lones, John M., age 21, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Colton, Co. D; died of disease July 21, 1864.
- Long, Francis, age 20, en. March 30, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, corp'l; died of wound received in action June 25, 1865, Collierville, Tenn.
- Longfellow, Stephen, age 29, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Loring, Wm., age 27, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Lougaie, Paul, age 23, en. March 6, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. March 5, 1865.
- Lough, Owen, age 36, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 18, 1865.
- Loukey, Jos., age 32, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D; died of disease Sept. 17, 1862.
- Love, Robt., age 37, en. Jan. 27, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Lovejoy, Jas. Smith, age 29, en. August 18, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Loveless, Silas J., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Clay, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Lurror, Norman B., age 21, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Feb. 13, 1865, corp'l.
- Lusk, Patrick, age 36, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Utica, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Lynch, Michael, age 38, en. Feb. 1, 1864, at New York, Co. A, farrier; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Lynch, Patrick, age 22, en. March 12, 1864, at New York, Co. B; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Mack, Henry H., age 20, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1863, sad. sergt.
- Mackie, Jos., age 30, en. Feb. 10, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Feb. 9, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Mackillips, Allen, age 22, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; died of disease Nov. 25, 1864; paroled prisoner of war.
- Macuen, Nelson, age 25, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M, dis. July 31, 1865.
- Madison, Wm. H., age 22, en. Jan. 19, 1864, at Manlius, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Magee, Jas., age 20, en. Dec. 28, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l; captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863.

- Maginniss, Alfred, alias James Manning, age 21, en. Sept. 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Mahar, Jas., age 27, en. August 12, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 12, 1865; wounded at Fairfax Station June 27, 1862.
- Mahoney, Jeremiah, age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Moriah, Co. B, dis. May 29, 1865.
- Mahoney, John, age 21, en. Dec. 17, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. March 30, 1865; disability; wounded near Donaldsonville July, 1864.
- Malone, Sam'l J., age 28, en. Jan. 23, 1864, at New York, Co. L; died of wounds July 11, 1865.
- Maloney, Patrick, age 36, en. July 30, 1864, at Williamsburg, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Managan, Wm., age 21, en. March 20, 1862, at Romulus, Co. K; died of disease April 12, 1862.
- Manning, Geo., age 18, en. Jan. 23, 1864, at Frankfort, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Manning, Henry J., age 44, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at New York, Cos. G and L, dis. July 21, 1865, sad. sergt.
- Manning, John, age 34, en. April 15, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. April 14, 1865.
- Maroney, Dennis, age 22, en. August 14, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. Nov. 21, 1862; disability.
- Mars, Henry, age 37, en. Jan. 15, 1862, at Vista, Co. A, dis. for disability, no date.
- Marsden, John, age 18, en. Jan. 15, 1862, at Utica, Co. C; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, June 27, 1863; dis. Jan. 18, 1865, sergt.
- Marsh, John, age 26, en. August 26, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Marshall, Geo. E., age 18, en. March 8, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Marshall, Robt., age 18, en. August 29, 1864, at Malone, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Marshall, Wm. J., age 24, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 18, 1862; resigned; capt.
- Martin, Henry, age 33, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. March 3, 1863; disability.
- Martin, Jas., age 18, en. Feb. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability.
- Martin, Lorenzo, age 19, en. April 8, 1862, at Williamsburgh, Co. G, dis. April 7, 1865, corp'l.
- Martin, Orris, age 31, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Martin, Wm., age 44, en. August 26, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability.
- Martin, Wm. P., age 37, en. Feb. 11, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Martyn, Hartwell T., age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; captured at Edwards' Ferry August 27, 1863; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Mason, Jas. M., age 25, en. Jan. 21, 1864, at Manlius, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Mason, Wm. H., age 18, en. Feb. 11, 1864, at Palmyra, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Massey, John, age 19, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at Madrid, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Massey, John O., age 28, en. April 29, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. May 15, 1865, 1st lieutenant; captured at Clinton, La., Oct. 23, 1864.
- Mathews, Sam'l G., age 30, en. August 7, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Matter, John, age 33, en. June 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Maury, Jas. S., age 21, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Maves, John, age 30, en. June 9, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 8, 1865.
- Maxfield, Montreville, age 37, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. G; died of disease April 8, 1864.
- Maxiner, Julius A., age 37, en. April 29, 1862, at New York, Co. I; died of disease April 11, 1865.
- Maxted, Jas. S., age 21, en. Aug. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, ord. sergt. L Co.
- Maxwell, Thos., age 21, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Feb. 24, 1864.
- May, Chas. A., age 19, en. Dec. 9, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. July 22, 1865.
- McAlpin, Alexander, age 22, en. March 3, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, hosp-stew.
- McCabe, Jas. B., age 22, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- McCahey, Thos., age 38, en. March 28, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. G; killed by a fall April 10, 1864.
- McCallum, Michael A., age 22, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. March 22, 1866, capt. F. Co., and lieutenant-col.
- McCarran, Mark, age 35, en. Jan. 29, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 28, 1865.
- McCarty, Edw. J., age 18½, en. March 17, 1865, at Clifton Park, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- McCarty, John, age 28, en. Sept. 19, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; died of disease Dec. 13, 1864; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- McCarty, John, or E. J., age 28, en. March 11, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. July 28, 1863; disability.
- McClair, Chas. W., age 18, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at De Peyster, Co. G, dis. July 24, 1865.
- McClennan, Edw., age 22, en. Jan. 12, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Jan. 18, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862.
- McClerkin, Sam'l, age 20, en. Feb. 17, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K; died of disease Oct. 16, 1864.
- McClermont, Robt., age 33, en. Dec. 2, 1861, at New York, Cos. B, F and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st lieutenant; captured at Jackson, La., Nov. 21, 1864.
- McClure, John, age 19, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- McCluskey, Hugh, age 21, en. August 27, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.

- McCollum, Augustus, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 28, 1862; resigned; 1st lieutenant.
- McConnell, Edw., age 28, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at Binghamton, Co. C, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- McCormick, John, age 19, en. Feb. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Nov. 18, 1862; disability.
- McCoun, Jas., age 26, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at New York, Co. H, dis. Sept. 27, 1865, corp'l.
- McCray, Benj., age 18, en. March 1, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865, corp'l.
- McCune, Nelson, age 25, en. Dec. 23, 1863, Potsdam, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- McDonald, Chas., age 21, en. April 17, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 18, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights June 30, 1863.
- McDonald, Clement, age 30, en. August 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- McDonald, George, age 18, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- McDonald, Jas. S., age 19, en. March 13, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, sergeant-major; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- McDonald, Thos., age 32, en. June 12, 1862, at New York, Cos. F and C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 2nd lieutenant.
- McDonald, Wm. G., age 36, en. Dec. 28, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 30, 1862.
- McDonough, Jas., age 42, en. Feb. 28, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- McFadden, Peter, age 36, en. Feb. 19, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Sept. 12, 1862; disability.
- McGee, Michael, age 33, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at New York, Co. L; died of disease June 21, 1864.
- McGinley, Barney, age 21, en. Sept. 17, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- McGovern, Wm., age 20, en. Nov. 17, 1863, at Van Buren, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- McGrady, Felix, age 23, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K; died August 8, 1864.
- McGrath, Dennis, age 18, en. July 21, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- McGugert, Michael, age 18, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Lysander, dis. April 29, 1864; under age.
- McGuire, Farrell, age 26, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. A; died of disease Dec. 8, 1864.
- McHugh, Thomas, age 24, en. Feb. 28, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, farrier; died of disease Sept. 2, 1864; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- McIntire, Eldridge, age 20, en. Jan. 27, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. A, dis. May 31, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- McKee, Jas., age 41, en. March 4, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. April 11, 1864; disability; corp'l.
- McKenzie, Jas., age 28, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. April 6, 1865, 1st lieutenant.
- McKingsley, John E. or E. G. Howard, age 18, en. Feb. 10, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; bugler.
- McLean, Chas. H., age 24, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. E; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- McLeod, Alexander, age 23, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. July 14, 1865.
- McLeod, Theodore, age 19, en. Feb. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. H; died of disease May 30, 1864.
- McMahon, Thos., age 19, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. C; killed at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- McManus, Thos., age 18, en. Dec. 1, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. E; died of disease August 2, 1864.
- McMillan, Alexander, age 25, en. Jan. 1, 1864, at Canton, Co. K, dis. July 26, 1865.
- McMillan, Wm., age 19, en. Dec. 1, 1863, at Oswegatchie, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- McOmber, Theo., age 20, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Brooklyn, Co. L, corp'l; died of disease July 20, 1864.
- McPherson, Henry, age 38, en. May 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- McVay, John, age 25, en. March 1, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. D; died from fall from horse Sept. 17, 1865.
- Meacham, Chas. H., age 21, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. May 3, 1864; disability.
- Mead, Geo. F., age 18, en. Sept. 8, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; served with reg't 20 months before enlisting.
- Meade, Royal H., age 40, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Oswegatchie, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Mears, Horatio, age 32, en. Dec. 25, 1863, at Brandon, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Mehan, Jas., age 25, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. March 30, 1864; disability.
- Mehegan, Dan'l, age 18, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 30, 1865.
- Mein, Richard, age 19, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Louisville, Co. K, dis. August 24, 1865.
- Melea, John, age 20, en. August 19, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Mellin, Frank C., age 38, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. K, dis. Dec. 12, 1864; disability.
- Mellon, Thos. R., age 18, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. F, dis. July 21, 1865.
- Menze, Henry, age 26, en. August 18, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Merrell, Henry, or Abel, E. H., age 30, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Mescall, John, age 18, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 16, 1865.
- Meyer, Chas., age 28, en. Feb. 25, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, saddler; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Meyer, Henry, age 27, en. August 29, 1862, at New York, Co. F; died of disease Aug. 19, 1864.

- Meyers, Thos., age 21, en. Nov. 24, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. E, dis. June 23, 1865; wounded and captured near Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1865.
- Michael, Paul, age 37, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Mier, John, age 22, en. April 14, 1862, at New York, Co. G; died of disease Dec. 18, 1864.
- Migeon, Eugene, age 33, en. June 9, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. March 3, 1863; disability.
- Millette, Vetal N. B., age 24, en. March 3, 1862, at Champlain, Cos. H and I, dis. March 5, 1865, 2d lieutenant.
- Miller, Benj., age 18, en. Dec. 5, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. B, dis. July 22, 1865.
- Miller, Chas. P., age 22, en. August 23, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K; died, cause unknown, Sept. 20, 1862.
- Miller, Chas. W. F., age 21, en. Sept. 11, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Miller, Franklin, age 28, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. H and A, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Miller, Geo. H., age 34, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; killed in action April 18, 1865.
- Miller, Jas. C., age 22, en. Jan. 17, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, com. sergt.
- Miller, John, age 24, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Elbridge, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Miller, John G., age 45, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Geddes, Co. C, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Miller, John R., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Syracuse, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Miller, Lewis B., age 47, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at East Hampton, Co. E; died of disease Sept. 28, 1864.
- Miller, Nathaniel, age 41, en. Dec. 28, 1861, at East Hampton, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865, wagoner.
- Miller, Phillip, age 25, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. July 19, 1865; disability.
- Miller, Sam'l, age 42, en. Dec. 4, 1863, at Colton, Co. B; died of disease August 29, 1864.
- Millett, Chas. A., age 22, en. August 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, reg. com. sergt.
- Millett, Jas. C., age 23, en. August 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, com. sergt.; died of disease Oct. 23, 1864.
- Mills, Andrew, age 21, en. August 18, 1864, at New York, Co. E, wounded in action near Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1865, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Mills, John H., age 21, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Cos. D and M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; 1st lieutenant; wounded near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Mills, John K., age 21, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Canton, Co. G; killed in action near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Mitchell, Benj. F., age 20, en. August 8, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Mitchell, Thos., age 22, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, 2d lieutenant.
- Mix, Jas. B., age 23, en. Nov. 27, 1861, at New York, Cos. A and D, dis. Sept. 12, 1864; resigned; capt.
- Mockabee, Geo. W., age 21, en. August 31, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Moffatt, John C., age 33, en. March 14, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Mohr, Adam, age 30, en. Sept. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Malone, Michael, age 22, en. July 7, 1862, at New York, Co. C; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Monroe, Chas., age 36, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Lyssander, Co. B; died of disease July 10, 1864.
- Monroe, Jas., age 22, en. Dec. 16, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1865, bugler.
- Montgomery, Wm. E., age 20, en. August 30, 1862, at New York, Co. L, dis. Oct. 13, 1864; disability; sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Moody, Horace D., age 25, en. August 7, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. July 25, 1863, sergt.
- Moon, Asa, age 17, en. Sept. 8, 1864, at Malone, Co. G, dis. June 27, 1865; captured near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Mooney, John T., age 24, en. April 8, 1862, at Williamsburg, Co. G, dis. April 8, 1865, 1st sergt. G Co., and 2d lieutenant.
- Moore, Alexander B., age 39, en. Dec. 23, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 4, 1862; disability.
- Moon, Jesse W. S., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Parishville, Co. G, dis. May 16, 1865.
- Moore, La Grange F., age 25, en. Sept. 13, 1862, at Fulton, Co. M, dis. May 8, 1864.
- Moore, Norman T., age 19, en. August 13, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F., dis. August 28, 1863, corp'l.
- Moore, Orville, age 25, en. August 16, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Moore, Patrick, age 18, en. August 10, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. Sept. 15, 1862.
- Moran, Andrew J., age 25, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Morgan, John W., age 18, en. August 26, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. May 23, 1865, bugler.
- Morgan, Solon C., age 38, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Colton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 31, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Morréil, Orlan, age 18, en. Dec. 24, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. K; died of disease, March 22, 1864.
- Morley, John, age 17, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Morris, Henry O., age 21, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.; wounded at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Morrow, Ambrose, age 20, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Dickenson, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Morrow, John, age 30, en. August 6, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, sergt.; killed in action April 18, 1865, near Germantown.
- Morton, Harrison H., age 23, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Washington, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.

- Morton, Seymour W., age 25, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Hermon, Co. D, sergt.; died of disease Oct. 27, 1864.
- Morton, Franklin, age 20, en. Feb. 26, 1864, at Jamaica, Co. D, dis. Nov. 14, 1864; disability; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Mosher, Lunon E., age 21, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Mott, Leslie C., age 20, en. Feb. 26, 1864, at Jamaica, Cos. H and D; died of disease Nov. 26, 1864.
- Moulton, Willard D., age 30, en. March 22, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. Sept. 29, 1862; disability; sergt.
- Mount, Jas., age 21, en. Jan. 17, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, saddler; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, June 27, 1863.
- Moylan, Wm., age 39, en. March 29, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Mudgit, Jonathan B., age 22, en. March 11, 1862, at Ausable Forks, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865, sergt.
- Mulane, Dan'l, age 21, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Washington D. C., Co. A, dis. April 15, 1863.
- Mulgrew, Jos., age 33, en. April 16, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. April 15, 1865.
- Mulholland, Dan'l, age 37, en. Nov. 27, 1863, at New York, Co. E; died of disease Sept. 24, 1864.
- Mullally, Patrick, age 19, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Mulson, Fred'k, age 19, en. March 15, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. March 14, 1865.
- Mulvey, Barney, age 18, en. August 31, 1864, at Troy, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Mullis, Jas., age 19, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease April 4, 1862.
- Mund, Herman, age 34, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Feb. 15, 1862; disability.
- Montford, Frank, age 25, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Co. G, dis. July 30, 1862, chief bugler.
- Murphy, Chas. K., age 19, en. Apr. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. April 8, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Murphy, Dan'l, age 19, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F; died of disease Jan. 14, 1864.
- Murphy, Jas., age 28, en. April 7, 1862, at New York, Co. G; died of disease Feb. 5, 1864.
- Murphy, Jas., age 31, en. Sept. 17, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Murray, Chas., age 21, en. August 28, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H; died of disease 1864; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Murray, John, age 30, en. March 15, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 14, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Murray, John, age 40, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; wounded in action, Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1865.
- Murray, Lorenzo E., age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Stockholm, Co. M; died of disease Oct. 16, 1864.
- Murray, Peter, or Peter Corr, age 25, en. Jan. 10, 1864, at Granby, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Murray, Thos., age 19, en. August 31, 1864, at Canton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Murrin, Thos., age 19, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Murry, Peter, age 19, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Lewis, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Myers, Francis, age 21, en. August 25, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Feb. 6, 1864; disability.
- Myers, Geo. B., age 42, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 19, 1863; disability.
- Myers, Jacob A., age 21, en. March 31, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. March 30, 1865, com. sergt.
- Myers, John, age 26, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Ly-sander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Myers, John W., age 24, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Sag Harbor, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, com. sergt.
- Nagle, Fred'k, age 26, en. April 14, 1862, at New York, Co. G; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Nash, Albert D., age 21, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. May 25, 1865.
- Nash, John A., age 23, en. Dec. 2, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Dec. 9, 1864; disability; sergt.
- Neadorn, Chas. C., age 22, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Neavens, Michael, age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Nefcer, Jacob, age 25, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. K; died of disease Nov. 2, 1864.
- Newell, Elliott J., age 24, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Nicol, Robt. B., age 30, en. March 26, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. July 8, 1864; disability; corp'l.
- Nicholets, Gilbert A., age 24, en. April 26, 1862, at New York, Cos. F, E and D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, capt.
- Nichols, Aaron, age 21, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Nichols, Rheubin N., age 22, en. Sept. 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Dec. 14, 1862.
- Nichols, Wilburt, age 26, en. Sept. 14, 1862, at Washington, Co. A, dis. Feb. 2, 1863; disability.
- Noble, Thos., age 19, en. Jan. 9, 1862, at Williamsburg, Co. C; captured near Fairfax Court House June 27, 1863; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Norris, Jas., age 18, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Norris, John, age 32, en. August 26, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. Feb. 23, 1865; resigned; capt.; wounded at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Norton, Adolphus R., age 38, en. Dec. 9, 1861, at New York, Co. G, dis. May 28, 1865, vet. surg.
- Norton, Dan'l M., age 19, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease Oct. 29, 1864.
- Northrop, Doctor F., age 21, en. March 19, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.

- Nowell, Geo. F., age 21, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Oakley, Jas., age 19, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Oaks, Silas, age 32, en. July 22, 1862, at New York, Co. C; died on sick furlough, Oct. 8, 1864.
- O'Brien, Bernard, age 17, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- O'Brien, Michael, age 18, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 30, 1865.
- O'Carroll, Jos., age 22, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability; sergt.
- O'Connell, Jeremiah, age 19, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Moriah, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- O'Connor, Arthur, age 25, en. April 11, 1862, at Tompkinsville, Co. G; died of disease Sept. 17, 1864.
- Odell, W. H., en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, dis. June 14, 1863.
- Odell, Wm. H., age 26, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- O'Donnell, John M., age 20, en. July 10, 1862, at Washington, Cos. H and G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- O'Donnell, Michael, or McDonnell, age 34, en. March 21, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. March 8, 1864; disability.
- Olin, Asa W., age 44, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease June 16, 1864.
- Olin, Oscar G., age 21, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Olin, Sidney S., age 27, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 2, 1865.
- Omans, Geo. W., age 23, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Richland, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Onderkirk, Benj., age 44, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- O'Neil, Dennis, age 30, en. April 25, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. July 30, 1863; disability.
- O'Neil, Jas. B., age 29, en. March 8, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1865; captured at Second Bull Run August 30, 1862; captured at Doyal's Stockade August 5, 1864.
- O'Neil, Michael, age 23, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at New York, Co. L; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862; died of disease Sept. 23, 1864.
- O'Neil, Richard, age 27, en. April 29, 1862, at New York, Co. B; absent, sick, since March 15, 1864.
- O'Reiley, Chas., age 40, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Orr, Wm. A., age 18, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Eaton, Co. L; died of disease Sept. 23, 1864.
- Orser, Jas., age 19, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Orvis, Jos. W., age 21, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Osborn, Edw. W., age 22, en. August, 25, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l; captured at Doyal's Plantation, August 5, 1864.
- Osborn Wm., age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1862, at Belleport, Co. E, corp'l; drowned Dec. 22, 1864, on steamer North America.
- Osier, Henry, age 23, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Feb. 4, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Osier, John, age 27, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D; died of disease March 25, 1862.
- Overton, Elisha W., age 22, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Coram, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865.
- Oo, Ai, age 26, en. August 19, 1862, at Washington, Co. B, dis. May 8, 1865.
- Owen, Hinman, age 28, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease July 30, 1864.
- Paige, Jas. H., age 19, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Paine, John, age 35, en. March 12, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. August 15, 1864; resigned; 2nd lieutenant.
- Paine, Milton W., age 22, en. Sept. 23, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. L, dis. Jan. 29, 1864, barrier.
- Palmer, Albert J., age 18, en. Feb. 4, 1864, at Utica, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Palmer, Jas., age 19, en. Nov. 20, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Palmer, Jas. H., age 19, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L; died of disease July 13, 1864.
- Palmerlee, Stephen, age 21, en. Dec. 31, 1861, at Binghamton, Co. C, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Parkard, Lewis, age 31, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D; died of disease Nov. 5, 1864.
- Parker, Giles M., age 29, en. Dec. 31, 1861, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865.
- Parker, Sam'l A., age 24, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Parker, Wm. H., age 21, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Lewis, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 19, 1864.
- Parkinson, Alonzo, age 23, en. Feb. 7, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Parks, Jonas, age 22, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. K, dis. July 17, 1865; captured near Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1865.
- Parmetter, Luther L., age 43, en. Dec. 25, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Dec. 25, 1862; disability.
- Parmington, Chas. A., age 23, en. August 27, 1864, at Butler, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Parmington, Horace, age 18, en. Feb. 20, 1862, at Savannah, Co. K; died of disease August 6, 1865.
- Parmington, Oliver, age 21, en. July 30, 1864, at Savannah, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Parsons, Geo. S., age 21, en. August 18, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. May 29, 1865.
- Patnou, Francis, age 45, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at Chateaugay, Co. I, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Patrick, Wm., age 24, en. Feb. 22, 1864, at Utica, Co. C; died of disease August 7, 1864.
- Patten, Geo. W., age 19, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 31, 1865; captured at Edwards' Ferry, Md., August 27, 1863.
- Patten, Jas. E., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Patten, Rollan C., age 21, en. Dec. 27, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died August 13, 1864, while prisoner of war.
- Patterson, Chas. A., age 26, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.

- Patterson, Jas., age 19, en. March 15, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. I, dis. March 25, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Payne, Franklin H., age 24, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Payson, Burdett, age 22, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Norwich, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Payson, Stewart H., age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Eaton, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Pease, Harlow W., age 30, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863, disability; sergt.
- Peck, Francis, age 21, en. Jan. 4, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- Peckham, Jonathan C., age 28, en. Dec. 2, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Pelton, Eli B., age 24, en. Sept. 29, 1862, at Elizabethtown, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Pendergast, Patrick, or Byrne, age 25, en. July 24, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Penoyer, Orange, age 28, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Colton, Co. D, dis. March 5, 1865.
- Perali, Michael, age 21, en. May 14, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Perkins, Addison, age 20, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I; died of wounds received in action March 15, 1865.
- Perkins, Albert, age 22, en. August 26, 1864, at Bangor, Co. B, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Perkins, Aseph W., age 23, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Westville, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Petrie Chas., age 25, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Phelps, Luther B., age 22, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Phillips, Alfred N., age 19, en. Feb. 6, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Phillips, Harlow J., age 17, en. Jan. 18, 1864, at Cuyler, Co. B; died of disease at sea Oct. 1, 1864.
- Pickard, Jas. M., age 18, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Pickard, John C., age 41, en. Jan. 14, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. August 29, 1865.
- Pickert, Alexander, age 21, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Edwards' Ferry, Md., August 27, 1863.
- Pickert, Alonzo, age 23, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; wounded and captured at Edwards' Ferry, Md., August 27, 1863; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died of disease Dec. 27, 1864.
- Pickett, Henry E., age 19, en. August 18, 1864, at Malone, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Pickett, Patrick, age 22, en. Feb. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability.
- Pickren, Wm., age 34, en. Jan. 9, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. L; died of disease July 26, 1864.
- Pidge, Franklin, age 20, en. Nov. 23, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Pierce, Chauncey D., age 18, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Canton; drowned at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Pierce, Henry M., age 20, en. April 19, 1862, at Franklin Co., Co. D, dis. April 18, 1865.
- Pike, Warren B., age 21, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Fowler, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Pinkham, Fernando P., en. Sept. 1, 1862, at New York, Co. L; died of injuries Dec. 24, 1862.
- Pitt, John, age 23, en. Jan. 31, 1862, at Watertown, Co. H, dis. Jan. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Platt, Edw. A., age 23, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Cos. A and B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Polley, John F., age 21, en. Dec. 3, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Pomfret, Sam'l, age 35, en. Feb. 28, 1862, at Auburn, Co. K, dis. Sept. 18, 1862; disability; sergt.
- Pond, Loyal S., age 19, en. August 7, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease August 26, 1864.
- Pontius, Jacob, age 18, en. Feb. 29, 1864, at Long Island, Co. H; died of disease Nov. 28, 1864.
- Poole, John, age 25, en. Dec. 5, 1863, at Canton, Co. E, dis. June 9, 1865.
- Porter, Sam'l, age 18, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Portius, Robt., age 19, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at East Hampton, Co. E, dis. Jan. 10, 1865.
- Post, Jacob, age 37, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I; died of disease March 14, 1864.
- Potter, Albert, age 19, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Salmon River, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Potter, Jas., age 18, en. Jan. 18, 1864, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Pounding, Edw., age 20, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Bridgehamton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863.
- Powell, Armen P., age 20, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Powell, John W., age 25, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1865, corp'l.
- Powers, Chas. F., age 48, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Utica, Co. C; died of disease Sept. 17, 1864.
- Powers, Edwin P., age 29, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Powers, John, age 30, en. Dec. 21, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. May 25, 1864.
- Preston, Adolphus, age 44, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Price, Berlin, age 35, en. August 25, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Prince, Wm., age 30, en. July 5, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. I, dis. July 30, 1862.
- Pruyn, Augustus, age 29, en. Dec. 14, 1861, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 22, 1862; resigned; capt.
- Pulsifer, Marshal P., age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. E, dis. Sept. 26, 1865.
- Quaid, Geo., age 21, en. August 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Quinn, John, age 21, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Quirk, Philip, age 30, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. Jan. 28, 1865.
- Rabbitt, Hilleary, age 18, en. Sept. 8, 1864, at Canajoharie, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Randall, Chas., age 37, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Chateaugay, Co. I, dis. June 6, 1862; resigned; 2d lieutenant.

- Ransier, Geo. H., age 36, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Manlius, Co. I; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Rathbone, Chas. B., age 19, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ratlin, Chas., age 19, en. Oct. 17, 1864, at New York, Co. M, dis. Sept. 6, 1865.
- Ray, Miles, age 24, en. July 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Raymond, Julius, age 18, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; wounded and captured near Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Raymond, Wilbur F., age 28, en. July 10, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Cos. I, F and A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, capt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Raynor, Henry Spicer, age 19, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at New York; died of disease Jan. 28, 1864.
- Read, Chas. H., age 24, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Paris, Co. C, dis. July 10, 1865.
- Reddeman, Lewis, age 23, en. May 27, 1862, at New York, Co. F, corp'l; died of disease Dec. 25, 1864.
- Reddy, Sam'l, age 19, en. Feb. 27, 1862, at Vista, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, saddler.
- Reed, Chas. B., age 20, en. Jan. 14, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. May 23, 1865; disability.
- Reed, Geo., age 44, en. Jan. 21, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I; died of disease Jan. 18, 1865.
- Reed, Harrison K., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Reed, Hiram, age 18, en. Dec. 26, 1863, at Canton, Co. I; died of disease April 3, 1865.
- Rees, Chas., age 19, en. Dec. 17, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 11, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Reeve, John, age 22, en. Sept. 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Jan. 16, 1863; disability.
- Reily, Henry, age 19, en. July 23, 1862, at New York, Cos. C and A, dis. June 12, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Reinhard, Andrew, age 18, en. Jan. 11, 1864, at New York, Co. B; died of disease Oct. 4, 1864.
- Remington, S. Pierre, en. Nov. 27, 1861, at New York, Co. D, dis. March 11, 1865, major, brev. col.
- Reynolds, Clarence, age 18, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Geddes, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Reynolds, Eh, age 36, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. July 17, 1865.
- Reynolds, Geo. W., age 44, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Eaton, dis. April 29, 1864.
- Reynolds, Grovener, age 36, en. Sept. 10, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Reynolds, Ira M., age 35, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lisbon, Co. K; died of disease June 28, 1865.
- Reynolds, Jas., age 28, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Reynolds, Thos., age 18, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Reynolds, Wm., age 28, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Stockholm, Co. M; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; killed in action April 18, 1865.
- Reynolds, Wm., age 21, en. August 13, 1862, at Canton, Cos. E and C, bugler; died of disease August 5, 1864.
- Reynolds, Wm., age 26, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Washington, Co. H, dis. July 8, 1865; wounded on duty Oct. 25, 1864.
- Rich, Jacob W., age 18, en. Feb. 4, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Rich, Sidney D., age 30, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 24, 1865; disability; sergt.
- Richards, Wm., age 35, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Elbridge, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Richardson, Geo. W., age 36, en. Dec. 16, 1861, at New York, Co. K, dis. July 21, 1865, major.
- Richardson, Lucian, age 44, en. Jan. 7, 1864, at Lisle, dis. April 29, 1864.
- Richardson, Summer, age 21, en. Dec. 25, 1864, at Manlius, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Rickey, Warren, age 18, en. August 15, 1864, at Malone, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Reilly, Levi L., age 24, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. May 2, 1864; disability.
- Rigby, Burr, age 21, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at Springfield, Mass., Co. K, dis. Jan. 28, 1865, saddler.
- Riley, Bernard, age 28, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Riley, Jas., age 21, en. Sept. 10, 1864, at Niskayuna, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ringold, Geo., age 22, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Rivers, David, age 18, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Colton, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Robbillard, John C., age 21, en. Feb. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. C, corp'l; died of disease August 13, 1862.
- Roberts, Cornelius, age 31, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at New York, Cos. B and I, dis. Dec. 21, 1864; disability.
- Roberts, Edgar A., age 22, en. August 25, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Roberts, Geo., age 23, en. Dec. 7, 1863, at Lysander, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Roberts, John, age 18, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at New York, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Robins, John A., age 28, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Richland, Co. B; died of disease March 20, 1864.
- Robinson, Carman, A., age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1862, at Beileport, Co. E, dis. June 30, 1865; captured at Bolivar Heights, Va., June 30, 1863; wounded in action March 14, 1865, Memphis.
- Rogers, Jerry O., age 20, en. August 13, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Rogase, Vito, age 41, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Nov. 16, 1864, disability.
- Rogers, Lewis E., age 17, en. Jan. 18, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Rollins, Henry, age 25, en. Aug. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Rollins, Thos., age 30, en. Oct. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. L, dis. June 6, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Roome, Jr., John L., age 19, en. Nov. 29, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, regimental commissary.

- Root, Carlton, age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Carlton, Co. E, dis. Oct. 8, 1864; disability.
- Root, King S., age 19, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Root, Nelson, age 25, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence, Co. I, dis. Feb. 13, 1865, farrier.
- Rork, Geo., age 27, en. July 11, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.-major; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, June 27, 1863; wounded at Bogan's Ford Dec. 24, 1864.
- Rork, Thos., age 33, en. Dec. 25, 1863, at Amsterdam, Co. C; died of disease Nov. 26, 1864.
- Rose, Jos. B., age 35, en. August 30, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. May 28, 1865, corp'l.
- Ross, Benj. F., age 18, en. August 23, 1864, at Bangor, Co. A, dis. June 20, 1865.
- Ross, Carlos M., age 33, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at Canton, Co. E, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Ross, Isaac M., age 28, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. E; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Dec. 21, 1864.
- Ross, Jas. G., age 35, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Syracuse, Cos. I and A, dis. July 13, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation, La., August 5, 1864.
- Ross, Richard, age 32, en. March 5, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 14, 1865, sergt.; wounded at Second Bull Run August 27, 1862; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863; captured at Bastrop, La., Feb. 1, 1865.
- Ross, Rowell, Jr., age 22, en. August 9, 1864, at Malone, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, farrier.
- Ross, Wm., age 19, en. Jan. 29, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Ross, Wm. B., age 19, en. Dec. 23, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Oct. 19, 1864, sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Roullard, Xavier, age 42, en. March 26, 1862, at Clinton Co., Co. K; killed by lightning on picket duty Oct. 2, 1864.
- Rowland, John, age 27, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Feb. 15, 1862; disability.
- Russell, Geo., age 33, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Sangierfield, Co. A, dis. July 7, 1865; disability.
- Russell, Geo. H., age 24, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. E; died of disease March 7, 1863.
- Russell, Geo. H., age 16, en. Jan. 20, 1864, at Clay, Co. H; died of disease Nov. 4, 1864.
- Russell, Nelson F., age 26, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Louisville, Co. K, dis. August 23, 1865.
- Russell, Sanford W., age 21, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Manlius, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865, bugler.
- Rutan, Martin V., age 21, en. March 11, 1862, at Blairstown, N. J., Co. C, dis. March 17, 1865.
- Ryan, John, age 28, en. Sept. 1, 1862, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ryan, John, age 19, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at New York, Co. F, sergt.; captured at Bolivar Heights June 30, 1863.
- Sackett, Thos. E., age 35, en. August 11, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. G, dis. May 22, 1865, sergt.
- Sanders, Oliver W., age 30, en. Sept. 7, 1862, at Canton, Co. M; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died while prisoner of war August 9, 1864.
- Sanders, Herbert J., age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Oxford, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sanford, Hiram A., age 18, en. April 15, 1862, at New York City, Co. G, dis. April 18, 1865.
- Sanford, Jas., age 44, en. Jan. 7, 1864, at De Witt, Co. F, dis. April 22, 1864; disability.
- Sanford, Lucius M., age 21, en. Feb. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. B; died of disease March 16, 1862.
- Sanford, Thos., age 29, en. April 15, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability.
- Santhaney, Jas., age 18, en. Feb. 6, 1862, at Essex Co., Co. I; died of disease Sept. 25, 1863.
- Santrock, Adolph, age 19, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. B, saddler; died of disease June 27, 1862.
- Sartwell, Warren, age 18, en. Feb. 10, 1862, at Louis, Co. I, dis. March 27, 1862; disability.
- Sawyer, Chas. C., age 31, en. August 9, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. May 22, 1865.
- Sawyer, Freedom S., age 19, en. Feb. 9, 1864, at Onondaga, Co. I; died of disease August 8, 1864.
- Saxton, Chas. P., age 21, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865; captured on the Davidson Raid Dec. 5, 1864.
- Schafer, Geo. A., age 28, en. Dec. 8, 1864, at New York, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Schiemecke, Augustus, age 40, en. April 25, 1862, at New York, Co. F; died of disease Nov. 21, 1864.
- Schlosser, Peter, age 21, en. August 23, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. March 2, 1863; disability.
- Schmidt, Chas. A., age 18, en. July 15, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Schmidt, Ferdinand, age 35, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at New York, Co. B, saddler; died of disease Sept. 14, 1863.
- Schubring, Max, age 29, en. Nov. 19, 1864, at New York, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Schureman, Jas., age 45, en. Sept. 17, 1862, at New York, Co. C; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Schuyler, Jacob F., age 30, en. August 31, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Scott, Horace B., or Scott, Van Meter, age 18, en. August 12, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Seoville, Winslow L., age 20, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Colton, Co. D, dis. August 11, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Searl, Eugene M., age 18, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Searles, Henry Clay, age 19, en. Dec. 1, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Seaver, Sam'l A., age 31, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. G, dis. May 25, 1865.
- Selleck, Truman M., age 26, en. August 28, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Selleck, Bradley H., age 30, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at Canton, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

- Sevencase, Michael, age 39, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Newstead, Co. C; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 12, 1864.
- Shank, Jesse L., age 18, en. Jan. 27, 1862, at Springport, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Sharkey, Patrick, age 24, en. Sept. 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Sharkey, Thos., age 37, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sharts, Hobert E., age 26, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Eaton, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; disability.
- Shaver, John, Jr., age 30, en. August 31, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Shaw, Geo. E., age 18, en. Dec. 22, 1861, at Colton, Co. D, dis. June 17, 1865, bugler.
- Shaw, Isaac R., age 21, en. May 15, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. B, dis. May 14, 1865.
- Shaw, John T., age 20, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.
- Shaw, Stephen S., age 19, en. March 15, 1862, at Blairstown, N. J., Co. C; drowned April 30, 1864.
- Shedd, Jas. O., age 21, en. Feb. 29, 1864, at Jamaica, Co. D, dis. June 10, 1864; disability.
- Sheehan, Cornelius, age 20, en. Dec. 23, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sheehan, Thos., age 19, en. July 11, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sheldon, Thos. J., age 20, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Otisco, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sheldon, Wm. H., age 21, en. August 30, 1864, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865; wounded and captured at Germantown, Tenn., April 18, 1865.
- Shelton, Thos., age 19, en. July 12, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, com. sergt.; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Sheburne, John P., age 32, en. March 8, 1864, dis. March 15, 1865; resigned; col.
- Sherwood, Jas. L., age 27, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 22, 1864; disability.
- Shipper, Silas W., age 36, en. Feb. 14, 1862, at St. Lawrence Co., Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sho felt, Theodore, age 18, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Stockholm, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Shotwel, Chas. S., age 28, en. Jan. 10, 1862, at Warren Co., N. J., Co. C, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability; wagoner.
- Schultz, Thos., age 30, en. Dec. 21, 1861, at New York, Co. B; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Shurtliff, Preston A., age 18, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Shuster, Thos., age 19, en. Dec. 31, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, corp'l.
- Sieber, Lewis, age 18, en. June 10, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 9, 1865, corp'l.
- Siesbottle, Edw., age 18, en. April 3, 1862, at New York, Cos. G and K, dis. April 3, 1865, sergt.
- Silva, Joset, age 26, en. Sept. 17, 1862, at New York, Co. C, bugler; captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Simington, Geo. W., age 35, en. Feb. 27, 1864, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sinkins, John, or L. J. Speers, age 19, en. March 10, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. March 13, 1865.
- Simmons, Geo. D., age 17, en. Feb. 13, 1864, at Troy, Co. B; died of disease Oct. 7, 1864.
- Simon, Louis, age 40, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Simpson, Wm., age 18, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Siss, Jos., age 27, en. March 6, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. March 5, 1865.
- Skidmore, Fred'k L., age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Skidmore, Isaac W., age 19, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Feb. 12, 1865.
- Skinner, Fred'k B., age 21, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Cos. I and C, dis. Dec. 21, 1864; disability; 2d lieut.
- Slafter, Wm. B., age 27, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Utica, Cos. C and M, dis. April 29, 1865 1st lieut.
- Slater, Thos., age 27, en. March 27, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. April 15, 1863; disability.
- Slauson, Warren, age 37, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Clay, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Slauson, Wm. H., en. Jan. 11, 1862, Cos. B and I, dis. March 11, 1865, capt., brevet major.
- Slawson, Jas. B., age 24, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Vista, Co. A, corp'l.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died of disease July 8, 1865.
- Sleight, Hasbrook, age 32, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Sliter, Adelbert, age 18, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lisle, Co. A; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died while prisoner of war August 31, 1864.
- Sloane, Robt. P., age 17, en. August 31, 1864, at Canton, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Slocum, Geo. B., age 19, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Eaton, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smelzel, Geo., age 28, en. August 15, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, Addison R., age 21, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. Dec. 30, 1862; disability.
- Smith, Calvin W., age 20, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smith, Chas., age 21, en. Feb. 4, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smith, Chas. H., age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; sergt.
- Smith, Chas. S., age 20, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, Corydon C., age 18, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Malone, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, David, age 26, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Utica, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, sergt.
- Smith, Edgar, age 23, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. Jan. 3, 1863; disability.
- Smith, Edw., age 18, en. April 2, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. G, dis. Feb. 9, 1863; disability.
- Smith, Ephriam, age 27, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Palmyra, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smith, Ernest, age 29, en. Feb. 19, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.

- Smith, Geo., age 24, en. Feb. 6, 1864, at Palmyra, Co. I; died of disease August 27, 1864.
- Smith, Geo. A., age 23, en. Sept. 4, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Smith, Geo. W., age 31, en. April 24, 1862, Cos. F and L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, major; wounded and captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Smith, Henry L., age 42, en. Dec. 11, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Smith, Hiram B., age 29, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Baton, Co. C, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Smith, Jas., age 18, en. July 12, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Sept. 4, 1864; disability; wounded and captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Smith, Jas. E., age 27, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Elbridge, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Smith, John, or Arthur Nadin, age 20, en. July 14, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, John, age 28, en. Dec. 9, 1862, at Syracuse, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smith, John D., age 44, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. Jan. 17, 1863; disability.
- Smith, Jos. A., age 21, en. August 16, 1862, at Washington, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865, 1st sergt; wounded add captured at Fairfax Station, Va., June 27, 1863.
- Smith, Jos. F., age 26, en. August 9, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Smith, La Brien C., age 44, en. Jan. 1, 1864, at Lysander, Co. F; died of disease March 2, 1864.
- Smith, Leslie A., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, Lyman, age 36, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. August 1, 1865.
- Smith, Merritt A., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, Norman F., age 35, en. Feb. 13, 1864, at Utica, Co. C, dis. May 16, 1864; disability.
- Smith, Oren, age 26, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Brandon, Co. G, dis. Oct. 6, 1865, farrier.
- Smith, Peter, age 29, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Syracuse, Co. I, dis. May 13, 1865.
- Smith, Reuben I., age 22, en. Jan. 27, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. Feb. 6, 1865.
- Smith, Richard, age 34, en. June 9, 1862, at New York, Co. F; died of disease Nov. 12, 1864.
- Smith, Royal W., age 19, en. August 30, 1862, at Fowler, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Smith, Sidney, age 29, en. Dec. 25, 1863, at Sangerfield, Co. B; died of disease June 13, 1864.
- Smith, Sidney R., age 35, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Willsboro, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865, farrier.
- Smith, Sylvester, age 34, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Smith, Thomas H., age 40, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Springport, Co. K; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps July 7, 1864.
- Smith, Wm., age 24, en. March 4, 1862, at Brooklyn, Cos. H and L, dis. April 14, 1863, 2nd lieut.
- Smith, Thos. W., age 17, en. June 11, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 10, 1865.
- Smith, Walter, age 28, en. August 15, 1862, at Washington, Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Smith, Webster N., age 20, en. August 12, 1862, at Gouverneur, Co. L, dis. Oct. 6, 1865.
- Smith, John Wesley, age 19, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. March 22, 1865.
- Smith, Wm., age 32, en. Jan. 8, 1862, at New York, Co. F, 1st sergt.; died of disease Nov. 29, 1864.
- Smith, Wm. W., age 22, en. Dec. 10, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Smith, Wm. W., age 19, en. July 12, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863.
- Snyder, Edw., age 24, en. Feb. 2, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sommers, Henry, age 22, en. July 11, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. C; killed in action June 27, 1863, at Fairfax Station, Va.
- Southworth, Wm. P., age 44, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. K; died of disease Sept. 7, 1864.
- Spain, John H., age 28, en. Jan. 6, 1864, at Deerfield, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sparrow, Wm. H., age 21, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. March 21, 1865.
- Spears, Chas. M., age 26, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Spear, Lucius M., age 20, en. August 19, 1863, at Parishville, Co. G; died of disease Dec. 19, 1864.
- Spratt, Jas., age 28, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. G; died of disease Nov. 9, 1864.
- Squires, Alfred, age 21, en. Jan. 12, 1864, at Smithville, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Squires, Wm., age 21, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at New York, Co. B; died of disease Nov. 6, 1864.
- Stalker, John C., age 28, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Lebanon, Co. L, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Stanton, George L., age 18, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Starkey, Fred'k, age 33, en. May 17, 1862, at New York, Cos. I and C, 2d lieut; died by suicide July 13, 1863.
- Starks, Clarence E., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 10, 1864; disability.
- Steele, Myers F., age 22, en. Sept. 6, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, sergt.; died of gunshot wound received while posting pickets, Oct. 20, 1864.
- Steele, Sam'l, or Sam'l S. Cannon, age 23, en. March 31, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. K, dis. May 9, 1865.
- Stephens, Geo., age 36, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Lewis, Co. L, dis. Jan. 20, 1864; disability.
- Stephenson, Philander, age 36, en. Sept. 5, 1864, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Stevens, Francis E., age 19, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Parishville, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Stevens, Leverett H., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Stevens, Enos H., age 40, en. Jan. 15, 1862, at New York, dis. Jan. 16, 1865, vet. surg.
- Stevens, Geo. A., age 21, en. Nov. 6, 1862, at Washington, Co. F; died of disease Feb. 4, 1864.

- Stevenson, Jacob, age 21, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Moriah, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Stevenson, Wm. J., age 18, en. Sept. 19, 1862, at Westport, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Steward, Levi B., age 18, en. Dec. 8, 1863, at Colton, Co. D, dis. Nov. 14, 1864; disability.
- Stewart, Jas., age 25, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Dec. 19, 1863.
- Stewart, John, age 19, en. Dec. 12, 1863, at Buffalo, Co. M; died of disease July 3, 1864.
- Stickney, Jonathan, age 43, en. Dec. 9, 1861, at New York, Co. B; died of disease Feb. 27, 1862.
- Stiles, Chas. D., age 35, en. August 26, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. L, 1st sergt.; killed at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Stimson, Albert A., age 32, en. Jan. 23, 1862, at New York, Co. A, corp'l; died of disease Sept. 6, 1862.
- Stirley, John, age 19, en. April 10, 1862, at New York, Cos. G and A, dis. April 9, 1865, bugler.
- St. John, Henry G., age 25, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Volney, Co. K, June 12, 1865.
- Stockbridge, Thaddeus B., age 32, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Marshall, Co. C, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Stokes, Jas., age 35, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Stone, David F. M., age 21, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Stone, Porter, age 20, en. Jan. 27, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. F, dis. August 18, 1865.
- Stone, Robert, age 27, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, corp'l; died of disease Oct. 5, 1864.
- Stone, Summer S., age 23, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. E; died of disease August 22, 1864.
- Stork, Albert, age 21, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. March 22, 1865.
- Stores, Aretas, age 31, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. L; died of disease March 28, 1865.
- Storrs, Thos., age 19, en. August 16, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Jan. 14, 1863; disability.
- Stothart, Edw., age 23, en. March 31, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. L; died of disease July 7, 1864.
- Strait, Burton, age 20, en. Sept. 2, 1862, at Canton, Co. M; died of disease Nov. 29, 1862.
- Streble, John M., age 19, en. April 2, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. April 3, 1865, corp'l.
- Streeter, Geo., age 30, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Streeter, Jesse, age 30, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Strieby, Geo. W. F., age 21, en. Dec. 16, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. July 21, 1865, reg. Q.-M.-sergt.
- Strohw, Jacob, age 34, en. August 27, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Stuart, John W., age 23, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Feb. 11, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Stuart, Jas. H., age 18, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Stuckart, Geo., age 36, en. March 11, 1862, at New York, Cos. L and D, dis. March 14, 1865, bugler, captured at Poolesville, Md., Dec. 14, 1862.
- Sturtevant, Chas. J., age 20, en. Jan. 11, 1864, at Marshall, Co. H, lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Sudds, Wm. F., age 20, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. May 27, 1865.
- Sullivan, Michael, age 18, en. Dec. 15, 1863, at Hopkinton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sullivan, Patrick, age 10, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Canton, Co. M, dis. May 31, 1865.
- Sullivan, Richard, age 19, en. March 9, 1862, at Lisle, Co. F, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Summers, Richard, age 24, en. April 25, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. April 24, 1865, sergt.
- Summons, Geo. T., age 21, en. August 13, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Sunderland, John R., age 20, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Canton, Co. K; died of disease Dec. 16, 1864.
- Swain, Chellis D., en. August 17, 1862, Cos. B and K, dis. March 7, 1864, 1st lieutenant and adjt.
- Swain, Jas. B., age 41, en. April 30, 1862, dis. Feb. 12, 1864, colonel.
- Sweatland, Wm. W., age 30, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Sweeny, Jas., age 19, en. Dec. 2, 1863, at Amsterdam, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Sweeny, Thos., age 20, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Canton, Co. A, corp'l; died of disease Oct. 1, 1864.
- Sweet, Sterling, age 19, en. Feb. 8, 1864, at Clay, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Swingle, Henry, age 21, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at New York, Co. H; died of disease Sept. 23, 1864.
- Taft, Winfield S., age 22, en. Jan. 18, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. Jan. 19, 1865, sergt.
- Tallman, Jerome, age 19, en. August 23, 1864, at Plattsburg, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Taylor, Leander, age 21, en. Sept. 12, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. Jan. 9, 1864.
- Taylor, Louis, age 40, en. Jan. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Taylor, Wm. F., age 25, en. Feb. 22, 1864, at Brooklyn, dis. May 7, 1865.
- Temple, Henry, age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Temple, John, age 33, en. Feb. 25, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H; died of disease August 2, 1864.
- Tenant, Sam'l J., age 35, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at Camp Relief, Co. A, dis. Jan. 23, 1863; disability.
- Tenney, Nelson, age 18, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Tenny, Oscar P., age 34, en. Feb. 12, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, corp'l; captured while on scout July 20, 1864; died of disease April 4, 1865.
- Terry, Chas. Edw., age 30, en. Dec. 10, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Thayer, Chas. W., age 23, en. Jan. 2, 1862, at Springport, Co. K, dis. July 5, 1864; disability; corp'l.
- Thomas, Chas. N., age 25, en. Jan. 2, 1864, at Louisville, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

- Thomas, Geo. P., age 28, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Kirkland, Co. C, dis. July 21, 1865, reg. com.
- Thomas, Henry O., age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865, sergt.
- Thompson, Chas., en. August 11, 1864, at Oswego, Co. K, dis. July 24, 1865.
- Thompson, Geo., age 23, en. March 8, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. March 11, 1865; disability; wagoner.
- Thompson, Francis, age 26, en. March 12, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. March 11, 1865.
- Thompson, Gilbert F., age 18, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at East Moriches, Co. E, dis. Feb. 10, 1862.
- Thompson, Patrick, age 37, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at Manlius, Co. A; died of disease Jan. 15, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation, August 5, 1864.
- Thompson, Wm., age 25, en. March 8, 1862, at New York, Co. H, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.
- Thompson, Wm. F., age 23, en. March 20, 1862, at Union Springs, Co. K, dis. March 20, 1865, Q.-M.-sergt.
- Thompson, Wm. F., age 25, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, corp'l; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Oct., 1863.
- Thompson, Wm. M., age 21, en. Sept. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Thomson, Geo. W., age 22, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Thorn, Jos. L., age 24, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Tibbits, Fred'k, age 27, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Jan. 21, 1865.
- Tichnor, Adolph, age 30, en. Feb. 5, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. Feb. 4, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Tierney, Francis, age 19, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Sept. 15, 1865.
- Timmons, Thos. J., age 23, en. Jan. 20, 1864, at Manlius, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Tisdale, Wm. H., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, bugler.
- Titus, Peter B., age 22, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Tobin, Patrick, age 39, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at Lewis, Co. L, dis. Jan. 20, 1864; disability.
- Tompkins, Levi, age 29, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lisle, Co. E; died of disease April 5, 1865.
- Tompkins, Sam'l, age 33, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Lisle, Co. E; died of disease Nov. 6, 1864.
- Toole, Patrick, age 20, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Toole, Phillip, age 23, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Utica, Co. B, dis. July 21, 1864; disability.
- Torrey, Frank M., age 19, en. August 30, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 9, 1865, com. sergt.
- Townsley, Henry S., age 19, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 6, 1865, corp'l.
- Tripp, Wm., age 28, en. August 12, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Troll, Francis J., age 19, en. August 28, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. June 2, 1865, corp'l.
- Trott, Chas., age 21, en. Jan. 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Cos. C and L, dis. Feb. 7, 1865, sergt.
- Tully, Walter, age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Bridgehampton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, 1st sergt.
- Tupper, Jason, age 20, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. D; died of disease Oct. 23, 1864; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Turner, Stephen, age 22, en. Feb. 10, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. H, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Tuttle, Hiram, age 18, en. Jan. 31, 1862, at New Canaan, Conn., Co. C, dis. March 16, 1862.
- Tuttle, Noah P., age 22, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. June 2, 1862; disability; sergt.
- Twomy, John, age 36, en. August 23, 1862, at Canton, Co. G; murdered by negroes April 22, 1864.
- Valentine, Chas. A., age 18, en. August 29, 1862, at North Collins, Cos. M and C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Vanaaken, Wm. C., age 24, en. April 14, 1862, at New York, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Van Brocklin, Ela E., age 19, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. I; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Vance, Chas., age 26, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Jan. 9, 1863; disability; corp'l.
- Vanderhoff, Richard, age 18, en. Jan. 15, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. July 21, 1865, com. sergt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Vandewacker, Conrad, age 49, en. Dec. 11, 1861, at Syracuse, Co. C; died of disease Sept. 26, 1864.
- Vanness, Adolphus, age 18, en. Dec. 7, 1861, at Quogue, Co. E, dis. August 13, 1864.
- Van Norman, Edw., age 21, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. E, dis. March 30, 1864.
- Van Valkenburg, Cornelius, age 40, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at New Berlin, Co. G; died of disease April 20, 1865.
- Van Wormer, Dan'l, age 57, en. July 10, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. July 20, 1864; disability.
- Van Zandt, Ira J., age 36, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. March 26, 1863.
- Van Zandt, Richard A., age 23, en. August 14, 1862, at Canton, Co. I, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Vaughen, Dan'l, age 29, en. Jan. 31, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Feb. 21, 1865.
- Vedder, Homer, age 19, en. Jan. 23, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B; died of disease April 23, 1864.
- Victor, Ferdinand, age 26, en. Jan. 29, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 30, 1865.
- Von Weltzein, Dederich, age 25, en. Dec. 24, 1862, Cos. C, E, A and K, 1st lieut. Captured at Bolivar Heights, June 30, 1863, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wade, Tracy H., age 43, en. March 19, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. June 2, 1862; disability.
- Waddle, Jas. R., age 21, en. August 29, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Wagner, John, age 21, en. August 28, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. A; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864; died of disease Oct. 28, 1864.

- Waite, Almon Z., age 21, en. Feb. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Wakefield, Wm. P., age 43, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Hopkinton, Co. G; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 14, 1865.
- Walker, Daniel, age 32, en. Feb. 8, 1862, at Sand Banks, Co. C, dis. Jan. 2, 1863; disability.
- Walker, Jas., age 21, en. Sept. 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. June 12, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Walker, Jasper, age 21, en. August 10, 1863, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Walker, Wesley, age 21, en. August 15, 1864, at Colton, Co. E; died of disease Oct. 30, 1864.
- Wall, Daniel, age 29, en. March 5, 1862, at New York, Co. E; drowned April 6, 1864.
- Wallace, Alexander, age 26, en. Dec. 2, 1861, at New York, Cos. B and I, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Wallace, Jas., age 38, en. Sept. 15, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. May 26, 1865.
- Wallace, John, age 21, en. Sept. 16, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. H, dis. Feb. 19, 1864.
- Wallace, Wm., age 23, en. August 28, 1862, at New York, Co. F, farrier; died of disease August 8, 1864.
- Wallace, Wm., age 30, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Jan. 18, 1865, com. sergt.
- Walpert, Paul, age 22, en. Feb. 2, 1862, at Fulton, Co. F, dis. July 24, 1865.
- Walsh, John S., age 21, en. August 29, 1862, at Brooklyn, Co. C; captured at Fairfax Station June 27, 1863; died of disease Nov. 2, 1864.
- Ward, John, age 28, en. July 29, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Ward, John W., age 20, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Washington, D. C., Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Ware, Calvin W., age 37, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Warren, Geo. W., age 22, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Cos. K and C, dis. Jan. 16, 1863; resigned; 2d lieut.
- Washburn, Luther, age 24, en. Dec. 18, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. K; died of disease Oct. 25, 1864.
- Waterman, Wm. C., age 18, en. March 15, 1862, at Troy, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Waters, Asahel K., age 22, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Potsdam, Cos. E and G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, bugler.
- Waters, Chas., age 18, en. August 15, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Feb. 6, 1864.
- Waters, Lucien P., age 24, en. March 28, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. March 31, 1865, sergt.
- Waters, Michael, age 21, en. Jan. 12, 1864, at New York, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Waters, Wm., age 21, en. Jan. 16, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Watkins, Jas., age 18, en. Nov. 1, 1864, dis. May 15, 1865.
- Watkins, Sidney W., age 26, en. Jan. 13, 1862, at Utica, Co. C, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Watson, Jas., age 33, en. August 14, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Watson, Wm., age 36, en. July 16, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. March 14, 1864; disability.
- Watson, Wm. H., age 43, en. August 24, 1864, at Colton, Co. F, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Weaver, Francis, age 18, en. Feb. 18, 1862, at New York, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Weber, Phillip, age 21, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Weber, Philip J., age 26, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Webster, Stephen R., age 38, en. Feb. 4, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Weiser, Christian, age 37, en. July 31, 1862, at New York, Co. C; found dead Feb. 5, 1863.
- Weiss, Herman, age 45, en. March 21, 1862, at Tompkinsville, Co. K, dis. Jan. 20, 1864; disability.
- Welch, Michael, age 32, en. Feb. 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. Feb. 13, 1865.
- Welch, Michael, age 23, en. August 12, 1862, at New York, Co. F, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Wellman, Henry S., age 32, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. June 10, 1865.
- Wells, Dexter, age 29, en. March 12, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. D, dis. March 11, 1865.
- Wells, Geo. C., age 38, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. F; died of disease Dec. 24, 1864.
- Wells, Nelson, age 19, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Cicero, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wells, Simeon, age 37, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Piteairn, Co. D, dis. Sept. 13, 1862; disability; sergt.
- Wells, Tyler J., age 23, en. Sept. 30, 1864, at Malone, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Welsh, Oel M., age 18, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Colton, Co. G; died of disease Nov. 16, 1864.
- Welsh, Wellington S., age 26, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Colton, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Werle, Jos., age 18, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Buffalo, Co. C, dis. May 28, 1865.
- Werner, Jas., age 18, en. August 19, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Feb. 1, 1864.
- Wesley, John, age 26, en. Feb. 20, 1864, at Half Moon, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- Wessell, Henry, age 26, en. Dec. 20, 1861, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 11, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- West, Henry, age 24, en. Feb. 2, 1864, at Cincinnati; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Oct. 10, 1864.
- West, Vernon B., age 35, en. August 18, 1862, at Brant, Co. M., dis. Feb. 17, 1864, sergt.
- Western, Jas. H., age 35, en. Sept. 2, 1864, at De Kalb, Co. G; died of disease June 1, 1865.
- Wescott, Alvin, age 21, en. Dec. 19, 1863, at Canton, Co. G; died of disease Oct. 26, 1864.
- Wescott, Wm., age 18, en. Jan. 15, 1864, at Buffalo, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wheeler, Alvin, age 44, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Lysander, Co. B, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wheeler, Nehemiah, Jr., age 28, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Oxford, Co. A; died of disease Nov. 15, 1864.
- Wheeler, Peter, age 24, en. Dec. 30, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Feb. 13, 1865.
- Wheeler, Wm., age 21, en. August 13, 1862, at New York, Co. B, dis. June 12, 1865.

- Wheelock, Otis, age 34, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Pierrepont, Co. G; died of disease Feb. 13, 1864.
- White, Chauncey L., age 18, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, corp'l.
- White, Dalbreth, age 26, en. August 19, 1864, at Canton, Co., dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- White, George W., age 26, en. Dec. 13, 1861, at Potsdam, Co. D, dis. Jan. 16, 1865, reg. Q.-M.-sergt.
- White, Harry R., age 23, en. August 11, 1862, at Canton, Co. G; died of disease Jan. 5, 1863.
- White, Jr., John W., age 20, en. Dec. 16, 1861, at Brooklyn, Co. G, dis. Dec. 15, 1864, sergt.
- White, Wm. H., age 30, en. Jan. 4, 1864, at Lisbon, Co. K, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Whitney, Geo., age 18, en. March 7, 1862, at Atlanticville, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, sergt.
- Whitney, Thomas, age 43, en. Jan. 27, 1864, at Brooklyn, Co. B., dis. Sept. 30, 1865, wagoner.
- Whitten, Geo., age 28, en. July 21, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. June 29, 1865.
- Whitton, Hiram B., age 18, en. Jan. 16, 1864, at Burke, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wholtman, Otto, age 18, en. Dec. 14, 1861, at Harlem, Co. A, dis. Jan. 11, 1865.
- Wilborn, John, age 41, en. Dec. 30, 1863, at Lysander, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, farrier.
- Wicks, Sanford, age 18, en. Dec. 17, 1864, at Syracuse, Co. E, dis. July 14, 1865.
- Wilcox, James M., age 44, en. Jan. 14, 1862, at Sag Harbor, Co. E, dis. Jan. 31, 1863; disability.
- Wilkeson, Sam'l H., age 24, en. Feb. 22, 1862, at Staten Island, Co. C, dis. March 27, 1865, lieut.-col.
- Willard, John, age 21, en. April 26, 1862, at New York, Co. L; died of disease Dec. 31, 1864.
- Williams, Alexander G., age 18, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B; died of disease Jan. 20, 1865.
- Williams, Fred'k, age 19, en. July 5, 1862, at New York, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Williams, Frederic, age 19, en. Dec. 29, 1863, at New York, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Williams, Geo., age 36, en. Jan. 7, 1862, at New York, Co. I, dis. Jan. 12, 1865, wagoner.
- Williams, Henry M., age 30, en. Dec. 19, 1861, at New York, Co. C, dis. Feb. 10, 1862; disability.
- Williams, John, age 21, en. Sept. 2, 1862, Co. G, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Williams, Mayer, age 37, en. Sept. 1, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. July 14, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Williams, Merrick E., age 24, en. August 19, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. M; died of disease Dec. 5, 1862.
- Williams, Thos., age 29, en. Dec. 31, 1861, at New York, dis. Feb. 27, 1864, hosp. stew.
- Williams, Wm., age 41, en. July 21, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wilson, Chas. S., age 29, en. Dec. 16, 1863, at Hopkinton, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wilson, Geo., age 18, en. Oct. 13, 1862, at Washington, Co. K, dis. Feb. 10, 1864.
- Wilson, Geo. W., age 43, en. Dec. 28, 1863, at Nanticoke, Co. K; died of disease July 19, 1864.
- Wilson, Wm. B., age 42, en. August 7, 1862, at Canton, Co. G, dis. June 26, 1865.
- Winderlinditz, Marie Louise, age 36, en. June 25, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. G, dis. Dec. 2, 1862.
- Windsor, John M., en. Feb. 22, 1862, at New York, dis. Oct. 27, 1862; resigned; chaplain.
- Winkholried, Jos., age 27, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. C; dropped from rolls Feb. 3, 1863.
- Winter, John, age 18, en. Sept. 3, 1862, at North Collins, Co. M; died of disease August 15, 1864.
- Winters, Owen, age 22, en. Jan. 28, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Jan. 30, 1865.
- Wisewell, Benj. F., age 18, en. August 12, 1862, at Buffalo, Co. F; died of disease Sept. 11, 1864.
- Wood, Addison A., age 24, en. August 31, 1864, at Schenectady, Co. F, dis. May 7, 1865.
- Wood, Edwin R., age 24, en. August 30, 1862, at Canton, Co. M, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Wood, Frederic L., age 25, en. Sept. 5, 1862, at Volney, Co. A; died of disease July 15, 1863.
- Wood, Hiram, age 31, en. Jan. 26, 1864, at Skaneateles, Co. I, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wood, Hiram, age 21, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Colton, Co. G, dis. July 19, 1865.
- Wood, Jas. R., age 21, en. Feb. 9, 1863, Co. L, dis. July 21, 1865, reg. adjt.; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Wood, John H., age 21, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Utica, Co. C; trans. to Vet. Res. Corps May 14, 1865.
- Wood, Marcellus T., age 23, en. August 3, 1862, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Wood, Oliver S., age 19, en. Feb. 11, 1862, at New York, Co. C, dis. August 21, 1862, reg. com. sergt.
- Wood, Silas, age 44, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Colton, Co. G, dis. June 24, 1865.
- Woodman, Wm., age 32, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at New Berlin, Co. G, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Woodworth, Jas. G. L., age 18, en. August 30, 1864, at Milton, Co. L, dis. June 12, 1865.
- Woodworth, Marcus L., age 19, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M, dis. Sept. 30, 1865, saddler.
- Woolcott, Philip, age 38, en. Dec. 18, 1861, at Canton, Co. D, dis. March 17, 1865.
- Worden, Alanson, age 40, en. Nov. 30, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. M; died of disease Jan. 8, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Worden, Wm. D., age 18, en. Dec. 22, 1863, at Canton, Co. I; lost at sea Dec. 22, 1864.
- Wright, Dan'l P., age 20, en. Dec. 31, 1863, at Brooklyn, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.
- Wright, Jas. M., age 21, en. Oct. 30, 1862, at Washington, D. C., Co. L; died of disease Dec. 7, 1863.
- Wright, Wm. H., age 39, en. Sept. 1, 1864, at Canton, Co. D, dis. June 12, 1865, corp'l.
- Wyncoop, Wm., age 36, en. Nov. 21, 1863, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865; captured at Doyal's Plantation August 5, 1864.
- Yarrington, Horace J., age 41, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E; died of disease Sept. 5, 1864.

York, Augustus, age 21, en. Dec. 26, 1861, at New York, Co. B, dis. Oct. 4, 1865.

Young, Jas. A., age 19, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at Hermon, Co. F, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Young, Jas. H., age 19, en. Dec. 21, 1863, at Sangerfield, Co. C; died of disease July 24, 1864.

Young, Wm. C., age 17, en. Jan. 5, 1864, at Van Buren, Co. B, dis. July 10, 1865; disability.

Youngs, Abraham, age 24, en. Dec. 14, 1863, at Potsdam, Co. E, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Youngs, Wm. age 29, en. Dec. 17, 1863, at New York, Co. L, dis. April 6, 1865; disability.

Zarr, Bailey, age 26, en. Jan. 25, 1864, at New York, Co. L, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Zehnder, Randolph, age 27, en. Jan. 3, 1862, at New York, Co. A, dis. Sept. 30, 1865.

Zimand, A. P., age 32, en. Sept. 28, 1864, at Kingston, Co. L, dis. Sept. 5, 1865.

Zoeffle, Chas., age 39, en. March 28, 1862, at New York, Co. K, dis. Sept. 29, 1862; disability.

The Eleventh New York ("Scott's 900") was recruited in various parts of the State of New York, with portions of one company from New Jersey, and of two from the District of Columbia.

Company A was recruited principally in New York city, Tarrytown and Staten Island.

Company B, in New York city and Brooklyn.

Company C, in New York city, Utica, Broome county and New Jersey.

Company D, in St. Lawrence county.

Company E, in the eastern part of Long Island.

Company F, in New York city, Fulton and Broome county.

Company G, in New York city, Brooklyn, Troy and Broome county.

Company H, New York city, Brooklyn, and Watertown.

Company I, in New York city, Essex and St. Lawrence counties.

Company K, in New York city, and Essex county.

Company L, in New York city, Buffalo, Lewis, Westport and St. Lawrence county.

Company M, Buffalo and St. Lawrence county.

After the regiment was in the field recruits were received from the State of New York at large and distributed among the several companies. Companies H and K received a number of recruits from the District of Columbia.



HERMITAGE SUGAR HOUSE, FROM A DRAWING BY D. F. M. STONE, CO. "N.Y."



